

THE
DUBLIN REVIEW.

JULY, 1836.

Art. I. *Agrarian Disturbances in Ireland, produced by Falls in Prices.* 8vo. London. 1836.

IS the condition of Ireland really improving? The question interests the inhabitants of Great Britain as much as the people of Ireland themselves, and it is in all views of it eminently entitled to dispassionate and candid investigation.

During the discussion of the Repeal of the Irish Union, speculation was naturally more than commonly active on this important subject. On one side it was held, not only that Ireland had not advanced, but had retrograded; on the other, it was insisted that her progress was not merely unquestionable, but gigantic! The truth seems to be, that she has made some move onwards, but that it is by no means proportioned to the growth of her prosperity before the Union; to the increase of her population since that period; or to the improvement of Great Britain; with which it was rather too sanguinely assumed, in the discussions of 1800, that she would be able to maintain a commercial rivalry in twenty years from that period.

The speech made by the Right Hon. Thomas Spring Rice, on the question of the Repeal of the Union in 1833, as well as that delivered on the same subject, in the following year, abound in tables framed to establish the hypothesis of the 'gigantic' progress. The most unerring test, Revenue, is left unnoticed in those speeches. Change of taste may produce a great alteration in the relative consumption of tea, sugar, coffee, wine, or spirits; one branch of commerce may prosper, and another decay; Waterford may exhibit by her export returns a prodigious increase of trade, but this may be from local causes, and other ports may be comparatively abandoned. Revenue is the result of transactions of all kinds, and is not affected by the mutations which will occur in particular instances. It is thus the safest guide in comparing the present with the past, and it is to be regretted that it gives but a slender support to the arguments of Mr. Rice.

In the Parliamentary Return, ordered on the 15th of April,

1824, the following are stated to have been the gross receipts of revenue in the three years, ending 1800:

1798,	-	-	£3,233,519
1799,	-	-	3,767,067
1800,	-	-	4,387,096

It is right to give the gross, instead of the net receipts, as the latter were trespassed upon formerly, much more than in latter years, by 'drawbacks,' and 'management.' The following is the gross revenue for three years, ending 1835, as set down in the annual Finance Accounts:

1833,	-	-	£4,462,239
1834,	-	-	4,170,437
1835,	-	-	4,453,440

In these amounts is only included a portion of the tea duty, paid by Ireland, in the years referred to. That portion, which was £194,536, is added to the customs' receipts of 1835; but, it exceeds by £124,711 the income derived from tea, in 1800,* and yet the total receipts of revenue in 1800, appear to have been little inferior to those of 1835! It is important to see the contrast presented by the receipts of British Revenue, at corresponding periods:

British Revenue.							
1798,	-	-	£27,311,081	1833,	-	-	£49,571,459
1799,	-	-	34,471,163	1834,	-	-	48,410,467
1800,	-	-	38,242,842	1835,	-	-	48,387,399

It is to be borne in mind that the British receipts in the first of these periods, were swelled by war taxes, long since abolished. The produce of the income tax alone, in 1800, reached to nearly £6,000,000. Let this, and the produce of the other war taxes, which have ceased to exist, be deducted from the gross receipts of that year, and they will be diminished, perhaps, to one half the amount of the British revenue, of 1835. The case is still more striking if Scotland be separately regarded, for, according to a Parliamentary paper ordered on the 27th of February 1832, it was then £5,113,352, though in 1801 it was as low as £1,985,794.

It should not be left unobserved, in a statement not intended to deceive, that Ireland also had war taxes in 1800, which were not in operation in 1835. These were principally the Assessed taxes, but it does not appear that they exceeded £137,681.† More than compensation has been made for them by increased duties on tea and tobacco alone. Tea produced in

* Report of 1830, on the State of the Irish Poor, p. 113.

† Moreau's Tables.

1800 only £69,824, but it produced £442,382 in 1827.* This was principally by augmentation of impost, for the quantity of tea consumed increased in the interval only from 2,926,000 to 3,889,000 lbs. Tobacco produced in 1800, £327,916, but it produced in 1827, £603,037. This arose altogether from increased taxation; for the quantity consumed, fell off from 6,737,275 lbs to 4,041,172 lbs.

While the stimulus of the war existed, the Irish revenue continued to increase for several years, and this is an additional proof that it is the truest criterion of the actual condition of the Irish people. The receipts from 1811 to 1816 inclusive, were as follows:—

1811, - -	6,005,854	1814, - -	7,176,734
1812, - -	6,367,987	1815, - -	7,798,921
1813, - -	6,975,423	1816, - -	7,950,188

The last of these amounts is not very far from double the receipts of 1835! Reduction of taxation cannot account for this extraordinary defalcation. It has been comparatively inconsiderable in Ireland. Mr. O'Connell, in his speech on the Repeal of the Union in 1834, assumed, without contradiction, that it did not exceed £1,200,000, though the net remission which took place, in Great Britain, amounted to forty-one millions. The principal operation has been upon whiskey; but instead of having lost, the revenue has greatly gained, by that reduction. In 1818, 'strong waters' produced to the Excise £1,026,277; in 1833, however, they produced £1,754,032. It is also to be borne in mind, that the partial diminution of taxation which has been extended to Ireland, has been largely counterbalanced by the process of assimilation which has come, in latter years, into great favour with the heads of the Exchequer. By an act of 1823, all the customs duties were raised to the British standard. Since that period, there has been an assimilation of the post office, paper, and glass duties; and while we write, the House of Commons is engaged in the consideration of a Stamp Bill, in which 'assimilation' is aimed at in several important instances.† The balance of remission, remaining under all these circumstances, cannot be considerable, and it helps little towards an explanation of the enormous deficiency exhibited in the foregoing table. Indeed it is doubtful whether the Irish revenue would, without the mitigation of certain duties, be even as high as it is at present. A confused, and in every way unsatisfactory, return of taxes, wholly or partially repealed in Great Britain and Ireland, was ordered to be

* Report of 1830, on the State of the Irish Poor.

† It is understood that "assimilation," is also to extend to soap, an article heretofore free from duty, in Ireland.

printed on the 14th of April 1834. It debits Ireland with a relief of £187,484 under the head of tobacco. This occurred, it would seem in 1825, and since that year, the revenue from tobacco has risen from £583,000 to £708,000, exhibiting, with 'strong waters,' a remarkable instance of the benefit which the Exchequer has derived in Ireland from the moderation of its exactions.

The present state of the Irish revenue, as compared with the past, is, in short, only to be accounted for by referring it to the actual state of the country; which presents here and there an indication of advancement, but whose inhabitants, taken generally, are unhappily in a condition the reverse of that in which they are fondly believed to be luxuriating by certain credulous politicians, who are apt to draw upon their fancies for pictures of its prosperity. Ireland CANNOT be rapidly advancing, or advancing at all with reference to the growth of her population, while her revenue is as unproductive as it is at present. If her progress had been as great as that of Scotland, since 1801, her contributions to the Imperial Exchequer would now amount to ten millions a year; and her consumption of British manufactures, would, there is little doubt, reach to twelve millions, instead of six. What are the measures calculated to raise Ireland to an elevation, so important to the best interests of the whole British people?

We confess at the outset, we would be radical, though, we think, not revolutionary, in the remedies we would apply to the cure of Irish evils. Our first operations would be on the "circumstances under which the soil is cultivated," holding them to be of such moment as "almost wholly to determine the position of a country in the scale of civilization."* The ownership of the Irish soil is chiefly in the possession of an Absentee Proprietary, whose title to their estates is founded upon confiscations conducted, in Ireland, on principles involving a violation of the law of civilized nations. On this point the first Lord Clare is an authoritative witness.† In a speech which he delivered in the Irish House of Lords, on the 10th of February, 1800, on the question of the proposed Legislative Union, he estimated the forfeitures in Ireland as including eleven-twelfths of the entire island.‡

* Essay on the Distribution of Wealth, by the Rev. Richard Jones.

† The last Quarterly Review calls him (p. 276) "one the most distinguished statesmen of his age or country."

‡ Confiscated in the reign of James I. the whole province of	Acres.
Ulster containing	2,836,837
Set out by the Court of Claims at the Restoration	7,800,000
Forfeitures of 1688	1,060,792
	11,697,629

The superficial contents of Ireland are supposed to be 12,722,616 Irish acres.

"If," said he, "the wars of England carried on here from the reign of Elizabeth had been waged against a foreign enemy, the inhabitants would have retained their possessions under the established law of civilized nations, and their country have been annexed as a province to the British Empire. The whole power and property of the country has been conferred by successive monarchs of England upon an English Colony, composed of three sets of English adventurers who poured into this country at the termination of three successive Rebellions. Confiscation is their common title; and from their first settlement they have been hemmed in on every side by the old inhabitants of the island, brooding over their discontents in sullen indignation."

The course which a wise policy would recommend as to the posterity of these "adventurers" who are residents, is evidently one which would put them upon a better understanding with their humble neighbours. This, unfortunately, is not the course which has been hitherto, at least, pursued. There are no poor laws, and the mass of the people are at the mercy of owners of the land, who feel that "confiscation is their common title." These owners are chiefly of Cromwellian origin, for it is to be observed eight parts out of eleven of the entire forfeitures fell to their lot. "All former settlers," observes Mr. Bicheno, "had found it their interest to adopt the system of the country, and fall in with the established customs of the people. It was the misfortune of the Cromwellians to go thither with a new religion and new politics, a new system of agriculture, and a new relation between landlord and tenant, subversive of everything which existed, from the highest to the lowest human being. They carried with them neither attachments, sympathies, social ties, nor patrimonial influence." It is to a gentry of this class that the Legislature still confides the discretionary guardianship of the poor! How well they acquit themselves of the trust is to be inferred from the myriads of ejected tenantry who are known to be still perishing on the bogs and highways of Ireland, though the proscription of which they are the victims is now in the fourteenth year of its duration.* And it is curious to observe the facilities with which

* 'Within the last two years (says Mr. Leslie Foster, now a Baron of the exchequer, in his evidence before the Lords' Committee in 1825) a perfect panic on the subject of population has prevailed amongst all persons interested in land in Ireland; and they are at this moment applying a corrective check of the most violent description to that increase of population which there has been too much reason to deplore. The principle of dispeopling estates is going on in Ireland wherever it can be effected. If your Lordships ask me what becomes of the surplus stock of population, it is a matter on which I have in my late journeys throughout Ireland endeavoured to form an opinion; and I conceive that in many instances they wander about the country as mere mendicants, but that more frequently they betake themselves to the nearest large towns, and there occupy as lodgers the most wretched hovels in the most misera-

these men have been armed in the exercise of the right of '*doing what they like with their own.*' The same author reckons as many as eight acts, or amendments of acts, of Parliament, which have been passed since 1816, all of them to strengthen the rich against the poor.

"It admits, I think, of more than doubt, whether the system which England has pursued of strengthening the hands of the gentry against the tenantry, upon every occasion, contributes to bring about a reconciliation between them. Whatever increases the power of the landlord is employed, first or last, to draw more rent from the land. Profit being almost all he aims at, every new project is favoured as it assists him to obtain his end. The laws in his favour are already more summary and stronger than they are in England; and he is yet calling for additional assistance. The ejectment of a tenant here is a tedious and difficult process, which usually takes the best portion of a year, and sometimes longer; and costs a sum of money so considerable, that landlords are very generally deterred from the proceeding. In Ireland, by the 56th Geo. III. c. 88, amended by the 58th Geo. III. c. 39, and the 1st Geo. IV. c. 41, the same result is obtained in a month; and the expense, which used to be seventeen or eighteen pounds, is reduced to under two pounds. By the 59th Geo. III. c. 88, landlords were also empowered to distrain the growing crops. The Sub-letting Act, 7th Geo. IV. c. 29, took away a great power which the tenants had over the land to under-let, and enables the landlord to recover possession more easily upon breach of covenant. The 4th Geo. IV. c. 36, was passed to discourage the occupation in joint tenancy, and the 7th Geo. IV., before referred to, prevented them from devising the land held under lease, where there was a clause against sub-letting, to more than one person. The Malicious Trespass Act, 9th Geo. IV. c. 56, also assists the landlord more than has been found necessary in England. Several Acts, however, have been passed within the same period in favour of the tenant, as the Tithe Composition Act, the regulation of presentments, and the raising the amount on which a debtor may be arrested on mesne process. In a wholesome state of society, many of the statutes which have been passed in favour of the landlord would operate beneficially; but in Ireland with some good, they inflict more evil. The condition of the peasantry is reduced to a lower scale by every new power that is created. Every fresh law exonerates the proprietors more from the necessity of cultivating the good opinion of their dependents, and moreover, removes the odium of any oppression from the individual, who ought to bear it, to the State."—*Bicheno's Economy of Ireland*, p. 164.

The remedy for all these evils is a state subsistence for the poor, comprehensive and ample in its provisions. It is fortunately no longer necessary to vindicate the policy or necessity of such an

ble outlets, in the vain hope of getting occasionally a day's work. Though this expectation too often proves ill-founded, it is the only course possible for them to take. Their resort to these towns produces such misery as it is impossible to describe.

institution. Both are admitted by persons once opposed to them. It is only to be lamented that a law for the preservation of the mass of the people is still a postponed measure, in a session of which so much is dedicated to the business of Ireland. Poor-laws for that country should precede the consideration of municipal corporations, of tithes, and of all other questions. Much would it have benefitted the whole empire, if the energies which won emancipation had in the first instance bestowed the blessings of a state subsistence on, confessedly, the most destitute population in the civilized world!

The non-resident proprietary are chargeable with mischiefs of enormous magnitude. With some few exceptions, all travellers admit, that the occupants of the Absentee estates are far the most miserable in the island. What is to be done with these Absentees? According to the most intelligent witnesses examined before the Committee of 1830 on the state of the Irish poor, they draw from the country three or four millions of its rental. Mr. Butler Bryan estimates the amount at £3,000,000 (p. 45.) Mr. Ensor, after a minute calculation, is satisfied that it is £4,000,000 (p. 481.) The abstraction of rental in these masses is a growing evil. Mr. Puget, in his evidence before the Exchange Committee in 1804, did not value the remittances then sent from Ireland at more than £2,000,000.* If the more recent estimates be correct, the Absentee drain has, therefore, nearly doubled in less than thirty years. There is no rational ground on which the evil, if left to itself, can be expected to stand still. What, then, is to be done, with the Absentees? The mischiefs they inflict are chiefly the consequence of a 'violation of the laws of civilized nations.' We would not remove them by a reversal of that violation followed out to a confiscation of their properties, but we would give them the motive of a stimulating impost to sell out, and we would take means to provide them with a sufficient market.

There is a great deal of inert capital in Ireland, notwithstanding the general wretchedness of its inhabitants. In 1818 dividends were payable on £21,004,430 of debt in Dublin.† A

* It is to the evidence of this gentleman that allusion is evidently made in the strange passage of the *Quarterly Review* for April, which follows: "The most exact of these (lists of Absentees) is said to have appeared in 1782, and according to it the annual value of estates belonging to Absentees then amounted to £1,227,480. It is also said that a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the subject in 1804, and that it was then ascertained that the annual amount of Absentee property exceeded £2,000,000. If such a Committee was appointed, which seems somewhat doubtful, and made any report, that report has not been printed, and without minute returns, any conjecture formed on the subject must be exceedingly uncertain. Our own impression is that the number of non-residents has always been over-rated." (p. 236.)

† Paper ordered on the 15th of April, 1824.

power of transferring stock from one country to the other was subsequently conferred by Act of Parliament, and in 1835 the debt on which dividends were payable in Dublin had amounted to £33,335,986.* It is to be presumed that part of the increase was capital vested in the English Funds long before 1818, and it may be doubted whether a great portion of that since created has not been withdrawn from branches of declining commerce; but it is beyond question, not only that the increase since 1818, however it occurred, but the whole of this capital, is Irish, and is at hand to be applied to a more eligible mode of investment, if it should present itself. Of the existence of a great deal of capital, of another kind, interesting and very curious evidence is given, in the Report of the Select Committee which sat last year, on Public Works in Ireland.

"1282. You say [the witness is Dixon Holmes, Esq.] you say that the middling, and even the small, farmers in Ireland have a great deal of ready money, which they hoard up for want of the means of employing it: what is your authority for that statement? — It is rather in the county of Tipperary, and part of the county of Cork; in talking with the great millers there, several of them stated to me, that they were in possession of many thousands of pounds, in sums of £20 to £300 or £400, which they were obliged to lock up, because the persons did not lend it to them, but only brought it to them for safe custody; and one miller said to me, "I have £5,000 locked up, and I dare not use a shilling, because I must give it back precisely in the form I received it." And, as another proof, I would mention, about five years ago, I did propose to a large proprietor, in the county of Tipperary, to take of him a large quantity of waste land, if he could give me a sufficient lease; believing that I could find, in London, some capitalist who would join me in the undertaking. He stated the terms, which were extremely liberal, on which he would do it. I immediately went to the parish priest and told him, "if you will produce me responsible tenants, we will divide the land; we propose to spend a sum of money on it, in erecting buildings, and making roads; and receiving a fair compensation for the use of the money." I left in two days, and gave him my address, and in six weeks he sent me over a list of names of persons who were willing to take the land, and who had so much money; but they proposed to put the money into the hands of the Provincial Bank, at Clonmel, in their own names and mine; and the money to be drawn out for the purpose of being employed on the land as it was wanted, and that sum amounted to £9,700, in sums as low as £20, and some as high as £500 or £600.

"1283. Have you any reason to suppose that this is the case in other parts of Ireland? — I am sure of it, for there were people who came from sixty miles to make their offers for the land in question. I soon found a gentleman in London to furnish all the money necessary; but when

* Finance Accounts.

we went to the proprietor, he could not give us a lease for longer than thirty-one years, and three lives concurrent; and that first induced me to get parliamentary aid, and to throw the lands open."

Sir Hussey Vivian, who has been long and intimately acquainted with the country, estimated, in 1832, in his evidence before the Committee on the state of Ireland, the capital of the small farmers, at thirty millions. Very profitless accumulations in their hands are the consequences of their dependant state, and of the iron despotism which the law, and its mode of administration hitherto, have enabled the gentry to exercise over them. We have seen how some lock up their treasure in the chests of their great millers; others bury it, to keep it the more securely from the knowledge of the landlord; who would either require to borrow it, or make it a pretext for raising his rent. Of the burying system Wakefield takes notice in these words:

"In Ireland, if, from any accidental circumstance, the farmer makes money, he never thinks of employing it to improve the condition of the land. He buries his guineas in the earth, consoles himself with the idea of his secret treasure, and toils on according to his former routine. This is a striking fact; it speaks a great deal, and deserves particular attention. It not only shews a want of confidence, but it betrays ignorance.....The evil however of hiding money, is the child of latter times. Mr. Young, whose acute observation suffered nothing to escape his notice, neither saw nor heard of an instance of it, when he was in Ireland; at present it is common. I was told of it wherever I went, and, very often, on enquiring of a farmer, concerning his system and produce, he would conclude his answer by saying, 'and I buried some guineas.'" Vol. i. p. 594.

Mr. Wakefield adds, in a note, that "the practice of burying money prevails under all arbitrary governments, and in countries where the people think their property insecure." The insecurity in Ireland arises from the rapacity of the local tyrants. The amount of the earnings of the poor which they got into their hands during the high prices of the war, is, we are assured on excellent authority, scarcely credible. And fatal have been the effects to the peace of families. There is but too much reason to believe, that many an industrious farmer has owed his transportation, in times of disturbance, to the pecuniary accommodation he has afforded to the needy justices of his neighbourhood.

There are, then, abundant grounds for the assumption, that there is a great deal of capital in Ireland which, if the opportunity offered, would be employed in the purchase of lands. If the absentee estates were on sale to-morrow, there is not the least reason to suppose that they would find a dull market, or insufficient bidders. It is our firm conviction that they could

be disposed of, at their full value, to resident purchasers within no very great number of years. We would, then, put them in a fair course of sale. Power of selling out should, of course, in the first instance, be given to their owners. Then there should be the incitement of a cogent tax, say 25 per cent. Commissioners should be appointed to manage the sales, so as not to allow, under this new "settlement," too large parcels to fall to individuals, or rather to take care that each estate should be divided into the greatest possible number of lots, and transferred to the greatest possible number of proprietors. A loan fund should be placed under the direction of these commissioners, out of which a small capitalist, having a moiety of the purchase money of a given lot, might borrow the other, mortgaging of course the whole to secure the repayment of the sum borrowed. Before we heard of a proposed vote of nine millions to aid in a satisfactory adjustment of tithes, and an actual grant of twenty millions to ensure the emancipation of the West Indian blacks, we should have deemed it more romantic, than at present it appears to be, to propose the creation of such a fund. If five and twenty per cent. be considered too severe a sacrifice to impose upon any one not wishing to sell out, we have only to say that it was not a fourth, but two-thirds, that the "wisdom of our ancestors" ordained as the forfeiture for temporary non-residence, with a total loss of the inheritance in case of continued absence. Sir John Davies notices the entire confiscation of the Irish estates of the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and Lord Berkeley, in the time of Henry the Eighth, on the simple ground that they had "kept their continual residence in England." Acts of this nature, according to that wise and benevolent individual, were founded on "good reason of state," and "though (to use the words of Lawrence, author of 'The Interest of Ireland') it might seem hard such laws should be executed, yet *it is harder still that a nation should be ruined.*"

A tax upon Absentees is justified by the necessity which warrants the imposition of any tax whatever. If it be asked whether the subject of a free state should not be allowed to live where he thinks proper, we answer, he should have such an indulgence, subject simply to the price it is found useful to the community to make him pay for it. The rights of a free-born man are just as much compromised by the tax imposed on a gallon of brandy, or the toll levied at a turnpike gate, as by a deduction made from a rental, which, to get into the pockets of the owner, must pass the seas. To resist an absentee tax, simply on constitutional grounds, is not indeed considered an experiment on common sense, likely to be attended with permanent success; and hence the endeavours of some to shew that Absentees do no mischief whatever to

a state, and owe it, therefore, no compensation. The hypothesis on which these theorists go is, that Absentee remittances create exportation, in value equal to their amount, and thus make reparation for the loss, which, under other circumstances, they would occasion.

"Suppose (said one of these gentlemen, writing in the *Edinburgh Review*) 1000 quarters of wheat are exported from Ireland to Liverpool, on account of an Absentee; if this Absentee return home, this exportation will of course cease—but what will Ireland gain by its cessation?"

The answer is, that no wheat is exported to Liverpool on account of any Absentee. Wheat grown upon an Absentee estate, is sold in the next market for money, afterwards passed to some merchant in Dublin, and by him finally shipped to Liverpool, on *his*, and not the Absentee's, account. If the Absentee return home the exportation will *not* cease; the wheat will go, as in the first case, to the next country market; it will be afterwards passed to some Dublin merchant, and by him finally shipped to Liverpool, on *his* and not the Absentee's account. But if the exportation *did* cease, the gain of Ireland would be, the eating of 1000 quarters of wheat over and above the quantity that would be otherwise allotted to her population. The whole fallacy lies in the supposition that Absenteeism and Exportation are cause and consequence. To shew that they stand in no such relation, we need only suppose the case of two parcels of wheat exhibited for sale in the Navan market—one grown upon an Absentee estate, and the other upon the estate of a resident. The ultimate destination of both is Liverpool. They are sold to a Dublin merchant or his agent, for money; they pass to him, and he ships them for Liverpool. The money remains with the growers until the time arrives for a settlement with their landlords. One landlord is domiciled in London, Paris, or Naples, and thither his share goes: but what has this to do with the exportation of the wheat to Liverpool? Would it not reach Liverpool if he were at home? The proof that it would, is, that the wheat of the landlord who is to be found, perhaps, within the bailiwick, also reaches Liverpool; the sole difference being, not in any thing concerning the destination of the wheat, but the locality in which the rent it produced is laid out. The wheat, as we have said, is in the first instance, turned into money in the country market, and the only question to be decided is, whether it be a matter of "consummate indifference" to Ireland, in what locality the money is ultimately expended. That question appears to us too plain for one moment's discussion. We should wish to know how those who consider Absenteeism and Exportation cause and effect, can account for the trade between China and England.

We do not surely owe our supply of tea to the inhabitants of the "Celestial Empire," who are to be maintained here or elsewhere beyond the boundaries of their own country. It is not through any stimulus derived from Absenteeism, that France exports commodities to England double the value of those she receives from the British shores.

Next to effective Poor Laws, and a remedial operation on Absenteeism, we estimate the utility of public works in Ireland on an extended scale. Of the importance of these modes of improving the condition of the people, one of the most striking illustrations is to be found in Mr. Rice's speech of 1834. He is speaking of a loan fund of £500,000, which is applicable to these objects; and he says its effects will be shewn by the following extracts from a report on the table of the house, but not yet printed:

"In traversing a country covered with farms, and in a high state of cultivation, shewing every sign of a good soil, and of amply remunerating produce, it becomes difficult to credit the fact that, ten or twelve years since, the whole was a barren waste — the asylum of a miserable and lawless peasantry, who were calculated to be a burthen, rather than a benefit, to the nation; and that this improvement may be entirely attributed to the expenditure of a few thousands of pounds, in carrying a good road of communication through the district. *Many extensive districts are still without them, where the country is capable of the greatest improvement.* Wherever a new road is constructed, flourishing farms at once spring up, and the carts of the countrymen (as has been forcibly expressed by one of our engineers) press on the heels of the road makers, as the work advances."

This proves at once the utility of such works, and the insufficiency of the existing means of carrying them on. Instead of one permanent *loan* fund of half a million, it is our deliberate opinion that it is the paramount interest of England herself to make an annual *grant* of seven or £800,000, for public works in Ireland.

Why is it not proposed in the Imperial Parliament, on the shewing of this report, that such a sum should be expended in every year, or even for a limited number of years, on the internal improvement of Ireland? The answer is, that while Mr. Rice himself might be quoted to shew that a "gigantic" prosperity is already the happy lot of the country, hundreds of members would be disposed to cry out, as an Hon. Gentleman did when it was proposed to turn the million loan into an actual donation to the parsons, that "England had been too long a *milch cow* for Ireland." The question of the "gigantic" prosperity is already disposed of. It remains to be shewn, that the

suggestion as to the "milch cow," is altogether without foundation; and that a grant to the extent stated, is not more than Ireland would at present be ENTITLED to under a fair construction of the Act of Union itself.

Mr. Wakefield observes (vol. ii. p. 283) that "notwithstanding the servile state in which the Legislature of Ireland was held, it seems to have preserved its independence in taxation. No British Parliament, it appears, ever assumed, or even claimed, the right of imposing taxes on that country; and several instances are recorded in which it manifested its jealousy on this point, with a spirit worthy of the national character. In 1690, the Commons of Ireland rejected a money bill because it had not originated in their house. In 1709, a money bill was returned from England with alterations, and on this account it was rejected by the Commons. A similar circumstance took place in 1768." The effect of this jealousy was, that at the commencement of the French war, Ireland owed a debt, funded and unfunded, of only £2,254,705.* This debt was increased to, £26,841,219† at the time the act of Union came into operation. The debt of England, however, was, at that period, nearly sixteen times greater in magnitude, being £420,305,944.‡ It was this inequality which prevented a consolidation of the Exchequers in January 1801, an arrangement, as Lord Castlereagh called it, of much "*convenience*," which was adopted at the Scotch Union, Scotland, however, receiving her "*equivalent*" in money paid down and applicable to her own uses.§ The course forced upon the two Parliaments, by the great disparity of the British and Irish debts, was that of keeping the Exchequers distinct, binding the two countries to the payment out of their own separate resources of the interest of their respective debts, and pledging them to a joint future expenditure, such as would be compatible with the relative ability of the weaker country.

Nothing could be more just than this arrangement; and our proposition is that if it had been carried fairly and honestly into effect, Ireland would now be entitled to the application, annually, of the sum stated, to her internal improvement.

The first step rendered indispensable by this portion of the national compact, clearly was, to ascertain what was in reality the "*ability*" of Ireland. Lord Castlereagh took, he said, the best

* Paper ordered on the 15th of April 1824. † Ibid. ‡ Ibid.

§ The sum received by Scotland was £398,000, and this was her "*equivalent*," for the application of Scotch revenue to the payment of the English national debt. The Scotch revenue did not then exceed £120,000 a year, and the English national debt was 18 to 20,000,000l.

guide that offered itself in the absence of an income tax equally operative in both countries, namely, the comparative amount of exports and imports, and consumption of beer, spirits, sugar, wine, tea, tobacco and malt. These tests were disputed, it having fairly been urged, especially with regard to the articles just named, that their consumption depended greatly on habit and taste, and might be very much disproportioned to the real wealth of a people. The proportion of contribution fixed on these tests, was fifteen parts for Great Britain, and two parts for Ireland; but it was provided,* that at the expiration of twenty years, there should be "*periods of revision*," not more distant than twenty, and not shorter than seven years from each other; at which a new adjustment of expenditure should take place, unless there should previously be a declaration of a junction of the Exchequers, founded of course on equitable principles.

A "period of revision" was manifestly of no importance, if it was not to afford a rectification of any error committed in the adoption of the "tests;" whether that error had the effect of imposing a greater or a lighter burthen on the country than she was able to bear. No argument can be founded on the decision, that the proportion originally adopted should hold for twenty years despite of all contingencies, for the United Parliament did not think it necessary to wait for twenty years before it proceeded to consolidate the Exchequers. The Minister went down to the House in 1816, saying that the failure of Ireland to make good the engagements imposed upon her in 1800 forced the Legislature to anticipate the time fixed upon by the act of Union, for a new adjustment of the financial relations of the two countries. It was open to the Parliament to take a different course from the one adopted. This was distinctly stated by Lord Castlereagh, who said, (May 20th) that "the only question which the House had to consider was, whether they should proceed anew to regulate the quota of expence to be borne by Ireland, according to the criterion laid down in the act of Union, or whether a different measure ought to be resorted to in order to relieve her from her difficulties." If this were the question, consolidation was not imperative on the United Parliament in 1816. If it then anticipated the exercise of functions not devolving upon it regularly for four years afterwards; it might have done the same in 1804, or in 1802, when it was just as plain as in 1816, that Britain, to use the words of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, the last Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, "had contracted with Ireland *for an expenditure which she could not meet*." An adjustment, at either period,

* Seventh article, 2d. Section.

such as fair dealing demanded, would have the effect of leaving Ireland a large surplus, and it would of course be applicable to its own separate and special uses. Can there be a doubt upon the point? Let us take an illustration from the transactions of last year.

The adjustment we speak of is, of course, that really "equitable" one, which would carry into effect the declared intentions of the authors of the act of Union, to proportion Ireland's burthen to her ability. In 1804 it was found that the debt of Ireland was running on far more rapidly than that of Britain; and that her revenue, so far from increasing in any thing like a similar ratio, had suffered, in that year, a positive diminution. It was no longer a matter of doubt, that the union proportions were erroneous, and that Ireland, instead of being able to contribute 1 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions, had no resources to enable her to supply more than 1 for every 10 millions. The Parliament, which assumed to itself the power of consolidating the Exchequers in 1816, could, under such circumstances, have declared that the mistake committed at the period of the union was made manifest; that the proportion of 1 to 10 should be substituted for 1 to $7\frac{1}{2}$, and that the public accounts should be regulated by the change, both as to the future and the past. If such a measure then took place, the effect would obviously have been to proportion the increase of the Irish, to the increase of the British debt; and leave Ireland in that regard, in the same relative position last year, as that in which she was placed in 1800, when her debt was, as we have already said, to the British, as about 1 to 16. The general expenditure was, let us say in the last year, 46 millions. Of these, 28 millions were for the interest of debt. In the case supposed, £1,750,000 would be a burthen falling rightfully on the score of debt on Ireland. The remaining expenditure was £18,000,000. Of this, Ireland should have fairly borne one tenth, or £1,800,000, which is the proportion of her ability, as indicated by her revenue. These two amounts make £3,550,000, and this sum is 7, or £800,000, under the revenue of Ireland, fairly estimated.* Let it be shewn that the Irish payments into the Exchequer are not to that extent above this amount, and it would only follow that the Irish contribution to the general expenditure, should not be a tenth, but an eleventh or twelfth part.

Mr. Rice maintains that the arrangement of 1816 was as good

* There are various opinions as to the amount of the *uncredited revenue* of Ireland. The lowest estimate is by Mr. W. Stanley, author of the *Cloncurry Prize Essays*, who is understood to fill an official situation in Dublin. His calculation is, that it is not, when it includes the whole of the tea duty, above £789,000. A portion of

a one as could have been made for Ireland. "The consolidation," he says, "sweeps aside all calculations in respect to the proportion of two-seventenths." This it does certainly, and without any "equivalent" for Ireland. Such was not, however, the intention in 1800. Ireland's right to her "equivalent" was then acknowledged, and it was because England, from its magnitude, could not pay it, that the Exchequers were left distinct. The "proportions," instead of being a source of evil, were intended to be a source of good. If they were just "proportions," the intended benefit would have been realized; if they were the contrary, they ought to have been altered. The remedy for any evil connected with them, was not the "sweeping them aside," except on the principle avowed and acted upon by those who have attempted the extinction of the Irish municipal corporations. Their utility to Ireland was, that they secured to her the advantage of any increase that might occur in her revenue. If her progress were really "gigantic," her income would have been long since double its present amount. If it had reached that magnitude last year, there would be a clear surplus this year, even though she were chargeable with the entire expense of the debt "for which England," to use the words of Mr. Rice, "made herself responsible," in 1816. This surplus, or any surplus not exceeding five millions, would be applicable, under the act of Union, either to the liquidation of Irish debt, to the remission of Irish taxes, or to the extension of Irish internal improvement. Under the act of consolidation, it has a different destination, and passes to the British Exchequer, there to be applied to British purposes exclusively. The act of Union, in short, secured to the Irish people all the advantages of the financial prosperity which they were and are still promised. It is already repealed in this important portion of its provisions, by the act of Consolidation.

Mr. Rice observes, that "had not this consolidation taken place, Ireland must either have increased her taxation, or have borrowed money to pay the interest of her debt." There was the other course, suggested by Lord Castlereagh, and that was the only course that would not have rescinded the clause in the Act of Union, regarding "surplus revenue," and given her a partnership in the British Debt, without any "equivalent."

that duty, amounting to 194,000, was collected in Ireland last year. Deducting this amount from Mr. Stanley's estimate, there remains £595,000, which, if added to the payments into the Exchequer, as stated in the Finance Accounts, would make a total revenue of £4,362,000. We have assumed that if the provisions of the Act of Union were fairly carried into effect, the charge upon Ireland in the last year would have been £3,550,000, and there would, therefore, on the grounds supposed, have been a surplus of £807,000 to be applied to local uses. Our own belief is, that the amount of the *uncredited taxation* is much higher than Mr. Stanley supposes.

The Act of Consolidation was not alone the worst measure which could be adopted for Ireland, but it may, we think, be more than doubted whether it was justifiable by a fair construction of the Treaty of Union itself. The clause of that Treaty which empowered the United Parliament to pass such an act, is in these words:

"That if at any future day the separate debt of each country respectively shall have been liquidated, or if the values of their respective debts (estimated according to the amount of the interest and annuities attending the same, and of the sinking fund applicable to the reduction thereof, and to the period within which the whole capital of such debt shall appear to be redeemable by such sinking fund) shall be to each other in the same proportion with the respective contributions of each country respectively, or if the amount by which the value of the larger of such debts shall vary from such proportion shall not exceed one-hundredth part of the said value, and if it shall appear to the parliament of the united kingdom that the respective circumstances of the two countries will thenceforth admit of their contributing indiscriminately by equal taxes imposed on the same articles in each, to the future expenditure of the united kingdom, it shall be competent to the parliament of the united kingdom to declare that all future expense thenceforth to be incurred, together with the interest and charges of all joint debts contracted previous to such declaration, shall be so defrayed indiscriminately, by equal taxes imposed on the same articles in each country."

The Finance Committee of 1815, leave us at no loss to explain how these words should be interpreted.—They say,

(P. 11) "Your Committee are aware that any strict and literal interpretation of this article is attended with considerable difficulty; but construing it with reference to what must have been in the contemplation of both Parliaments when this article was adopted, as most distinctly appears from the spirit and context of the Act of Union; namely *protection afforded to the country least burthened with debt*, and least able to provide extraordinary resources, especially by that most vital enactment, which declares that no article in Ireland shall be made liable to any new or additional duty, by which the whole amount of duty payable thereon would exceed the amount which will be thereafter payable in England on any like article; your Committee are of opinion that Parliament have acquired the right of declaring a consolidation of the debts and expenditures of the two countries."

If protection of the country least burthened with debt was what both Parliaments contemplated, we can hardly conclude that the Act of Consolidation carried their intentions into effect, for it was not "protection" to impose the responsibility of the country most burthened, on that least burthened with debt; or to declare that expenditure should be "defrayed indiscriminately by equal taxation imposed on the same articles," when one coun-

try was declared less able than the other "to provide extraordinary expenses."

It does not appear that an absolute power of consolidation was conferred on Parliament. Its legislation on the subject should, according to the terms of the clause just quoted, be preceded by the liquidation of the two debts, by such a change in their amounts as would make one to the other as 2 to 15, or by such "circumstances of the two countries" as would justify indiscriminate taxation. These conditions cannot be held to have been duly regarded in 1816, unless it be maintained to be the same thing whether the amounts were brought within the prescribed proportions by liquidation on the part of England, or borrowing on the part of Ireland. It will not be held, we suppose, that borrowing on the part of Ireland could have been to any amount or under any pretext the Parliament pleased. It should have been regulated by the receipts of revenue. If these were as considerable as was anticipated, it never could by possibility have brought the debts within the prescribed proportions. If they were inconsiderable, then a revision should have taken place; a new quota of expenditure should have been adopted, and the necessary consequence upon the debts would have been the preservation of the inequality which, at the outset, prevented their junction. Such disproportionate borrowing on the part of Ireland as would change the ratio of 1 to 16 to 1 to $7\frac{1}{4}$, would be the most incontestible proof of inability, and as a warranty for equal and indiscriminate taxation it would be nothing less than preposterous. Consolidation then, to satisfy the terms of this clause of the act, must have been based on a liquidation of British debt, or on those "circumstances of the two countries" which would prove Ireland capable of sustaining new burthens. No liquidation of the British debt took place: how unfavourable the "circumstances of the two countries" were, is evidenced by the declared bankruptcy of Ireland. Could a consolidation, effected in such a condition of affairs, be considered compatible with the provisions of a law intended to give "protection to the country least burthened with debt?"

It should not be forgotten one moment that a consolidation was declared impracticable in 1800. Lord Castlereagh's words, as spoken on the 5th of February, in that year, are reported as follows:—

"In respect to past expenses, she (Ireland) was to have no concern whatever with the debt of Great Britain—but the two countries were to unite as to future expenses, on a strict measure of relative ability. He should have considered it a most valuable circumstance in this arrangement, if the countries could have been so completely incor-

porated as not to have had distinct revenues; a part of the system of the Scots Union, which had been felt to be of such importance, that a great effort was made to equalize the circumstances of the two countries for that purpose. England had a large debt; Scotland had none charged upon her revenues—an accurate calculation was made of the sum to be paid to Scotland to justify her in accepting her share of the debt, and the sum was paid accordingly by England. The taxation of the two countries was accordingly fixed at the same proportion, except in the instance of the land tax, which was fixed at a different ratio, because the land tax in England was imposed so unequally, that had Scotland paid in the same rate as the nominal land tax of England, she would really have been taxed much higher than her just proportion. His lordship mentioned this, he said, to show the pains which had been taken to incorporate the two countries as well in point of finance as in other circumstances; but in the present situation of these countries, this part of the system could not be adopted. Great Britain now paid in taxes for interest on her debt, ten millions annually;—[it was £15,800,000 in the January of the next year; *Parliamentary Paper*, ordered on the 15th April, 1824,]—for any proportion of this she could not call upon Ireland, nor could she offer, as in the case of Scotland, any equivalent; it was, therefore, absolutely necessary that the respective debts of the countries should remain distinct, and, of course, that their taxation should continue separate.”

All this was changed in 1816; and how so? simply by the necromancy of borrowing, that borrowing being founded upon a contract with the weaker country “for an expenditure which she could not meet!” Was that a justification in 1816, for joining these debts which it was “absolutely necessary” to keep distinct and separate in 1800? Was borrowing the “equivalent” spoken of? Was it in that shape that Scotland received her compensation? Is not that done with regard to Ireland without an “equivalent,” which in 1800 was said to be only just or practicable with an “equivalent.” *Is not Ireland without an “equivalent” to this hour?* If she be not, in what way has she received it? If she had been spared in taxes it might be held that she had received in that way her “equivalent.” That she has not, however, been so spared, but the very contrary, is declared by the Finance Committee in the same Report from which the passage above quoted is taken.

“Your committee cannot but remark, that for several years Ireland has advanced in permanent taxation more rapidly than Great Britain itself, notwithstanding the immense exertions of the latter country, and including the war taxes:

“The permanent revenue of Great Britain having increased from the year 1801, when the amounts of both countries were first made to correspond, in the proportion of 16½ to 10:

"The whole revenue of Great Britain, including war taxes, in the proportion of 21½ to 10:

"And the revenues of Ireland in the proportion of 23 to 10:

"But in the twenty-four years referred to by your committee, the increase of Irish revenue has been in the proportion of 46½ to 10." (p. 12.)

These remarkable words explain the nature of the "equivalent" she received in taxation during the war; what her "equivalent" has been in that shape since, is told by the incontestible fact that less than the one-fortieth of the relief granted since the peace has fallen to her lot. It would, we are convinced, be exaggeration to take the balance between the taxes repealed or modified, and those imposed, in Ireland, since the war, at more than a million. The new taxes proposed by Mr. Foster on the 20th of June, 1804, were, however, estimated to be capable of producing £1,253,000 a-year, and the additional taxes laid on between the years 1807 and 1815 alone were, according to a statement of Lord Lansdowne in 1822,* estimated to produce £3,376,000. Here are two amounts reaching to £4,629,000, and we repeat our conviction that the net relief granted since the war has not been one million.

Whatever may be said of the details of the fiscal management of Ireland since the Union, the general results cannot but be considered extraordinary and deserving of the most serious contemplation. In 1800 the separate taxation claimable by the English debt alone was nearly sixteen millions a-year; it now little exceeds five millions. In 1800 the English standard of taxation was higher than the Irish in all respects; now there is the same standard almost universally. In customs and post-office duties all is equality. In excise all is equality with the exception first of bricks, which produce not more than a third of a million; secondly of soap, with regard to which, Ireland, according to rumour, is about to be helped to a new assimilation; and thirdly of whiskey, the only complaint concerning which is, that it is too cheap. There are some exceptions under the head of stamps, but they are also to undergo entire change or great modification. Now the receipts under these heads are stated in the Finance Accounts to have been the following in the past year:—

Customs (equal in both countries) . . .	20,108,703
Post-office (equal in both countries) . . .	2,209,438
Excise (equal in six parts out of seven) . . .	15,977,756
Stamps (ditto)	7,462,755

£45,758,652

* Hansard's Debates, vol. vii. p. 1050.

Here are nearly forty-six millions out of a total taxation producing £50,600,000, and yet the English public are frequently told that Ireland is the least taxed, and England the most taxed, country in Europe! The statement would have a great deal of truth five and thirty years ago, but matters have been entirely altered, and long altered. Since 1814 the same rates have been charged in England and Ireland on tea, sugar, coffee, foreign spirits, wine and tobacco.* For as long a period, we believe, the duties on malt have been assimilated. Now, on these articles the taxation in the last year amounted to a third of the entire revenue, and yet "Ireland is the least taxed, and England the most taxed, country in Europe!!"

Ireland has not been spared in taxation. Indeed, the effort of British financiers to wring taxes from her has produced its own punishment in the diminished receipts of their exchequer. On this head interesting evidence may be drawn from a speech spoken in 1830, by Mr. Poulett Thompson. "A case (said he) is established in the instance of Ireland, which is written in characters too legible not to serve as a guide to future financiers—one which ought to bring shame upon the memory of its authors. The revenue of Ireland, in the year 1807, amounted to £4,378,000. Between that year and the conclusion of the war, taxes were successively imposed, which, according to the calculations of chancellors of the Exchequer, were to produce £3,400,000, or to augment the revenue to the extent of £7,700,000. What was the result? Why, that in the year 1821, when that amount, less about £400,000 for taxes afterwards repealed, ought to have been paid into the Exchequer, the whole revenue of Ireland amounted only to £3,844,000, being £533,000 less than in 1807, previous to one farthing of these additional taxes having been imposed. Here is an example to prove that an increase of taxation does not tend to produce a corresponding increase of revenue, but, on the contrary, an actual diminution."—*Hansard's Debates, New Series*, v. xi. p. 659.

A mitigation of taxes is one of the remedial measures which a country afflicted with absenteeism ought to expect from the justice of Parliament. This is not new doctrine. In 1824, Mr. Maberly on proposing a grant of a million for public works in Ireland, observed, that "all taxes on consumption should be removed in Ireland, and every method adopted to render living as cheap there as in any part of the world. In a country where labour was so cheap, living might, with a very little present

* Report on the State of the Irish Poor, ordered to be printed 16th July, 1830.

sacrifice on the part of England, be made cheaper than in any other part of the British dominions. If that were effected, people who now resorted to foreign countries for cheap living, would spend their money in a country where the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life might be procured at so cheap a rate." —*Hansard's Debates*, vol. xi. p. 475, *New Series*.

Lord Althorpe, in the same year, declared himself favourable to a similar mode of resuscitating Ireland. He said,

"He had on a former occasion stated it to be his opinion, that the repeal of the taxes in Ireland would tend mainly towards reviving the manufactures of that country, and bringing it into a prosperous condition. It was objected to him on that occasion, that he sought, by giving large and exclusive advantages to Ireland, to raise her up into a manufacturing country, which should make her the rival of Scotland and England. While he disclaimed any such intention, he feared Ireland was far indeed from any such state of prosperity. She was as little to be feared as she was to be envied; and however he might wish to see her condition ameliorated, he had not proposed to accomplish that wish by affording her a rate of profits above those of any other country. He would only say that this consideration was of the greatest importance; and his most earnest wish was to produce, if possible, tranquillity and prosperity, where now disturbance and distress prevailed, and to lay a foundation for a large revenue, and those resources which the climate and fertility of the country might reasonably be expected to produce, and which would amply repay any present sacrifice." —*Hansard's Debates*, *New Series*, vol. xi. p. 659.

If it be compatible with sound policy and justice to make a sacrifice to Ireland in the shape of diminished taxes, it requires no argument to prove that these grants for public works, of the effects of which such glowing accounts have been offered by official personages to the attention of Parliament, should be greatly extended. England, however, is not, as an honourable member said, "to be *always* a milch cow for Ireland." Has she *ever* been so? This is an important question, and it deserves to be deliberately considered.

The last *Quarterly Review*, in discussing the affairs of Ireland, observes (p. 275) that "articles of British and Foreign produce consumed in Ireland either pay no taxes at all or taxes considerably lower than those to which they are subject in the sister island." How true this is, we have already shewn in the view given of the relative amount of taxation in the two countries, and especially in the fact, that all customs' duties are alike in Great Britain and Ireland. We recollect a former number of the same Review in which it was alleged that "rack-rents and tithes are collected in Ireland by a soldiery paid by English

taxes." The diurnal press goes farther in its disparagement of Irish resources, and according to the *Times*, the "whole revenue of Ireland is not able to satisfy the claims of the public creditor, who lent her money *before* the union." Even Sir Henry Parnell, in his *Financial Reform*, asserts that Ireland is a "heavy burthen" to England.*

It will with difficulty be credited by persons who take their opinions of Ireland from these authorities, that the whole expenditure of Ireland of whatever kind, is defrayed out of Irish revenue exclusively, but such however is the fact. The public are often reminded of the "enormous army" kept up in Ireland. That is paid out of the Irish revenue; even the clothing, which is now purchased for it in London, in violation of a rule instituted early in the reign of George the Third, is paid for by Ireland. The "public creditor who lent his money before the Union" is paid his full demand in Dublin out of Irish taxes, and there are no inconsiderable demands of subsequent creditors paid out of the same fund. The civil Government of Ireland, and the English and Foreign pensioners on her list, including his Highness of Mecklenburgh Strelitz, who receives £2,000 a-year, late currency, are all paid out of the Irish taxes. Mr. Rice, as an illustration of the bounty of England, gives an appalling array of the sums voted since the Union for Irish improvements. There is a million in his tables under the head of harbours; there are £4,200,000 under that of charities and literary institutions; £1,300,000 for the encouragement of manufactures and agriculture; and £3,000,000 for the employment of the poor. All were paid out of the Irish taxes. There is the loan fund of half a million, to which we have alluded. It has been called a grant of "*English gold*," for Irish uses. It is *Irish* every guinea of it; raised in Ireland; the product of Irish industry. In short, Ireland has not drawn any more of her pecuniary outlay from England than from Siberia, speaking with reference to the upshot of transactions. England on the contrary, has drawn "gold" from Ireland in the shape even of revenue, and this is proved by a parliamentary return ordered on the 13th of August, 1833, which we subjoin:

*Sir Henry remarks in his chapter on Ireland (p. 263) fourth edition, that the revenue paid by each individual in Ireland is on an average 10s. while the revenue paid in Great Britain is "at the rate of 60s. a-head." The common inference is that the disparity arises from the inequality of the respective burthens of the two countries. How fallacious such a conclusion is, may be illustrated by a reference to the revenue of Wales. The parliamentary paper ordered on the 27th of February, 1832, states it to be £348,710. This gives an average for Wales of only 8s. a-head, though every man residing in that country is subject to all the English taxes. An extension to Ireland of every impost affecting England would not raise her average to 12s. a-head.

"The Balance arising from the Remittance of Public Money to and from the Irish and British Exchequer, from 1793 to 1833; viz.:-

In the Year ended 5th January.	Remitted from the British Exchequer to the Irish.	Remitted from the Irish Exchequer to the British.
	£. s. d.	£. s. d.
1796	300,000 0 0	
1798	57,179 11 11	
1799	78,454 9 7½	
1800	399,779 1 10½	131,634 1 6½
1801	403,779 1 10
1803	461,000 0 0	
1804	117,444 8 11½	
1805	39,000 0 0	
1806	165,354 3 3½	
1807	295,709 10 0	276,000 0 10
1808	207,604 3 4	
1809	114,166 13 4	
1810	146,527 15 6	
1811	174,416 13 3	1,270,000 0 0
1812	104,250 0 0	1,465,000 0 0
1813	116,500 0 0	1,656,276 0 0
1814	122,416 13 3½	2,603,455 0 0
1815	117,194 8 9	2,466,545 0 0
1816	98,249 19 11	6,107,986 12 3½
1817	166,722 4 5	1,184,009 8 5
1818	216,923 1 6½	25,768 4 2½
1821	1,300,000 0 0	
1823	1,605,181 9 4½	
1824	877,200 0 0	
1825	100,000 0 0	
1826	470,000 0 0	
1827	400,000 0 0	
1831	750,000 0 0
1832	700,000 0 0
1833	600,000 0 0
	8,251,274 8 4½	19,640,453 8 3
Deduct the amount of the Remittance from the <i>British</i> Exchequer, exclusive of the Loans raised in <i>Great Britain for Ireland</i>		8,251,274 8 4½
Balance of Remittance		11,389,178 19 10½

Here is a balance exceeding eleven millions, and it is in favour of Great Britain. It would seem that in latter years the remittances are altogether from Ireland. The sums at the end of the second column, placed opposite to the years 1831, 1832, and 1833, were moneys remaining in the Irish Treasury after payment of all the expenditure charged upon the Irish Revenue. What that expenditure was in the year preceding 1833, is shewn by the same official return;

"The total present expenditure of Ireland, including Debt, Army, Pensions, Civil List, Miscellaneous Estimates, and all disbursements payable out of the Public Revenue.

"The Expenditure for the year ended 5th January, 1833, viz.

	£.	s.	d.
The Payment for interest and Management of the permanent debt	1,165,237	8	4
Terminable Annuities	70	18	7
	1,165,308	6	11
Other permanent Charges on the Consolidated Fund, exclusive of Advances for Public Works	326,152	10	6½
Army	1,051,770	10	9
Miscellaneous Services	367,576	15	7½
Total Expenditure	£2,910,808	3	10

The fact, that after payment of this expenditure, a balance of £600,000 remained to be remitted to the British Exchequer, is the most emphatic answer that can be given to the statement that Ireland is a "great burden" to England. And even that balance was only the apparent, and not the real, surplus which remained for the uses of England. It did not include the tea duty, which was then collected altogether in London. The duties on the refined sugar, paper, glass, hops, and various other commodities imported from England into Ireland, are collected in England. This balance did not include any of these duties, and was therefore considerably below the real surplusage of Irish revenue, which was appropriated to English uses in 1833. Adding the amount of these duties for several years, and also the remittances since 1833, the grand balance of £11,389,178, would be more than doubled; being a clear gain in cash to the British Exchequer, exclusive of the augmentation its coffers are admitted to receive from the expenditure of Absentee rents.

But we are reminded in the first of these returns, to which we direct the attention of our readers, that when we estimate the amount of remittances from the Irish to the British Exchequer, we should include the "Loans raised in Great Britain for Ireland." What were these loans for? They were to enable Ireland to fulfil the contract for "an expenditure which she could not meet." They were to make good the contribution towards a war strictly against England and the English people, which was arbitrarily assigned to her on grounds, not merely questionable but absurd. "Taking the balance of trade as a criterion of ability," said the protest of the Irish Lords, against the arrangements of Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh, "the proportion would be 29 to 1. Taking the current cash as a criterion, the proportion would be 12 to 1. Taking permanent revenue, it

would be 13 to 1." According to the average supplied by these tests, Ireland ought to have been called upon to contribute only 1 million to 18; yet it was put upon her to contribute 1 million to 7½; and she was kept to this proportion for 15 years, though every Session afforded new proofs of her inability, and the Parliament possessed as fully the power to remedy the injustice in the right way as it did to consolidate the exchequers. Such was the origin and end of the "loans raised in Great Britain for Ireland," and they are to be the set-off against the hard cash flowing to the British exchequer from Irish taxation!

The "loans raised in Great Britain for Ireland" were applied to expenses, all of which would have fallen upon Great Britain herself if Ireland never existed; and such of them as were disproportioned to the resources of Ireland, were the consequences not only of an original "contract" palpably unjust, but in some instances of a system of fiscal management which cannot be considered less than fraudulent. Of that management we have the following sample in a speech delivered by the Right Hon. James Fitzgerald on the 15th of March, 1805: He "opposed the bringing up of the Report (on the Irish Budget). He contended that the loan was made to a *larger amount* than necessary, and that if it even were necessary, the interest of it might be defrayed without having recourse to any new taxes. The revenue of Ireland was only taken at four millions, though every body knew it would be considerably more. The right hon. gentleman (Mr. Foster) imposed last year additional taxes of £1,150,000 by way of regulation, and £76,000 to defray the expenses of a direct loan, and he now stated that there was out of last year's revenue a surplus of £843,000, but that it must remain locked up in the Irish Treasury, until the proportion of Ireland to the joint expenditure should be paid. Upon this practice of retaining the surplus of the consolidated fund since the Union, it would follow that there must be now a total surplus of about *four millions* applicable to the expenses of the year. This was a mode of proceeding very disadvantageous to Ireland. The sums returned of duties due, but not immediately payable, were to the amount of £636,346, which either were or ought to be now in the treasury of Ireland. This, as well as the balances in the hands of the collectors, ought to be a productive fund, and if it was not, he must call upon those who promised Ireland so much benefit from the Union, to put an end to this system of patronage and influence."

We will take another sample from the Report of the Committee of Public Income and Expenditure, ordered to be printed on the 14th June, 1811. This committee undertook to lay down certain principles on which the accounts of the two countries should be

adjusted. There were charges which fell upon each separately, and others which were to be defrayed out of the joint fund. Many of our English readers, probably, are not aware that certain bribes called "compensation to corporate bodies or individuals," in consequence of the extinction of the right to return members of Parliament, were found necessary to the carrying of the Union. These bribes amounted altogether to a million and a half. The object gained was, of course, a common one, for, as was alleged, it was equally for the benefit of Great Britain and Ireland that the Union should be effected. Yet this committee of "adjustment," in the 13th page of their report, gravely adjudge that the entire of these bribes should be charged to Ireland exclusively!! Thus were the "loans raised in Great Britain for Ireland" made to accumulate. Without such help, we suspect it would be impossible to have swelled the debt of Ireland in 1816 to the magnitude at which it then arrived.

We think we do the best service that can be rendered to England herself, by setting before her inhabitants this exposition. Her public men cannot be blamed for the cry they set up against all indulgences or helps proposed for Ireland, if they think she has been too much trespassed upon by her needy neighbour. To disabuse them of this error is, we are sure, to make them advocates of the system we recommend. We have no conviction more thoroughly rooted than that every million expended upon Ireland is worth four to Great Britain.

Entertaining such sentiments, it is impossible we can view without pain the entire tenour of the representations put forth in Mr. Rice's speeches. One of them absolutely goes the length of raising a question as to the inequality of the Union proportions. "Granting," it says, "that there has been an inequality or injustice towards Ireland in the Union proportions, the transfer of the debt for which Great Britain made herself jointly responsible in 1817, is alone much more than a counterpoise to any want of equality in 1800, *even suppose that want of equality to be proved.*" "The transfer?" Is it, we ask, transferred? Are not Ireland's taxes remitted to help to discharge its interest? Does Ireland pay one shilling less to it now than she did in 1816? Does this "transfer" benefit her, practically, to the value of one straw? It is not, however, to this, but to the delusion practised (unconsciously we have no doubt) in those parts in which an effort is made to prove Ireland to be actually in a race of prosperity, and to show that British indulgence to her has been boundless, that we would particularly direct the attention of the reader. In page 90 we are told of the value of the export trade to Liverpool "*alone,*" as if it was not almost "*alone*" to Liverpool that all the Irish produce was

shipped. In page 54, two tables are given, one shewing "excess of taxation levied in Great Britain by reason of difference of rates," the other, the amount of "taxes levied in Great Britain exclusively." The totals are the following:

1st head	£628,287,048
2d head	478,176,424

The argument of the repealers was not that England had no exclusive taxation in the by-gone time, but that she had, by an unjust and unwise system of "assimilation," relieved herself of too much of it. The clause in the Act of Union, which put upon her the perpetual responsibility of 420 millions of debt, bound her to an exclusive charge, which, at 16 millions a year, would in 34 years, amount to 548 millions, a sum exceeding by 70 millions this total of her exclusive taxation. As to the difference between the "rates," the question is not what England has paid, but what Ireland has been saved. A tax (that on malt for instance) will produce in England nearly five millions, and in Ireland not much more than a quarter of a million. Let there be a difference of "rates" in the case of such a tax, and it may make an addition of burthen to England of two millions a year, without producing a saving to Ireland of more than £100,000. The assessed taxes, now borne exclusively by Great Britain, have produced within the last fourteen years (we will say) four millions each year, or an aggregate of 56 millions. If they were operative all the while in Ireland, their aggregate produce would probably, on a high estimate, be four millions. Would it be right, in a table shewing what Ireland has gained by her exemption from assessed taxes in the last fourteen years, to set down 56 millions instead of four millions? Clearly not. Yet this is done in Mr. Rice's tables.

Admitting, however, that the millions, and the hundreds of millions, that Mr. Rice claims as a credit for Great Britain, under the head either of "exclusive taxation," or "difference of rates," had been justly claimed; was it not in some measure an unintentional playing into the hand of the repealers to present them in such striking array? These hundreds and thousands of millions are of the times that are past. Scarcely a vestige of them now remains. There is nothing to be claimed by Great Britain, on the score of Property tax; difference of Customs duties; difference of Post office duties; and little on those of Excise or Stamps. It was otherwise, no doubt, formerly; and so says Mr. Rice, in all his tables.* But is not that, after all, one of the most triumphant arguments the repealers could advance? The story it tells

* Amongst these tables, we find the following. The first shews what Ireland gained by exemptions or abatements in 1801; the second shews her advantages in that regard

is simply this, that in proportion as Ireland has receded from the times in which she had the protection of a domestic Legislature, she has lost the advantages derivable either from modified taxation, or an entire exemption from its burthens.

We return to our argument relative to the "surplus." It is plain that the Act of Union contemplated such a fund, and intended for Ireland its sole advantages. The words are, that, "if at the end of any year, any surplus shall accrue from the revenues of Ireland, after defraying the interest, sinking fund, and proportional contributions, and separate charges to which the said country shall be liable, taxes shall be taken off to the amount of such surplus, or the surplus shall be applied by the Parliament of the United Kingdom to local purposes in Ireland." The simple question is, whether there is any "surplus," on a fair view of the whole transactions since the Union. Ought Ireland to be in

in 1833. In the first year she was benefitted to the extent of £1,350,924; in the second year these figures were reduced to £30, 141 !!!

YEAR 1801.			
Principal Articles upon which a difference existed between the British and Irish Rates of Duty.	Amount received in Ireland at the Rates of Duty actually chargeable on the respective Articles in that Country.	Estimated Amount which would have been received upon an equal consumption, if the Rates of Duty had been the same as in Great Britain.	Excess of Revenue beyond the Amount actually collected, which would have accrued if the British Rates had been paid upon the Quantities consumed in Ireland.
	£	£	£
Barilla and Ashes.	10,813	10,813
Iron, Bar.....	3,101	20,410	17,009
Salt, Foreign	13,489	94,042	80,553
Spirits, Foreign ..	483,227	68,310	155,083
Sugar	283,900	298,0 9	14,139
Tea	135,832	222,706	86,854
Tobacco	285,482	505,856	220,374
Wine	192,664	354,892	162,288
Wood	10,611	110,533	99,222
Salt, British	65 632	448,235	382,603
Coals	30 466	60,704	30,238
Other Articles	26,992	118,100	91,108
£	1,531,44	2,182,370	1,350,924
YEAR 1833.			
Wood	£26,758	£56,899	£30,141

a worse position now than she was then, in reference to the greatest embarrassment of the empire, the debt? Her responsibility was then, as we have already observed, in the proportion of one to sixteen;—should it be more now? Has she been spared in the increase of taxation? The very contrary, according to the admission of the Finance Committee of 1815. Then why should she be held bound to a greater relative contribution now to the public debt than she was at that period? Assign to her a due proportion of the responsibility of the public debt, and she must necessarily have a “surplus.” Should she have more than an equitable share of that responsibility? The law of 1816 gave her, undoubtedly, a partnership in the whole debt, but it was founded, we repeat, upon the injustice of imposing upon her an expenditure “which she could not meet,” and it was pressed under circumstances not contemplated by the authors of the Treaty of Union, if we are to give them credit for not having intended a monstrous fraud on the Irish people. Liquidation of debt is the very first condition of a consolidation of the Exchequers mentioned in the seventh article of that compact. There was no speech spoken on the ministerial side of the Houses of Parliament in either country that did not discourse of *liquidation*. Lord Castlereagh used the following language on the 17th of February, 1800:—

“The eighth Section contains a provision, that, when the separate debts of the two kingdoms shall be either *extinguished*, or, in the proportion of their respective contributions, the general expenses of the empire may thenceforward be borne by common taxes, in lieu of proportionate contributions. I have, Sir, already explained the importance of an assimilation of the taxes of the two kingdoms. The obstacle to its adoption at present has been stated to be the disparity of burthens which arose from their respective debts, and which possibly may be removed by time. I shall therefore obviate the impression which may be made, that common taxes with Great Britain will impose upon this kingdom heavier burthens than she would otherwise be called upon to support. Let the house then first consider that the charges of the debt of Great Britain amount to twenty millions a year;* and the charges of the debt of Ireland to £1,300,000 British a year; that common taxes are not to take place till either the past and separate debts of both countries shall be *liquidated*, or till they shall become to each other in the ratio of fifteen to two. *Before this can take place, THE TAXES OF GREAT BRITAIN MUST BE REDUCED BY THE AMOUNT OF TEN MILLIONS A YEAR*; in which case the scale of her remaining taxation would be lowered to the scale of taxation in England, and the adoption of British taxation would become a benefit; a similar result would take place, and to a greater degree, *were the past debt of the two countries to be entirely liquidated.*”

* In this estimate is evidently included the charge for the sinking fund.

It is plain that the taxes of Great Britain could not be "reduced by the amount of ten millions a year," through any other means than a *liquidation* of debt; and the Irish nation was told by this minister, that a reduction, arising from that cause, should occur before a consolidation *could* be effected. Mr. Foster would not admit that Ireland should be subjected to equal taxation, even after a reduction of taxes arising from an extinction of half the English debt.

"This proportion, so favourably made for us, in the noble Lord's opinion, is to be at an end in twenty years, and we are to undergo equal taxation, instead of paying one part for every seven and a half of her's, (Britain's) *when the existing debt of Britain shall be cleared off*. He acknowledges that the proportion is exclusive of every consideration of respective debts, which press heavier on Britain than Ireland; and he admits that this proportion in favour of Ireland is necessary, even while Britain is encumbered with the weight of taxes to pay the charges of her great debt. Where then is the justice or policy that, *at the moment these charges cease*, and all her necessities of life and manufactures are freed from the weighty incumbrance, and new vigour thereby given to her efforts as a commercial nation, we are to lose the benefit which we should then have most need of, to keep us up? There is neither justice, liberality, nor wisdom, in such an arrangement."—*Report of the Debate in the Irish House of Commons, Feb. 17, 1800, p. 14.* John Rea, Dublin.

To this Lord Castlereagh made a reply, in which *liquidation* is again most distinctly and emphatically recognized as a *sine qua non*.

"The Rt. Hon. Gentleman had contended, that, to select the period of common taxation to commence with the *extinction* of the debts of the two countries, was selecting the period most unfavourable to Ireland, but the reverse was the fact. What will be the case when Great Britain shall have *extinguished her debt*? She will have discharged taxes to the amount of twenty millions a year. She will then have merely her ordinary expenses to provide for; and, of course, she will want very few taxes indeed. If then, Ireland shall commence a system of common taxation with Great Britain when her taxes shall be few and low, the taxes of Ireland being common with Great Britain will be equally light. In that case the English scale of taxation will descend below the Irish scale of taxation, and Ireland, by adopting it, will receive a benefit, and not an injury."

In some of the speeches it appears to have been assumed, that an increase of the Irish debt might assist the approximation to be brought about chiefly by the liquidation of English debt; but Mr. Foster treated it as a pure absurdity, saying, that the idea that "our increase of poverty, and their increase of wealth, are to bring us to an equality of condition, so as to bear an equality of taxes, is contrary to all reason." Again:—

"There is an absurdity in arguing on a debt as if it were wealth, and that when we attain the given proportion by becoming poor, or doubling our debt from twenty-five to fifty millions, and England attains the same proportion by *lessening her's*, we grow wealthy thereby, and are able to pay share for share, instead of paying only one share for every seven and a half."—p. 32.

Hence we find that even the orators of the period, who dealt in "absurdities," contemplated nothing like an approximation to be brought about wholly without any liquidation of the English debt. There is, indeed, only one case in which, without a violation of all sense and justice, an increase of the Irish debt could in any way be allowed to work to the end in view, and that is under a system of management giving Ireland a great and exclusive fiscal indulgence. That she had received no such indulgence;—on the contrary, that she had for several years "advanced in permanent taxation more rapidly than Great Britain itself, notwithstanding the immense exertions of the latter country," is put upon eternal record in the Finance Report of 1815, from which we have taken an extract. In reference to that Report, the Irish Chancellor of the Exchequer observed in 1816, when the consolidation was proposed, "*your own Committee have shown you what an advance in permanent taxation Ireland had made.*"

We do then resolutely maintain that there is a "surplus" to which Ireland has every claim that equity can give her; and that she cannot be held disentitled to it, except under the provisions of an unwise and unjustifiable law. If she had not been burthened beyond her means at the Union, and if timely, or even tardy, justice had been done to her subsequently by the United Parliament, the existence of such a fund, and her right to the application of it to her own uses, would be placed beyond all question. But admitting for one moment, that her right to such an advantage has fairly lapsed, or even that it never could have existence, is not the utility, we ask, of a large expenditure, on the internal improvement of Ireland, established? Have not its advantages been prodigious, wherever they have been tried, and has it conferred one benefit on Ireland, that is not a benefit bestowed on the whole empire?

We have thus thrown freely before our readers our thoughts on the condition of Ireland. We have repudiated, in the first instance, the pleasing, but very pernicious notion, that she is in a state of rapid advancement, or advancement at all with reference to her former progress, or the growth of her enormous population. We have maintained the necessity of a state provision for the poor, ample and comprehensive. We have insisted upon a vigorous operation upon Absenteeism—one, tending, not only to domesticate

but to *multiply* our proprietors; to give us in process of time, 500,000 for the 10,000, who are now said to divide amongst them a soil not a quarter cultivated, and to do this, on no principle subversive of that "law of civilized nations," on the ruins of which are founded their title to their possessions; but one creating no social convulsion, and denying to no man, in the long run, the full value of his inheritance. We have, in addition, asserted the expediency and justice of a greatly enlarged outlay on public works; and to make this more reconcileable to the British public, we have shewn, that Ireland has never been assisted, except out of funds altogether Irish; and that the utmost bounty she would require at the hands of the sister country, would expose it to no greater grievance than that of leaving her a part of what is *HER OWN*, if not in law, at least in clear and incontestible equity. We feel, we have broken, in some instances, new ground, and hazarded what to many will be startling propositions. We are mistaken, however, if it will not soon appear, that we are only a little in anticipation of the whole public of Ireland in these particulars: a nation, which has demanded with nearly unanimous voice, what has been regarded as tantamount to a "dismemberment of the empire," is in a temper to look for more than palliatives, and to exhibit but little patience until its hopes are fulfilled.

ART. II.—1. *Narrative of Six Months' Residence in a Convent.*

By Rebecca Theresa Reed, late inmate of the Ursuline Convent, Mount Benedict, Charlestown, Massachusetts. *With a Preface and Concluding Remarks.* By Mrs. Henry Grey. 12mo. Glasgow. 1835.

2. *Supplement to "Six Months in a Convent;" containing a second statement* By Rebecca T. Reed: *Confirmations of her Narrative: and a full exposure of Cloister Education.* 12mo. London. 1836.

IN the preceding number of this journal, we were enabled, by the exhibition of unimpeachable documents, to demonstrate that the "awful disclosures" of Maria Monk concerning what she was pleased to call the "Black Nunnery," at Montreal, derived all their authority from the visions of a maniac. It was our good fortune to put an extinguisher upon her book, and upon the hopes of those fanatics who had it reprinted in London, with a view to prejudice our religion. Miss Reed's narrative has been got up for a similar purpose; and it so happens that we are in

possession of materials, from which we can furnish a complete answer to every statement it contains, of a character calculated in any way to reflect discredit upon the convent of which she was an inmate, or upon the Church of which she professed for some time to be a member. It will not be thought that we undertake an unnecessary, or an unprofitable labour, in noticing this work, contemptible as it may seem, when we state that the circulation of Miss Reed's stories, orally, or in writing, before they were printed, were chiefly made use of as a pretext for that public excitement, which led to the destruction of the convent that was the object of her vituperation; that upwards of fifty thousand copies of her libel have been since sold in America; that it has been reprinted in Glasgow, with an elaborate preface and postscript by Mrs. Henry Grey; that three editions of it with an introduction have been published in London, and that there is scarcely a tract society throughout the empire which is not active in propagating it throughout all classes of the community.

A Convent of the Ursuline order was, it appears, founded in Boston in the year 1820. It may be useful to premise that the great object which the ladies connected with that order have in view, next to a secluded and religious life, is the education of young females, without distinction of rank, or of religion. Those who can afford to pay a moderate pension, are received into the institution as boarders, and are instructed not only in the ordinary branches of knowledge, but also in those accomplishments which bestow a grace upon society. The children of the poor are received in a separate chamber, are sometimes clothed and fed, and are uniformly taught those arts by which they may be enabled to procure for themselves a decent livelihood. Religion necessarily forms the basis of all education conducted upon Catholic principles. In the Ursuline institutions this essential department of knowledge is attended to with the most exemplary care. But the pupils who are not Catholics are never required or expected to hear any instructions, or to be present at any services, appertaining to the Catholic faith. The rules of the order forbid any attempt to make proselytes, and we shall have occasion to observe that this rule was inviolably observed by the ladies, of whose conduct Miss Reed has thought fit to complain.

One of the vows of the Ursuline sisters is poverty. That is to say, individually they surrender to the institution whatever property they possess, and they have therefore no motives for trading in education as a mode of acquiring wealth. Hence it happens that they are enabled to afford a sound and virtuous education to females of the higher classes at a charge usually lower than is imposed at boarding schools, which are established

with a view to pecuniary profit. They very properly take care to incur no expenditure which their income may not be sufficient to discharge; and if they save from time to time any sums beyond the requisite expenses of their institution, those sums are devoted to the extension or embellishment of their schools, the foundation of new establishments, and to works of charity of every description.

The utility of an Ursuline nun, with reference to the order itself, being dependent upon her ability to assist in giving instruction, it is understood that no lady has, properly speaking, a vocation for that order, unless she be possessed of talents, acquirements and industry, suitable to the labours which by her vows she promises to perform. Those who desire to embrace a life exclusively religious and cloistered, may easily find institutions in perfect harmony with their wishes. But an Ursuline, besides being a nun, must be a school-mistress—she must be able to give practical instructions in one or more of the branches of female education: in the languages, geography, arithmetic, writing, reading, and the usual routine by which young minds are trained up in those accomplishments befitting their station in life. Music, drawing, and dancing, are generally taught by professors expressly engaged for the purpose. It happens, therefore, very generally, that the Ursuline sisters, from their experience in the business of education, are much superior to those ladies in their neighbourhood who open boarding schools as a mere commercial speculation; and this superiority, together with their great personal respectability, and their economical charges, as well as the state of seclusion from temptations often fatal to young minds, in which their pupils are kept, are almost certain to obtain for their establishments very extensive patronage wherever they happen to be founded.

The convent at Boston was remarkably successful in this respect—so much so, that the sisters were enabled to purchase a piece of land in Charlestown near that city, where they erected a handsome building, and whither they removed their community in the year 1826. Before they took possession of it, it was a barren hill; but by the care which they bestowed upon it, they speedily converted it into a very beautiful residence, which attracted general observation, and, as we shall have occasion to see, excited not a little jealousy, (to designate the passion by no meaner name) in the bosoms of those scholastic speculators of the neighbourhood, whose fortunes were in a less prosperous condition. Threats issuing from interested sources, and animated by religious fanaticism, were muttered soon after the convent was erected, that it would not be long before “that building should

come down." Such was the sense of religious liberty prevailing among persons, who have separated from the Catholic Church upon the ground of independent private judgment! Such was the sacred regard paid to the rights of property, in a republic whose constitution knows no religious distinctions!

The government of the Ursuline order, like those of almost all the Catholic monasteries, is based upon strictly democratic principles. The Superior is chosen by ballot—by ballot she may be deposed, should she conduct herself in a manner to bring down upon her the disapprobation of the sisterhood. She is therefore bound to "good behaviour," not merely by religious obligations, but even by her personal feelings, if her feelings be at all interested in the matter. It is impossible that she can long abuse her authority with impunity, because it is always in the power of those who give it to take it away, and confer it upon another, without being obliged even to explain their reasons for so doing. Mrs. St. George Moffat, was the Superior at Mount Benedict, as their new residence was called, while Miss Reed was there. She had held that office for seven or eight years without any attempt being made by her sisters to remove her from the presidency—a pretty clear proof, we apprehend, that her administration was in every respect agreeable to those who would have most deeply felt any undue exercise of her power.

A romantic young lady who has a disposition to lead an indolent life—to find everything necessary to a comfortable existence provided to her hand,—to rise when she pleases,—to hurry over a few prayers,—to saunter in flower gardens, recline in roseate bowers, read poetry, indulge in reveries, and pour out her thoughts in music,—will unquestionably be wofully disappointed if she hope that she can realize any such visions as these in an Ursuline convent. It is impossible that a religious community can be long held together, unless all the members of it be subjected to a discipline of the most inflexible description. It is the want of a power to establish any such discipline, and of a sanction to maintain it, which has baffled all the efforts that have been hitherto made to found Protestant convents. There is no principle whatever in the Protestant faith, against which any person professing it may not consistently rebel, whenever it suits his disposition to withdraw from any restraint it may impose upon his passions. Hence it happens that the moment a Protestant community is formed, it becomes obvious that the members of it must be governed by some rules—that those rules are found speedily to demand sacrifices of will and liberty which are productive of inconvenience—that, springing from no religious principle which may not be easily disavowed, such regulations become destitute

of authority—that disorder follows, and that the association vanishes almost as soon as it is formed.

In a Catholic monastic institution, the case is very different. There the discipline emanates from religious principles, which know no change. No female is called upon, amongst the Ursulines, to take the final vow, until she has had ample opportunity of becoming acquainted with the laws which she is afterwards to obey. Her entrance into the community is the result of her own free choice. But, once a member of it, she must conform to the established system of government, or cease to be of the sisterhood. She finds that the rules point out her occupation for every hour in the day—that, while devoting herself to a religious life, she must also render her talents and acquirements beneficial to society, by instructing the ignorant—that she must act upon a well-regulated system, which no impulse of pride, or selfishness can alter: and that unless she chooses to conform to the rules, it would have been much better for her to have remained in the world.

To us, moving abroad through the active scenes of existence, the regulations laid down for the preservation of order in a religious community, secluded from secular affairs, may occasionally appear unnecessary, and sometimes even absurd. But when we give opinions *ex cathedra* upon such questions, we ought to be quite sure that we understand what we are talking about. A conventual life is essentially different from ours. The very celibacy which it imposes brings along with it numerous exercises, framed for the purpose of subduing the passions, and holding them in perpetual bondage. The daily routine of life, in every station, consists for the most part of little things. In a convent the most minute things, the very movement and demeanour, are made the subject of regulation; and it is obvious, that if the rules be infringed upon the smallest point, the principle of obedience, upon which the whole fabric rests, is destroyed. To single out, therefore, from the general scheme of monastic government, the regulations which appertain to minor actions, and to ridicule them as absurdities, would only betray ignorance of the sound policy which has given them birth. We are not called upon to submit to them. Those who do submit to them act upon their own choice; and we have no right to condemn them, unless we assume that they have no right to live after any fashion save that to which we ourselves are accustomed.

One would think, from the triumphant and ostentatious manner in which Miss Reed's story has been trumpeted at both sides of the Atlantic, that she had been some person of distinction, whom the Ursulines of Mount Benedict were ambitious to con-

vert, and that she was possessed of a large fortune which they were desirous of adding to their own. Two simple facts, however, dissipate these notions. She is the daughter of a farmer, who has lived chiefly in Milk-row, Charlestown — a man in very reduced circumstances, with a large family, for whom he had no means of providing. It is clear, from the statements of the girl herself, as well as from the admission of her friends, that she was, from infancy, of a weak constitution — that, as she grew up, she exhibited a nervous and hysterical disposition — that her education was almost wholly neglected — that she sauntered about much amongst her friends, indulging in romantic fancies, and disinclined, even had she been competent, to enter upon any course of industry, which might enable her to live without the assistance of charity. Nothing could be more ludicrous than the supposition that such a female as this was sought for, by the Ursulines, or that she could ever be received into their order. It will be seen that after much solicitation upon her part, assisted by the entreaties of others, she was admitted into the convent, solely as a pauper, and for a very limited time, with a view to her instruction in needlework, or whatever she was capable of learning, — that she might be eventually in a condition to earn her own subsistence, and to resist those temptations which threatened otherwise to lead her to destruction. For the services which the Ursulines wished to confer upon her, they have been repaid by her calumnies !

The very title of her first book, "*Six months in a Convent*," is a falsehood. The records of the Convent, confirmed by several circumstances, which we shall afterwards mention, shew that she did not enter the convent until the 11th of September, 1831, and that she left it on the 18th of January, 1832. Therefore she was at Mount Benedict exactly four months and seven days. But "*Four months in a Convent*" would not have been a sufficiently attractive title. It might have been considered by the public an inadequate period of time, for the acquisition of all the experience in the mysteries of Mount Benedict, which half-a-year might be more reasonably supposed to bestow — and, therefore, mere matter of fact being unworthy of notice — the period was, without any hesitation, extended.

In her very first page there is another mistake, to call it by no harsher term.

"In the summer of 1826," she says, "while passing the Nunnery on Mount Benedict, Charlestown, Massachusetts, in company with my school-mates, the question was asked by a young lady [in the United States every body is a lady or a gentleman], who I think was a Roman Catholic, how we should like to become nuns. I replied, after hearing

her explanation of their motives for retirement, 'I should like it well ;' and gave as my principal reasons, their apparent holy life, my love of seclusion, &c. The conversation which passed at that time, made but little impression upon my mind. But soon after, the *religieuses* (the Ursuline Sisters) came from Boston to take possession of their new situation. We were in school, but had permission to look at them as they passed."—p. 9.

The fact is, that the Ursulines went to their new habitation at five o'clock in the morning, long before the commencement of school hours ; it was therefore impossible that Miss Reed and her lady companions could have seen them from the windows of their day-school, in the way she has mentioned. The mis-statement is not unintentional. It is given with great particularity, in order to induce the reader to believe that this scene, and not her poverty, first suggested to her the idea of obtaining free quarters at the Convent.

"One of the scholars," she continues, "remarked that they were Roman Catholics, and that our parents disapproved of their tenets. The young lady who before asked the question, how we should like to become nuns, and whose name I have forgotten, was *affected even to tears* in consequence of what passed, and begged them to desist, saying, "they were saints ; God's people ; and the chosen few ;" that they secluded themselves that they might follow the Scriptures more perfectly, pray for the conversion of sinners, and instruct the ignorant in the principles of religion." *This conversation, with the solemn appearance of the nuns, affected me very sensibly, owing probably to the peculiar state of my feelings.* The impressions thus made remained upon my mind several months ; and at the age of *thirteen years and four months*, I asked my parents if they were willing that I should become *an inmate of the convent*. This proposition my parents were inclined to treat as visionary ; but they soon discovered themselves to be in an error. Nothing of consequence was said upon the subject ; but soon after, owing to the delicacy of my health, and other reasons, it was deemed expedient for me to visit my friends in New Hampshire ; and being fond of retirement, this arrangement accorded very well with my feelings."

The whole of this scene is characteristic. A few girls get into a corner, and talk of the Ursuline Nuns until one of the parties at least, becomes convinced that she sees the holy sisters passing by in processional order ; then straight she goes home to her parents, and asks them to let her be a nun ! To the word "ignorant," in the above passage, this learned writer appends a note, in which she says :—"By *ignorant*, is meant what they term *heretics*." If this were the true interpretation, it would follow, that, according to our acception of the term, there could be no such being as an ignorant Catholic ; had there been no dissenters in the world, then the Ursuline Order, and the entire fabric of our

system of education would have been superfluous. This is a precious specimen of that sort of knowledge which Miss Reed and her auxiliaries display throughout their publications. We shall add another paragraph framed in a similar style.

"While in New Hampshire I spent many pleasant hours, which I think of with delight. *Memory* oft brings to view and faithfully delineates those hours of retirement and happiness which I *imagined* I should spend, were I an inhabitant of a cloister."

That is to say, the memory of this romantic damsel recalls not the hours she had spent in a cloister, for she had not yet commenced her "six months" in a convent; but those happy hours she fancied she would have spent had she been an Eloisa! The idea is quite consistent with an intellectual constitution, in which a girlish imagination, or rather a sort of nympholepsy, seems to have superseded the ordinary faculty of reason.

Miss Reed admits that she is not much of an adept in historical matters. "While writing this narrative," she declares, "I often lament my little knowledge of history; for, had I been more acquainted with it, I do not think I ever should have united myself to an institution of this nature." We can assure her, that she might have been spelling, or reading history all her life, without finding in it a single justifiable sentence to the prejudice of the Ursuline order. The reader cannot fail to remark with what coolness she asserts herself to have been "united" to an institution of which she never was, and never could have been a member. The spell, however, it seems, was upon her, and she could not extricate herself from its influence. She could not prevail on her parents, who, like herself, were Episcopal Protestants, to say much on the subject; but she was resolved on making the acquaintance of somebody who would introduce her to the Superior. She soon after happened to form an intimacy with "Miss M. H., a domestic," or, as we should say, a maid of all work, in a family residing in Milk-row. This girl wanted a place, and applied to her friend Miss Reed, to take her in for a while, which she did. On the very evening of Mary's arrival, Miss Reed, going into her room, found her saying the rosary on her beads. She then accidentally learned that Mary was a Catholic; and yet this is the person whom Mrs. Henry Grey, in her "Concluding Remarks," (p. 123) is pleased to represent in Italics as, "a young lady who came to her (Miss Reed) from a great distance, in the absence of her sisters, begging to be allowed to stay for some time, as she had not a place, and who," she adds, "there is every reason to believe was one of their emissaries:" that is to say, one of the emissaries dispatched by the Jesuits to seduce this most important personage to the Catholic Church. Mrs. Grey, as we shall soon see, is

never at a loss for "a reason to believe," any thing she wishes to be true. In power of imagination she even exceeds her heroine.

The following is Miss Reed's account of her first interview with the Superior of the convent:—

"The first pleasant day, I asked her (Mary) to accompany me to the Superior, which she did, and appeared by her questions to know my motive. She introduced me to the Superior in the following manner:—we were invited by a lay sister to sit; who, after retiring, in a few moments made her appearance, requesting Miss H. to see her in another room. Soon after, the Superior came in, and embraced me with much seeming affection, and put the following questions to me:—how long since the death of my mother; whether I ever attended the Catholic church, or knew anything of the principles of their religion; what I had heard respecting them; of their order; my views of it; what progress I had made in my studies; whether I had attended much to history; knew any thing of embroidery, drawing, or painting, or any other ornamental work; whether I had ever assisted in domestic affairs? After which questions, taking my hand, she said, 'Oh, it feels more like a *pancake* than any thing else.' She inquired in what capacity I desired to enter the institution, whether as a recluse or a scholar; whether I had done attending school, &c. I replied that I did not consider my education complete; that I wished to go into the school attached to the nunnery on the same terms as other pupils, until I had made sufficient progress to take the veil, and become a recluse; that my father was averse to my becoming a *nun*, but I was of opinion that he would concur with my Episcopal friends in not objecting to my becoming a *pupil*."—pp. 13, 14.

This passage may be looked upon as an example of Miss Reed's fanciful recollections. The facts are these:—Previously to December, 1830, Miss Reed frequently addressed the most suppliant requests to the Superior for an interview, all of which were refused, as the Superior wished to have nothing whatever to do with her. She then told a piteous tale to the porters of the convent, saying that she was a destitute and persecuted being; that her father had driven her from his house; that her brothers and sisters, who lived in Boston, had cast her off; and that, if she were not received in the convent, she had no place but the street. She was still unsuccessful. She next applied to the Rev. Mr. Byrne, a Catholic clergyman, residing in Charlestown, at whose request the Superior consented to see her twice in the course of nine months: during each of these visits, Rebecca solicited most earnestly to be admitted as a "servant," a capacity which she had previously attempted to fulfil elsewhere. A servant's place in a convent, where there were about forty boarders,

is no sinecure. The Superior thought her, from the manifest feebleness of her frame, incapable of going through the drudgery of such a place; but Rebecca assured her that she both "could and would be able to wash, iron, scrub the floors, and do other laborious work." We suppose, that after stating thus much, it is unnecessary for us to add that the Superior did not "embrace" her, and did not put to her so much as one of the questions which she pretends to give in detail. As to the similitude of the "pancake," the merit of it entirely belongs to Miss Reed. The flattery of the compliment which she has paid to herself is so refined, that it altogether eludes our perception; for we have been long under the impression, that, however delicious a hot pancake may be to the taste, to the touch it is the very reverse of acceptable.

As the case stands now, the reader observes, that, at all events, Miss Reed's first visit to the convent was her own act. She was impatient to be introduced to the Superior before she knew any body who could perform that office for her; she was most anxious, according to her own representation, to find refuge, under one character or another, in that institution, and she met with nothing at first but the most decided refusals. We leave the world, therefore, to judge of Mrs. Henry Grey's accuracy, when she states in her "Concluding Remarks," (p. 123) that "Miss Reed had been marked out as a prize, and was under the spell of their (the Jesuits') sorcery long before she was aware of it." A precious prize indeed to an Ursuline Sisterhood, was a pauper, and an "outcast," from her father's house, who could not even earn a scanty pittance by her own exertions! If Mrs. Henry Grey knew any thing of the Sisters of St. Ursula, she would have readily understood that such a person would have been a drone in the hive,—a nuisance to be avoided, instead of a treasure to be desired.

The first advice which the Superior gave Miss Reed was to return to her father, to beg his forgiveness, and to be in future to him a dutiful daughter. Her reply to this was, "that he would not allow her to step her foot in his house, and that he did not care where she went." The fact was, we believe, precisely so. She was in a state of entire destitution—so much so, that the Catholic Bishop of Boston, Dr. Fenwick, interfered in her behalf, feeling that if left in that unprotected condition, she might be exposed to perils of more than one description. Under these circumstances, Mrs. St. George was prevailed upon to make an offer to her father of giving her six months' schooling, and she accordingly wrote him a letter to that effect, which he had not even the civility to answer. Upon this circumstance being mentioned to Miss Reed, she observed, that "no answer was to be expected from her

father—that he was a violent man; that he wished to discard her for ever; but that as she was eighteen, she was at liberty to decide for herself.”

Dr. Fenwick also, according to the statement of Miss Reed herself, was reluctant to take any step in her favour, without the sanction of her friends.

“At this time I thought the Superior and bishop the most angelic persons living, and, in one instance, gave way to anger, in consequence of hearing a few words spoken against them. On being told that my mind still remained the same, the bishop remarked, ‘I will pray for you,’ and recommended to me the advantages of continuing under the instruction of the priest, and said he should like to see my father or sister.

“After the interview with the bishop, I returned to my father’s, who was much displeased with the steps I had taken, and bade me renounce all connexion with the Catholics, or leave my friends. This he said in a moment of excitement. But, being so much attracted by the apparent holiness of the inmates of the convent, and viewing this as the only true Church, I wished to become a member of it.”—p. 18.

Such were the proceedings of the Bishop and the Superior on this occasion; nevertheless, these are the persons whom Mrs. Henry Grey and her admirable associates have thought fit to designate, in her “Concluding Remarks,” (p. 133) as “kidnappers,”—as “entrappers of poor girls!”

There was another “kidnapper” employed in this affair, whom we shall introduce to the reader. While Rebecca, after having quitted her father’s house, was living upon the charity of her neighbours, she had the courage to solicit the protection of a Mrs. Graham, to whom she was a perfect stranger. Mrs. Graham was a Scotchwoman of good character; she kept house for her brother, who was a bleacher in Milk Row, and both were in religion Presbyterians. As they lived by their daily labour, the request of Miss Reed that they would be so good as to supply her with board and lodging for nothing, appeared somewhat extraordinary. However, it seems that the sad tale which Rebecca told of her unhappy condition, induced these good people to take her into their house for awhile.

“Perhaps it will be proper to state some of Mrs. G.’s conversation. After hearing from her a pleasing account of the life of a nun, &c., I mentioned I should like to become one, and would, if I could prevail on my father and friends to consent; but unless I could, I must despair, as they would not be willing to advance the *money* which would be needed to go there. She replied, ‘It is not *money* that will ever induce them to take you; it must all be the work of God.’ She asked me what my Church friends said on the subject. On my telling her they were reconciled to my entering the institution, particularly as a *scholar*; that

they liked the seclusion of the convent, &c.; Mrs. G. stated she could see not the least objection to my following my own inclination. I then took my leave, promising to see her at my friend Mrs. H.'s. The next time I saw her, she advised me to leave my father's house, and all, for the sake of Christ. She said she would procure me ornamental work, which would support me, independent of my relatives, &c., which she did. I thanked her most heartily, and told her I thought I should be happy, if I were certain of going to a cloister. She gave me her word that I should. I then took up with her advice, and left my friends, I thought for life, as I had no doubt but that I should soon enter the convent; resolving to leave all for the love of God, and to consecrate the remainder of my days to his service."—p. 19.

Miss Reed adds, that Mrs. Graham was an "Episcopalian." It is sufficient for our purpose to know that she was not a Catholic. Her statement that "it was not *money*" which could ever induce the Ursulines to admit her to their sisterhood, was perfectly correct; and she must have made it from her knowledge, however acquired, of the real character of their sacred institution, which has no pecuniary purpose in view, nor any purpose whatever save the service of God. As a general rule, it is required that young ladies devoting themselves to that order, must bring to it a certain portion, sufficient for their own support during the ordinary period of life. But where the convent already possesses funds ample enough for the maintenance of an additional member in their community; and where a case occurs of a young female of unquestionable piety and talents, anxious to dedicate those talents to the objects which the order has been established to accomplish, but happens to be without any fortune, the rule has, to our own knowledge, been more than once dispensed with.

The reader has seen that, according to the evidence even of Miss Reed, Mrs. Graham was not a Catholic when she had pity on the wanderer. Let us now contemplate the portrait which Mrs. Henry Grey gives of this "Good Samaritan."

"Mrs. G. was a famous diplomatist under their direction, with the mask of a Protestant name. She was *probably* a recent convert to the Romish cause, allured perhaps by the unbounded *dispensation for telling lies* enjoyed by Priests and Abbesses, and extended, we infer, through them, by holy church, for godly uses, to others of her faithful children. She had desired to serve the church in any wise, and brought to it, as first fruits of her fidelity in her new profession, all the spoils she could draw, by St. Peter's wily net intrusted to her hand, from the old."—*Concluding Remarks*, pp. 123, 124.

If Miss Reed have any natural feeling in her breast, we presume that she must bitterly lament being the object of such advocacy as this—composed as it is of assumptions not merely founded in the most gratuitous falsehood, but coloured by inspi-

rations which come from any source but that of the Christian system. We should be glad to learn from Mrs. Henry Grey or her colleagues, in what part of the ordinances of our Church she has found "a dispensation for telling lies." We should be still more happy to discover upon what grounds she can assume to herself a similar dispensation, without compromising her character as a female, without dishonouring the sect, we care not what it is, to which she belongs.

Miss Reed occupies several pages in describing minute observances connected with the discipline of the convent, to which it is unnecessary for us to allude. It would not be worth the space they would require to notice all her errors and exaggerations upon these points, because even if every thing she records were truly represented, there is nothing in them to reflect discredit on the convent. She states that the Superior was absolute mistress of the entire establishment, and was treated by all its members with the most profound respect. What was there wrong in this? By the constitution of the order, the Superior, freely chosen, is its head, and as such it is her duty to govern it. Miss Reed mentions frequently that the sisters expiated trivial faults by kissing the ground. Faults of disobedience, of infringing the rules, usually arise from an impulse of pride, which such humiliations may tend to correct. They are at least innocent, even if they be not effective. Such prostrations are very common in the East. No Mahometan begins or concludes his orisons without frequently kissing the carpet on which he kneels. It is a very natural mode of expressing a feeling of self-abasement—of sorrow for lapsing into error of any description. In Miss Reed's pages some of the rules of the community may appear to Protestant readers ludicrous; but not more so than the army regulations to an unmilitary eye, or than the formulæ of the Methodists or the Quakers to persons not conversant with their habits. Miss Reed, for instance, was shocked to find that the religious were not accustomed to idle away their time looking out at the windows, and assures us that there was a rule against it. There was no such rule, simply because it was unnecessary. In no well regulated family need a young lady be told that she is not to be perpetually sauntering at the windows.

Miss Reed is indebted to her inventive faculties for the following rules:—

" 6. To wear sandals and haircloth; to inflict punishment upon ourselves with our girdles, in imitation of a saint.

" 7. To sleep on a hard mattress or couch, with *one* coverlet.

" 8. To walk with pebbles in our shoes, or walk kneeling until a wound is produced."—pp. 30, 31.

There are no such rules as these known to the Ursuline order, The public may form their own judgment of the extent to which the alleged seventh rule was enforced by the following anecdote. One cold day, the Superior asked Miss Reed how she had slept the preceding night. She answered that her feet had been cold. She was then asked to specify what bed-clothes she had; to which she replied, "Cotton and flannel sheets, five blankets, two comforters, and a counterpane." So much for the "one coverlet!" Mr. Foster, of Charlestown, who supplied the establishment, can attest that the community sleep on excellent mattresses, such as many persons living in the world would prefer to feather beds. Each member of the community had sheets, pillow-cases, four blankets, a comforter, and a counterpane. Miss Reed had all these, and one blanket in addition; yet she complained of cold feet, and has the front to write, or at least to leave it to be inferred, that she had but one coverlet!

The ninth rule is amusing:—

"Never to gratify our curiosity, or exercise our thoughts on any subject, without our spiritual director's knowledge and advice."—p. 31.

He must have been indeed a *spiritual* director in the literal sense of the term, who could be endowed with a knowledge capable of informing him of all the thoughts, in which the mind of any of his penitents might indulge between the intervals of confession!

"11. If a religieuse persist in disobeying the Superior, she is to be brought before the Bishop of the diocese, and punished as he may think proper. Never to smile except at recreation, nor even then contrary to religious decorum."—p. 31.

We may state, without fear of contradiction, that no member of the Ursuline community at Mount Benedict was ever brought before the Bishop for faults of any kind. Nor is there any rule against smiling, nor even laughing, and that very heartily too, as every body knows who has ever sat for ten minutes in the presence of Ursuline nuns. We ourselves have been much in their society, and we can very truly say, that ladies of a more cheerful disposition it has never been our good fortune to meet in the world.

The twelfth rule is capital:—

"Should the honoured mother, the Superior, detect a religieuse whose mind is occupied with worldly thoughts, &c. she should immediately cause her to retire to her cell, where she could enter into retreat."—p. 31.

The Superior must assuredly have been of more than mortal mould, if she were expected to possess the faculty of penetrating the thoughts of every member of the community. After reading this rule, we want no further proof of Miss Reed's veracity.

The following description of the ordinary routine at Mount Benedict contains a mis-statement in almost every line:—

"Next morning being holy day morning, the bell rang at three, instead of four, as it usually does, for meditation in the choir. While the *angelus* was ringing, at five A.M., we were called to attend complin and prime, until half-past six; then litany to the saints. After litany, the bell rang for diet in the refectory, every morning, except Friday; on which day we assembled for confession to the Superior.

"The manner of *confession* to the Superior is as follows: the room is first darkened, and one lighted wax taper placed upon the Superior's throne; and she is considered as filling the place or station of the Blessed Virgin. After taking their places in the greatest order and silence, the religieuses respond. Then the lecturess reads from a book called Rules for the Ursuline Order, by Saint Ursula, about complaining of the cold, our clothing, food, &c. &c. They sit on their feet during the reading, a posture *extremely painful*. The reading finished, the Superior whispers to the sisters to approach her separately, which they do; each one in her turn approaches, and repeats the following: 'Our Mother, we acknowledge that we have been guilty of breaking the rules of our holy order, by lifting our eyes while walking in the passage ways; in neglecting to take holy water on entering the community and choir; failing in respect to our Superior, and veneration to our Father; failing in religious decorum, and in respect to our vows—poverty and obedience; for which we most humbly ask pardon of God, penance and forgiveness of you, our Holy Mother.' As each one finishes, the 'Holy Mother' gives her advice and penances, and her blessing; they then kiss her feet, and sometimes make the cross with their tongues on the floor; then making their inclination, they retire to the choir to perform penances."—pp. 32, 33.

By the "next morning," Miss Reed here means the morning after she entered the convent. She stated in the first edition of her narrative, that she entered it on Sunday, the 5th of August, 1831. A reference to the Calendar for that year shews that the 5th of August fell on a Friday. The date was accordingly changed to the 7th in the subsequent editions. There is a fact, which cannot admit of dispute, connected with this matter. Miss Reed refers in her narrative to a conversation which she had with the Superior sometime before she had permission to become an inmate of Mount Benedict, concerning a paragraph which appeared in the "Boston Jesuit." Her brother, who had heard of her conversion to the Catholic Church, happened to meet her on a bridge near Boston, and told her, with that degree of liberality and good feeling which the Protestant right of private judgment appears to have produced in his mind, that very little would induce him to throw her over the bridge into the water. A paragraph describing this rencontre was inserted in the "Boston Jesuit" of the 6th of August, 1831. According to her first ac-

count, therefore, she was an inmate of the convent *before* the paragraph appeared; according to her amended statement, she entered the convent the very day *after* it was published; although the whole tenor of her narrative shews that she was not received into that establishment for weeks after. She states (p. 21), that she stood sponsor for Mrs. Graham's daughter, *while in Charlestown*. The record made of the baptism of the child in question, shews that it took place on the 4th of September, 1831. Consequently, she was still in Charlestown, and actually living with Mrs. Graham, nearly a month after she states that she became an inmate of the convent. Further—the Rev. Mr. Byrne is in possession of three notes relative to Miss Reed, bearing date 12th August, 2d September, and 11th September, 1831. In the note dated 2d September, the Superior writes:—"I think it best that Miss Reed should make her confession and communion before she enters;" and in that of the 11th of September, she says:—"If she (Miss Reed) has made it (her first communion) to-day, will you be kind enough to direct her to come here immediately after high mass." These contradictions would render Miss Reed's testimony not worth a rush in any court of justice. As she had called her narrative in the first instance, "*Six Months in a Convent*," it would have been extremely awkward afterwards to change the title to "*Four Months in a Convent*." It would have shocked even the most credulous, and have frustrated the purposes of those who were interested in the destruction of the school. Therefore the *lie* has been persevered in. We recommend it to the pious protection of Mrs. Henry Grey.

"The next morning," she states, "being holiday morning, the bell rang at three instead of four." The "next morning" was not a holiday. The bell did not ring at three, but at four o'clock, as it uniformly does the whole year round, holidays not excepted. "At five, A. M. we were called to attend *Complin*." Every Catholic knows that *Complin* is not recited in the morning. There is no "confession" made to the Superior. Any of the sisters who wish to ask her advice with reference to the performance of her duties, states the points on which she is liable to err, as a daughter would to a mother, and receives from her experience and affection, such suggestions as may be useful towards guarding her against relapses into such faults. The darkening of the room, the lighting of the taper, the throne, the personation by the Superior of the Blessed Virgin, are the mere pictures of a sickly imagination, having no foundation whatever in fact. The community did not sit upon their feet; whenever they sat down they sat upon chairs. It is not even true that the posture in question would have been extremely painful to per-

sons, who, according to the statement, must have been accustomed to it. The Mahometans and tailors, who do adopt it from choice, think it the reverse. Upon a whisper being given by the Superior, each of the sisters "in turn approaches her, and says,—‘*Our mother, we acknowledge that we have been guilty,*’” &c. So that each individual sister proclaims that *all* have been guilty of the same transgressions! Mark, according to this narrative, this formula is gone through whether the errors alluded to be committed by all, or by one, or even if they be committed by nobody. Thus the Ursulines of Mount Benedict are placed in this happy position. If they do not confess that they have been guilty, they violate the rules of the convent; if they do confess that they have been guilty, when in truth they are innocent, they declare a falsehood! Can Mrs. Henry Grey relieve her heroine from the inconveniences of this precious fabrication? The kissing of the Superior's feet, and the elegant occupation of the tongue which is said to follow it, we need hardly add are to be classed amongst the productions of Miss Reed's exuberant fancy.

The pupil of charity was scarcely a week in the convent, when she began to find that a monastic life was not precisely the sort of life which she had expected to find it. She acknowledges (p. 37) that she was "remiss" in the performance of her "duties," but that she was treated with every indulgence. "The Superior asked me how things appeared; if they appeared as I thought they would; if I liked my food, &c. Feeling a repugnance to answer her, she said, 'recollect yourself.' I told her I liked all *pretty well*, except my couch. The next day my couch was exchanged for a better."—(p. 37.) So this lackadaysical damsel, who had been for nearly eighteen months living upon the kindness of friends and even of strangers, already finds that she only likes the fare of Mount Benedict *pretty well*! She admits (p. 39) that, on account of the feebleness of her constitution, she was released from some of the severer duties, which the other pupils were expected to perform, amongst which she enumerates the necessity of attending "midnight matins" and "midnight mass," which she assures us are always said at night during Lent and on Christmas. The matins of the convent are said every morning between seven and eight o'clock; there is only one midnight mass throughout the whole year, and that is at the earliest commencement of the festival of the Nativity. The girl can hardly write a page without falling into a blunder, the result, not merely of a defective memory, but of a desire to make a book suited to the taste of American readers, who seem disposed to the marvellous, especially in religion. Miss Reed was not at

Mount Benedict at all during Lent, as she quitted it on the 18th of January; and in 1831, Lent did not commence until the 16th of February.

"Soon preparations were made for my taking the vows of a religieuse: a Novena (nine days devotion) being said for me, and for my perfection in religious life, and prayers for the conversion of my friends. About this time my sponsor, the priest, visited the convent, and talked, as I then thought, like a godlike person. My reception was to take place privately, because we wished to keep my father ignorant of the manner in which I had been received; and because he might hear of it, should it take place publicly; as he before said I was not eighteen, and he could prevent my going there. They said he could not prevent me, as I was now of age. I was perfectly happy at this time, and presented the Superior with some lines of poetry, which gave her proof of my sincerity and contentment."—(p. 42.)

It is an old adage, that a dealer in falsehood ought to be possessed of an extremely good memory as the first essential to success. At page 38, Miss Reed states that Dr. Fenwick had told her soon after she became an inmate of the convent, that her sister had been to see if she had taken the veil, or had any thought of taking it, and to this part of the text she adds this note:—"I have since learned it was my sister and another lady. They say he told them I had not taken the veil, but hoped I soon would do it." Thus we find it recorded in one page, that the bishop openly proclaimed her intention to take the veil, and in another that her reception for that purpose was to "take place privately," in order to keep her father ignorant of it. Can these contradictions be reconciled with truth? Further, either she was of age to act for herself, or she was not. If she was, why fear the interference of her father? If she was not, why did he not prevent her from going into the convent? He had ample notice of her wishes on the subject, both from herself and the Superior; and her sister was apprised, as she alleges, by the bishop, of her intention to take the veil.

The simple state of the case is this, that she never took the veil at all—that no preparations were made for that purpose—that no intention of permitting her to take the veil ever existed in the mind of the Superior—and that the ceremony is asserted to have taken place in private, contrary to the general usage, which requires it to be in public, because if she had not so represented it, there was not a child in the school who could not have proved the allegation to be a falsehood.

A few pages further on she gives the following account of her actually taking the vows:—

"Not long after this, at private confession, I was questioned very

particularly in regard to my views of remaining there for life. I told my confessor, that I was convinced that order was too austere for me, and immediately burst into tears. He endeavoured to comfort me, by saying I was not bound to *that* order for life; I could go to *another* order. I asked him if I might see my friends. He answered, 'Yes.' After receiving a promise from him that I should go to any other order I chose, I consented to take the *vows*. He gave me to understand that I need take no other vows than I should at the convent of the Sisters of Charity. My reception took place the next day. I refused the white veil, because the Sisters of Charity did not wear it, and it was omitted. The choir was first darkened, and then lighted with wax tapers. The ceremony commenced with chants, prayers, responses, &c. A book was placed in my hands which contained the vows I was to take. As near as I can recollect, the following is the substance of them:—

"O, almighty and everlasting God, permit me, a worm of the dust, to consecrate myself more strictly to thee this day, in presence of thy most holy Mother and Saint Ursula, and all of thy saints and martyrs, by living two years a *recluse*, and by instructing young ladies after the manner of Saint Ursula, and by taking upon myself her most holy vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, which, with thy grace and assistance, I will fulfil."

"They all responded 'Amen,' and repeated a long office in Latin. I still continued to wear the black garb, which the bishop blessed; also a long habit and a string of rosary beads, which were also blessed by the bishop. He wished to know one day, how Miss Mary Agnes did, after taking the *white* vows; to which the Superior replied, 'Very well.'"

One would have thought that a lady who had made the vows, would at least have recollected the day on which she had taken so important a step in her career of life. We have here no date specified. She had previously said, "when the bishop next visited the community," he made such and such observations. She proceeds, "not long after this, at private confession," &c., as just quoted, and, then she declares, "my reception took place next day." On what day? In what month?—"I refused the white veil." We can only say that she could not have been a novice of the Ursuline order, without wearing the white veil. It is clear from the description she gives of the substance of the vows, that she was ignorant of them; and when she talks of "*white*" vows, it is apparent that she must have written the passage upon the suggestion of some person who had never been within the walls of an Ursuline institution, where such vows are utterly unknown. We repeat that she took no vows at all. The very questions which she acknowledges the Superior had put to her, and the exemptions which were granted to her from the ordinary duties even of the pupils, demonstrate that in the opinion of that lady,

Miss Reed would have been a very unfit subject for the Ursuline order.

"While in the convent," says Miss Reed, "I asked once or twice for a Bible, but never received any, and never saw one while there."—(p. 69.) The object of this statement is palpable—to foster the vulgar notion that Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible. The fact is, however, that every pupil who entered the convent, of whatever religion, was required to bring with her a copy of the sacred volume, and if Miss Reed had chosen to peruse one, she might have had her choice of some thirty or forty.

We extract the following passage, chiefly on account of Mrs. Henry Grey's commentary upon it:—

"One day the Superior asked me what it was that lay so heavily on my mind, as the mother-assistant had previously found me in tears while at our examination of conscience. I excused myself, by replying I was thinking of my dear mother, which, though true, was not the cause of my grief. She then left me, but not without distrust, the eyes of the community being upon me. The next time we met at recreation, one of them remarked she hoped there was not another *Judas* among them. I endeavoured to betray no emotion, but they still mistrusted I had other views; for while sitting at my diet in the refectory, I observed my food was of a kind that I had never seen before. It consisted of several balls of a darkish colour, about the size of a nutmeg, of a bitter astringent taste; what they were I never knew. I ate them as I did my other diet, and strove to exhibit no fearful sensations."

We have here a pretty clear confession of Miss Reed's habit of dissimulation, which indeed she exhibits in almost every page of her narrative. It is asserted that she partook of a species of food which she wishes the reader to infer was poisonous, and yet she has lived to tell her story! This must be the representation upon which Mrs. Henry Grey has thought fit to comment in the following mild and christian-like language:—

"Lady Superior Mrs. President Moffat was a being hardened by power, practice, and opportunity, for the perpetration of any crime that came within the line of her profession. A poisoner and a murderess, her daily occupation, without imbruing her hands in blood, lay in inflicting suffering, destroying health, and procuring disease and death! The life of a fellow-creature, especially of a protestant, was to be held of no account at any time in comparison of the interests of the *craft*. The convent dogs (blood-hounds) kept to scent the course of a fugitive, the search made in the canal after Miss Reed's escape, show minds familiar with dark imaginations, and accustomed to expect the deeds of desperation they provoke. Some dispositions congenial with the Superior, and adapted to co-operate with her in carrying on the discipline of the place, might learn to bear the yoke, lightened by transferring its

pressure to others; but every tender mind and delicate frame must have sunk under it. These saint-makers, damning their own souls in their zeal to save others, imposing burdens they will not touch with one of their fingers, remind us of the executioners in the Inquisition. It was their business to extort confessions from the prisoners, and due exhortation was given to that end; but lest under the pressure of torture the victim should confess what was not true, he was also admonished to be on his guard, and not confess if he were innocent, for that Mother Church would esteem him a martyr if he died for the truth even under her own holy hands. No fears assailed these emissaries of hell at being the sacrificers of the Church's martyrs!"—*Concluding Remarks*, pp. 131, 132.

Now, the poisoned balls were no other than balls of minced meat fried in butter! There were no dogs whatever kept at the Convent; nor was any search made for Miss Reed in the canal on the day of her "escape." So much for the basis upon which Mrs. Henry Grey founds her eloquent invective: let us add that language such as she uses in this passage, very little accords with the natural expression of a benevolent heart, or a well-instructed mind.

We now approach the close of Miss Reed's career at Mount Benedict. We shall permit her to tell her tale in her own words, and if they be not sufficient, in the opinion of any dispassionate judge, to display her true character, and set the seal of falsehood on her entire narrative, we must admit that the mob were justified in burning down the convent.

"I attended to my offices as usual, such as preparing the wine and the water, the chalice, host, holy water, and vestments, &c. One day, however, I had forgotten to attend to this duty at the appointed hour, but recollecting it, and fearing lest I should offend the Superior by reason of negligence, I asked permission to leave the room, telling a novice that our mother had given me permission to attend to it; she answered, 'O yes, sister, you can go then.' I went immediately to the chapel, and was arranging the things for mass, which was to take place the next day. While busily employed, I heard the adjoining door open, and the bishop's voice distinctly. Being conscious that I was there at the wrong hour, I kept as still as possible, lest I should be discovered. While in this room I overheard the following conversation between the bishop and the Superior:—The bishop, after taking snuff in his usual manner, began by saying, 'Well, well, what does Agnes say? how does she appear?' I heard distinctly from the Superior in reply, that, 'According to all appearances, she is either possessed of insensibility or great command.' The bishop walked about the room, seeming much displeased with the Superior, and cast many severe and improper reflections upon Mary Francis, who, it was known, had influenced me; all which his lordship will well remember. He then told the Superior that the establishment was in its infancy, and that it would not do to have such reports go abroad as these persons would carry;

that Agnes must be taken care of; that they had better send her to Canada, and that a carriage could cross the line in two or three days. He added, by way of repetition, that it would not do for the Protestants to get hold of those things, and make another 'fuss.' He then gave the Superior instructions how to entice me into the carriage, and they soon both left the room, and I heard no more.

"The reader may well judge of my feelings at this moment, a young and inexperienced female, shut out from the world, and entirely beyond the reach of friends, threatened with speedy transportation to another country, and involuntary confinement for life, with no power to resist the immediate fulfilment of the startling conspiracy I had overheard. It was with much difficulty that I controlled my feelings; but aware of the importance of not betraying any knowledge of what had taken place, I succeeded in returning to the refectory unsuspected. I now became firmly impressed, that unless I could contrive to break away from the convent soon, it would be for ever too late; and that every day I remained, rendered my escape more difficult.

"The next day I went to auricular confession, not without trembling, and fear lest I should betray myself; but having committed my case to God, I went somewhat relieved in my feelings. At a previous confession I had refused to go to Canada, but at this time, in reply to the bishop's inquiry, I answered that I would consider the subject; for I thought it wrong to evince any want of fortitude, especially when I had so much need of it. I did not alter my course of conduct, fearing, that if I appeared perfectly contented, I should be suspected of an intention to escape.

"It was my turn during that week to officiate in the offices. While reading, I felt something rise in my throat, which two or three times I attempted to swallow, but it still remained. I felt alarmed, it being what I never before experienced.* At recreation I was asked what ailed me, and replied that I could not tell; but I described my feelings, and was told I was vaporish.

"They were very desirous that week to know if my feelings were changed. I said they were, and endeavoured to make it appear to them that Satan had left me; but, in reality, I feared I should never escape from them, though I had determined to do so the first opportunity.

"I was in the habit of talking in my sleep, and had often awoke and found the religiouses kneeling around my couch, and was told that they were praying for me. Fearing lest I should let fall some word or words which should betray me, I tied a handkerchief around my face, determining, if observed, to give the appearance of having the teeth-ache, and so to avoid detection. For some days I was not well, and my mind, as may naturally be supposed, sympathised with my body, and many things occurred that were to me unpleasant, which I shall pass unnoticed.

"But what I have now to relate is of importance. A few days after, while at my needle in the refectory, I heard a carriage drive to the door of the convent, and heard a person step into the Superior's room.

* I have since named the circumstance to a physician, who says it was *fear* alone.

Immediately the Superior passed lightly along the passage which led to the back entry, where the men-servants or porters were employed, and reprimanded them in a loud tone for something they were doing. She then opened the door of the refectory, and seemed indifferent about entering, but at length seated herself beside me, and began conversation, by saying, 'Well, my dear girl, what do you think of going to see your friends?' I said, 'What friends, ma Mère?' Said she, 'You would like to see your friends, Mrs. G., and Father B., and talk to them respecting your call to another order.' Before I had time to answer, she commenced taking off my garb, telling me she was in haste, and that a carriage was in waiting to convey me to my friends. I answered, with as cheerful a countenance as I could assume, 'O, ma Mère, I am sorry to give you so much trouble; I had rather see them here first.' While we were conversing, I heard a little bell ring several times. The Superior said, 'Well, my dear, make up your mind; the bell calls me to the parlour.' She soon returned, and asked if I had made up my mind to go. I answered, 'No, ma Mère.' She then said I had failed in obedience to her; and as I had so often talked of going to another order, with such a person as Mary Frances, I had better go immediately; and again she said, raising her voice, 'You have failed in respect to your Superior; you must recollect that I am a lady of *quality*, brought up in opulence, and accustomed to all the luxuries of life.' I told her that I was very sorry to have listened to anything wrong against her dignity. She commanded me to kneel, which I did; and if ever tears were a relief to me, they were then. She stamped upon the floor violently, and asked if I was innocent, why I did not go to communion. I told her I felt unworthy to go to communion at that time.* The bell again rang, and she left the room; and in a few moments returning, desired me to tell her immediately what I thought of doing; for as she had promised to protect me for ever, she must know my mind. She then mentioned that the carriage was still in waiting. I still declined going, for I was convinced their object was not to carry me to Mrs. G. and Priest B., to consult about another order, but directly to Canada. I told her I had concluded to ask my confessor's advice, and meditate on it some little time longer. She rather emphatically said, 'You can meditate on it if you please, and do as you like about going to see your friends.' She said that my sister had been there, and did not wish to see me. Our conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of a novice. The Superior then gave me my choice, either to remain at Mount Benedict, or go to some other order, and by the next week to make up my mind, as it remained with me to decide."—pp. 89-94.

To anybody acquainted with the laws either of the United States or of Canada, this story must appear ludicrous. The Superior might have been called upon at any time by Miss Reed's

*"My eyes were opened; I found myself in an error, and had been too enthusiastic in my first views of a convent life. I was discontented with my situation, and was using some deception towards the Superior and the religiouses, in order to effect an escape; therefore I did not feel worthy to attend communion."

friends to produce her in person; or to account for the mode in which she was disposed of. What controul could be exercised over Miss Reed to prevent her from crying out "in the carriage that was to cross the line," that she was removed against her consent? In what part of Canada could she have been confined without the knowledge of the authorities, and who would have ventured to confine her there at the instigation of the Bishop of Boston? Such a tale as this might do very well for a novel, the scene laid in France or Spain in the middle ages; but to imagine that such things could be even attempted in the United States, or in Canada, in the year 1831, is so ridiculous, that we defy even a Bostonian fanatic to believe it.

After all the preparations that were made for the deportation of Miss Reed—cunningly as the conspiracy had been managed by the Superior and the Bishop, nevertheless we see that a simple refusal on the part of our heroine to enter the carriage, put an end to the whole scheme! She would not go! We should have thought that persons so wicked as she represents the Superior and the Bishop to be, would have easily found the means of compelling, or persuading her to depart, if they had been bent upon it. Her mere negative upsets all their plottings—the experience of the Bishop, and the Superior's deeds of darkness, are outwitted by a girl of eighteen—frustrated by a monosyllable! It seems strange that they who are supposed to have had the power of restraining her person in Canada, could not even prevail upon her to enter a carriage at Mount Benedict!

The story of Miss Reed's "escape" from the convent is of course romantic; had it not been so, it would have excited no attention. She was at liberty at any moment she pleased to tell the Superior that she wished to return to her friends, and we believe that the Superior would have found very little difficulty, but on the contrary very sincere pleasure, in consenting to her request. Had the young lady chosen to go away, even without communicating her intention to any body, she might have effected her purpose without running the slightest hazard of disappointment. The gates of the convent were always open, or at least unlocked, during the day; Miss Reed might have passed through them, but that would not have answered her purpose. Lydia Languish scorned the idea of a marriage without an elopement; Miss Reed could not walk out of the convent without making every body believe that she had "escaped"—that she had fled from dungeons, assassination, and all sorts of horrors, such as Mrs. Henry Grey loves to paint. The generations who are to succeed us, will require very ample and cogent evidence to induce them to believe, that absurd, inconsistent, foolish stories, circulated by Miss Reed

after she left Mount Benedict, led in the nineteenth century to the destruction of that establishment. Nevertheless, to the disgrace of the age, above all to the disgrace of a republic, in which the freedom of religious opinion is guaranteed by law, the history of the United States must record the fact, that a beautiful edifice, devoted to the education of females, was burnt down by a lawless mob, and that the lives of all its defenceless inmates were exposed to imminent danger, in consequence of the circulation of the gross falsehoods got up for the purpose by Miss Reed and her associates.

For the character which the Ursuline Convent bore down to the moment of its demolition, we might refer to many most respectable individuals, who have had their children educated in that institution; we shall, however, content ourselves with the two following letters, addressed to a committee formed in Boston for the express purpose of investigating the reports which had been propagated there to the prejudice of that establishment.

"Milton Hill, September 4, 1834.

"TO RICHARD S. FAY, ESQ.

"SIR:—In compliance with the wishes of the Investigating Committee of Boston, to hear the sentiments of the parents and guardians of the children who were placed at the Ursuline Community, upon its merits as a school and as the abode of quiet, unostentatious virtue; and to know whether sectarian doctrines have been taught to the children, and whether they ever heard or saw any cruelty or unkindness inflicted upon the children, or by the Ursulines upon each other; I reply, that I was entirely satisfied with the school, and believe it to have been administered kindly, morally, and intelligently. For more than a year previous to placing my children at the Institution, I examined anxiously every source of information respecting it. I learned from all the persons whom I had an opportunity to consult, whose children or friends had been placed there, that there was every cause of perfect confidence in that Community. I have known, from various parts of the country, former pupils, who have spoken of it with affection and respect—and I have, from my own observation, been perfectly satisfied that the pupils received the utmost care from the conscientious solicitude of the Community. I believe that their retired and regular habits of study form, in the pupils, a pure and solid character. I have understood that no attempt was made to influence their religious tenets: the children were permitted to attend worship in the chapel, or to decline it, if the parents wished. I have never known any punishments but loss of rank in the classes, or admonition. I have been satisfied that the discipline was mild and parental; and from the testimony of the pupils, the Ladies of the Community live in perfect unity and harmony. From all that I have seen, and weighing all that I have heard, it would be my earnest wish that my children might be educated by them.

"I may be exceeding the wishes of the Committee, to express any fur-

ther comments upon the late outrage upon the Ursulines. I had but one child present at the firing of the Convent: my two elder children were absent with me on a distant journey: had they been present, the shock upon the delicate temperament of one of them, might have been fatal. The self-devoted intelligence of the Lady who presides over the Institution, during that frightful night, deserves from every mother the deepest gratitude and respect. It is this rare merit which has so eminently qualified her for the responsible station she holds there.

"We do not belong to the Catholic Church.

"With respect, your obedient servant.

"LYDIA SMITH RUSSELL."

"RICHARD S. FAY, ESQ.

"DEAR SIR:—I have delayed answering your note of the first instant, in order to give my family an opportunity to express their opinions of the Ursuline Institution and its merits, and as they are herewith enclosed, I shall make no comments. If you wish my own opinion, I can only say that, until I was acquainted with the school, I had the same prejudices against it that seem too generally to prevail now; but since I have placed my two daughters there, I have had occasion to visit the Institution frequently; and my wife has visited it more often than myself, and we have always returned from it with the highest opinion of its merits as a school for the education of young ladies, as they seemed so amiable and happy and perfectly contented. On the Saturday previous to the riot, my wife visited the school, and my eldest daughter expressed fears to remain, and wanted to return home, on account of the reports, that the buildings were to be destroyed; her fears were quieted as being without a cause, and on Monday night it proved too true. I have always found it to all appearance, a place of unimpeachable virtue, and have never heard of any questions asked respecting religious test, and I am fully persuaded that they use no such influence in the school, whatever may be their peculiar mode of worship among themselves. As to cruelty to the pupils or teachers, I have never heard anything; and if people knew the teachers, they would not harbor such a thought. I sent my children to this school because I had heard of its merits, and I have not been disappointed. My daughters have made great improvement, and are now anxious to return to school. I am not a Catholic, nor do I expect to be. I sent my children, because I thought and still think it stood among the first schools in the country, and the country will suffer by its loss.

"THOMAS WHITMARSH."

Wednesday Evening, Sept. 3rd, 1834.

To these letters we might have added eight or ten others, written in a similar spirit; but the two which we have selected, proceeding, as they do, from Protestant parents, who appear to have instituted the fullest enquiry into the character of the Convent, before they entrusted their children to its care, are so manifestly penned in the language of truth, that we should deem it

superfluous to cite another sentence on the subject. Such then, according to testimony which cannot be questioned, was the real character of the Ursuline Convent at Mount Benedict—an institution administered “kindly, morally, and intelligently,” deserving the “confidence” of the public, honoured by the “affection and respect” of the pupils of every faith, who had been educated by its community: an institution which, if we are led to believe Mr. Whitmarsh, was among the “first schools in the country,” and the loss of which he looks upon as a national calamity. Nevertheless, this is the Institution of which Mrs. Henry Grey—a lady living at Edinburgh, who appears to have had no knowledge whatever of the convent, except such as she acquired from what she is pleased to call the “Scripture-like” narrative of Miss Reed—has ventured to speak in the following terms.

“We might be led to question the probability of this story if it did not come before us in the shape of well-attested fact. We marvel, first at the presumption, and then at the temporary success, of this gang of jesuitical impostors. We wonder that Americans, tenacious of freedom, and jealous from youth to age of encroachment on their personal, or national independance, should have harboured for a season such a nest of working insidious deceivers. The burning down and razing to the foundation the tenement that sheltered their nefarious proceedings, which took place on the 11th of August, 1834, was an act due to outraged religion and offended humanity.”—*Concluding Remarks*. p. 107.

In the subsequent part of her discourse, after justifying the destruction of the convent, in language not very natural in a woman, who must have known that when it was attacked by a furious mob, it contained upwards of fifty of her own sex, from seven, to sixty years of age, without a creature to defend them, Mrs. Grey proceeds to charge the Institution with “impurities,” (p. 109) although she confesses that Miss Reed’s narrative did not bear out any such accusation. She adds that, when the convent was destroyed, “the state was rid of a scandal, and a pest-house of mischief, that promised to be fruitful only in crime and misfortune.” Upon phraseology such as this, we need offer no commentary. It is not the language of a mother, nor can it be countenanced by any person who has ever read to advantage a single chapter of the New Testament.

The Preface to the “Supplement” unequivocally betrays the true cause of the excitement which led to the unmanly attack upon Mount Benedict.

“The question at issue, and which must now be decided, is not whether the Roman Catholic religion shall be *tolerated* by our *laws*, and its professors enjoy precisely the same civil and religious privileges we do—in the affirmative of this we all agree; but whether that religion shall

be encouraged and fostered, and propagated by Protestant presses, Protestant money, and Protestant public opinion; and especially, whether the monastic system of cloister education, seclusion, celibacy, and corruption, shall become prevalent amongst us. Shall it become fashionable, exclusive, and aristocratic, for Protestants of wealth and standing to educate their daughters in nunneries, to the neglect of our own schools; or shall it hereafter be held in public estimation as a discredit for Protestant parents to place their children within the dangerous, secret, and imperceptible influence of such institutions?"—p. 2.

Here we plainly perceive that jealousy of the superior character which the Ursulines had acquired for bestowing a sound education upon their pupils—(a character which attracted to their establishment the children of Protestants, of "wealth and standing," or, as we should say in this country, of the upper classes of society who, for reasons best known to themselves, declined to confer their patronage upon the boarding-schools of their own persuasion,) was the real origin of that hostility, of which this institution has been the victim. Instead of attempting to rival the Ursuline system of education, by establishing one upon similar, or if possible, upon better principles, the school speculators of Charlestown and Boston, found it much easier to raise a tumultuary force, and burn down to the ground the edifice which they looked upon as an obstacle to their own success. The course which they adopted was a cowardly one—one that, after all, will prove ineffectual. Ursuline Schools are rapidly spreading throughout all parts of the United States; and the incendiaries and the fanatics, as well as their meaner instigators will find, that they must have recourse to some other weapons, than those of the Vandal, before they can enter into competition with the pure and noble-minded women, who have given up their hearts, and, if necessary, are ready to sacrifice their lives, to the Institution which they serve.

Not the Ursuline Establishment only, but seminaries of every kind, superintended by Catholic teachers, as well as the religion itself, do we behold taking possession of the most intelligent portion of the people of the United States. We extract from the Preface to the "Supplement" now before us, the following particulars. To the patrons of Miss Reed they are offered, as incitements to alarm and persecution—to us they afford satisfactory evidence of the good sense which prevails amongst the well informed classes of the republican community, and of the impotence of those effects which the most violent of the sectarians are now making in that country, to arrest the march of genuine religion.

"It is but little more than forty years since the first Roman Catholic

see was created by the Pope in the United States. There are now in the United States 12 Roman Catholic sees, (including an arch-diocese at Baltimore,) comprising all the states and territories in their "jurisdiction." There is a Catholic population of 600,000 souls, under the government of the Pope of Rome, an archbishop of Baltimore, 12 bishops, and 341 priests. The number of churches is 401; viz:—

Louisiana	27	Connecticut	3	Kentucky	27
Alabama	10	Rhode Island	5	Missouri	18
Florida	3	Massachusetts	12	Illinois	10
Georgia	21	New Hampshire	2	Arkansas	3
S. Carolina	11	Delaware	3	Indiana	9
N. Carolina	12	N. Jersey	6	Maine	2
Maryland	56	N. York	44	Vermont	1
Virginia	11	Michigan	15	Tennessee	1
Dist. Columbia	4	Ohio*	27	Mississippi	1
Pennsylvania	57				
The number of Mass Houses		Schools of Sisters of Charity	29		
is about	300	Academy for coloured girls,			
Catholic Colleges ..	10	at Baltimore	1		
Seminaries for young men ...	9	Female Indian School, Michi-			
Theological Seminaries	5	gan	1		
Novitiates for Jesuits	2	Total Catholic Institutes for			
Monasteries, and Convents,		education of Protestants			
with Academies attached		and Catholics	118		
for young ladies	31	Catholic Newspapers	7		
Seminaries for young ladies	30				

The writer, after producing this formidable catalogue of Catholic churches and seminaries, enters into a course of argument, with a view to shew that Protestants ought not to send their children to Catholic Institutions. If the reasons which he gives be deemed valid by the parties to whom they are addressed, opinion will ultimately decide the question, in a peaceable and rational manner. We can have no objection to fair discussion upon any point whatever connected either with our Church, or our system of education. We cannot but admire his simplicity, when he assures his readers that, if Protestants ceased to allow their children to frequent Catholic seminaries, that moment "the system of cloister education is at an end," for, he adds with great naiveté, "Popery is opposed to educating its own (children), *except as a decoy* for educating Protestants, or as a means of teaching its hierarchy and gynæocracy (the priests and nuns) how to keep others in ignorance"! We have little apprehension as to the effect that may be produced upon any intelligent mind, by such a writer as this, who does not even know that the educa-

* "The first Catholic clergyman was stationed in Ohio in 1818. The State has now 27 churches, 20 clergy, 1 Roman Catholic college, 1 convent, and 1 school."

tion of the rising generations within her own bosom, has been in all ages, an indispensable part of the discipline of the Catholic Church.

Upon the "Supplement to Six Months in a Convent," it is scarcely necessary for us to make any remark. It is a wretched attempt to reconcile the inconsistencies of Miss Reed's first narrative, and to face out the falsehoods with which that precious "Scripture-like" (!) composition abounds. A single specimen will shew the sort of mind which Miss Reed possesses, and the attachment to truth by which it is distinguished. In a plain, straight-forward overwhelming answer to that incendiary publication, the Superior had emphatically denied that Miss Reed had ever taken the vows. The following is Miss Reed's reply to that denial.

"The Superior denies that I took any vows, as related in my narrative, but she does not deny that the book which was put into my hands at my reception contained the promises or vows which I have repeated as having then received. She may, perhaps, call the vows by some other name, but I first heard the bishop talk about the "white vows," and the Superior speak of the "black vows." I do not suppose that is the proper name, but it was used because a white veil is used on one occasion, and a black veil on the other."—p. 65.

If Miss Reed had been "received" into the community, or, in other words, if she went even privately through the ceremony by which the novitiate is commenced in an Ursuline convent, the bishop must have been present on the occasion, the sisters must also have been present, the day would have been recorded, at least in her own memory, and after that period she would have worn the white veil. Now she does not appeal to the testimony of the bishop, or of any of the sisters; she cannot mention the day when this alleged ceremony took place, and she admits that she never wore the white veil! She does not even re-assert that she did take the vows!

But for the injury inflicted upon the property of the convent, and for the danger to which the sisterhood and the children committed to their care were exposed, on this occasion, we should have been inclined to rejoice that they had had amongst them for a season, such a domestic spy and traitress as Miss Rebecca Theresa Reed, and that she afterwards told the world all that she could say or imagine to their prejudice. Even if every page of her narrative and supplement were true, what does it amount to? That a system of austere discipline was established at Mount Benedict; that no time was spent there in idleness; that religious observances, prayer, the duties of education, meals, sleep and recreation, absorbed the whole of every night and day.

Miss Reed does not venture to assert that she witnessed any scenes even of levity at Mount Benedict during her stay there; she has not stated that she heard so much as a single improper expression, used by any of its inmates. She complains that they were too grave for her notions of enjoyment, and that they did not lead that romantic kind of life which she had prefigured in her imagination. This is really the gist of her whole Bill of Indictment. From the silence of this treacherous and hostile witness upon all essential points of conduct, we may therefore conclude that the ladies of Mount Benedict were well deserving of the high character given of them in the letters which we have already cited. We may further conclude that falsehood has exhausted all its power in this last effort of persecution against the Ursuline convents in America; that the more they are understood, the more dearly they will be prized by every parent who wishes to give his daughter a solid education, and to preserve her from the hands of those numerous and ignorant adventurers, who set up boarding-schools and female academies, as they do conventicles, for the mere purpose of pecuniary gain. To such swindlers as these Miss Reed was a prize of no small value; should Mrs. Henry Grey visit New England, we have no doubt that they would be able to turn her talents also to account. She is an instrument, ready shaped to their purpose.

ART. III.—*Posthumous Memoirs of his own Time.* By Sir N. W. Wraxall, Bart., Author of "Memoirs of my own Time."
3 vols. 8vo. London. 1836.

FEW productions have been attacked more violently upon their first appearance, than the "Memoirs of my own Time," which were published in the year 1815. The Whig and Tory journals exerted all their powers of invective, apparently with a determination, not merely to destroy the work itself, as a work of authority, but even to disqualify the author for intercourse with decent society. They accused him of having uttered many falsehoods; they handed him over to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, as a fit object for prosecution, in consequence of some anecdotes which he related in his pages; and they unanimously agreed in declaring, that he described as his familiar friends several distinguished persons, who would not even salute him in the streets. Reviews, which affected to be the advocates of no party, political or religious, took the tone from the leading organs of opinion, and the whole literary world seems to have agreed in denouncing Sir Nathaniel as a libeller of private cha-

racter, and a book manufacturer of incomparable dulness. The courts of justice were not free from the general prejudice which was excited against him. In his narration of the circumstances connected with the marriage of the Princess Royal to the late Duke of Wirtemberg, Sir Nathaniel made an unfortunate allusion to the Count Woronzow, then Russian ambassador in this country. He offered to correct his error in any form of language that might be deemed satisfactory to the offended party, but every proposal of that kind was rejected. He was prosecuted. Garrow discharged a deluge of indignant eloquence upon his devoted head. He was found guilty; sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and to pay to the king a fine of five hundred pounds!

In those days it was positively perilous for a private gentleman to aspire to the honours of authorship, in any department of letters. Looking to the severity then exercised by the critical tribunals, it would appear as if every new aspirant to literary fame were to be forthwith summoned to their bar, and indicted as a public transgressor. They assumed to themselves the powers of the Star-Chamber, employed emissaries in all regions for the purpose of collecting details of the life of each adventurous perpetrator of a quarto, and rivalled each other, not only in the rigour of the decrees which they fulminated against their unfortunate victim, but in the acerbity of tone by which their judgments were accompanied. Thus, one of Sir Nathaniel's inquisitors, not content with producing against him all the errors which were to be found in his work, denounced him, moreover, as one of the six members of the House of Commons who were sent to that assembly by the fair or fraudulent creditors of the Nabob of the Carnatic!—as if this were a crime of the greatest magnitude at a period, when more than half the seats in that branch of the legislature were sold in open market!

We think it due to the memory of this much abused author to say, that the literary offences of which he was accused on that occasion, appear, upon a fair examination, to have been enormously exaggerated. His scandalous details were, indeed, justly censured. He attempted to defend them by citing the example of other memoir writers, who indulged in a similar vein of composition—an example which should have discouraged rather than invited imitation. With these exceptions, his faults were really very few, and very easily corrected. Writing from memory, he happened to assert that he had met Mr. Pitt at Antwerp, whereas Mr. Pitt had never visited that city. He, moreover, antedated one or two immaterial transactions, and postdated as many others. These, with some trivial mistakes in names, titles, births, deaths, and marriages, constituted the whole.

of his crimes, and yet his name has come down to us branded with an inscription approaching almost to infamy.

The truth is, that Sir Nathaniel was never intimately connected with any political party. In private life, he is understood to have been a man of agreeable manners. He had seen much of the world, at home and abroad; but being deficient in those talents which are valuable in public life, he was not much courted by either side of the House. He boasts of his Memoirs as being characterized chiefly by "loyalty to the sovereign, detestation of French principles, abhorrence of Bonaparte and his *fallen gang*, attachment to the Crown, and reverence for the British constitution." In other words, had he been encouraged at St. James's, he would have been a good back-stairs courtier. Having spent the best fifteen years of his life in the House of Commons, he had favourable opportunities for observing the manœuvres of all parties, and the conduct of many distinguished individuals, during one of the most important periods of our history. He appears to have watched the men around him with the curiosity of a practised gossip, and to have noted their peculiarities without any strong personal prejudice. We can detect in his character no cogent motive of action, which could have misdirected his natural sagacity, or blinded his judgment. A brilliant writer he certainly is not, nor always a very correct one. Neither will contemporary readers find much of novelty in his pages. It may be said of the three volumes now before us, as of those by which they have been preceded, that they yield us little information which has not been anticipated by the newspapers. This is true to a considerable extent. It would be unjust, however, to assert that there is nothing original or new in the present work. It abounds with historical sketches and anecdotes, to which the testimony of a contemporary writer always imparts a lively interest. The egotism of a biographer is to us never offensive. On the contrary, we seldom feel that we can have too much of it. So unbroken is the chain of sympathy which connects together all the members of the great human family, that personal narratives, even when limited to the most ordinary transactions of life, possess an irresistible charm for minds of every order.

There is no portion of their national annals, of which men in general are so ignorant, as of that which occupies the twenty or thirty years that have elapsed previously to their own entrance into active life. They are not much disposed to look for it through piles of pamphlets and periodical journals; and the period is for them still too recent to have been reduced within the controul of regular historical authority. We have, therefore, always thought, that those individuals conferred an essential

benefit upon their successors, who have favoured the world with memoirs of their own times. From productions of that class, it is scarcely possible that errors can be absent. The worst narrator of a great battle is usually a person actually engaged in the conflict. Surrounded by the smoke of artillery, looking to the columns which he has to charge, or to the post which he is ordered to gain at all hazards, he knows little of what is going on in other quarters of the field. The operations of his own regiment, however, he can place like a picture before his reader. So it is with the writer of the history of his own times. If he pass beyond the sphere which was within the survey of his own eye, he becomes liable to great mistakes; but as long as he confines his story to what fell within his own observation, he can hardly fail to reward our attention. This is undoubtedly Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's redeeming merit. He seldom deviates from the path which he trod himself; and though he is frequently prolix, sometimes coarse, and altogether innocent of any thing in the shape of wit, and of epigrammatic point in his mode of telling an anecdote, still we must admit, that these posthumous memoirs are well entitled to a conspicuous place in every historical library. It is the good fortune of all such productions, that each successive year adds materially to their importance. How highly should we not prize a legible scroll from Pompeii or Herculaneum, or a newly discovered manuscript in the Vatican, containing personal memoirs of men and manners, as exhibited in Italy or Greece twenty or thirty centuries ago!

The present volumes commence with the early part of 1784; producing, at the outset, before us, two highly distinguished patriots, Coke of Norfolk and George Byng, who still live, enjoying a green and an honourable old age, sanctioning by their authority, and supporting, with unabated energy, every useful measure of sound constitutional reform. At that period, the attention of the country was engrossed by the general election, and the violent political contests to which the return, and the subsequent scrutiny, for Westminster, gave birth. The agitation produced by these events, naturally led to that degree of excitement in the public mind, which required to be fed by such a dramatic spectacle as the impeachment of Mr. Hastings,—the most striking instance of time wasted, of the most splendid eloquence absolutely thrown away, of rhetorical exaggeration, passion, and puerility, recorded in the archives of any country.

The still-vexed question about Junius, seems to have frequently excited Sir Nathaniel's inquisitive faculties. In his former work, he assigned the celebrated compositions written under the shadow of that name, to Gerard Hamilton. He appears subse-

quently to have made up his mind quite as strongly, that they ought to be ascribed to Sir Philip Francis. It is supposed that the secret is deposited with the Grenville family; but we doubt whether it will ever be unveiled. The extraordinary success with which Junius fortified himself against discovery, while he was engaged in the publication of those letters, shows that his motives for remaining unknown were paramount even to the strongest impulses of ambition. In a literary point of view, though not faultless, those productions would confer a classic splendour upon the name of the writer. But it is highly probable, considering the connexion which he must have had with some at least, of the personages whom he has so fiercely denounced, that the reputation of the author must have been purchased by the honour of the man.

Sir Nathaniel thus states the cause which led to the present style of franking letters by members of Parliament.

“ Among the abuses that then loudly demanded correction, was the privilege of franking letters; and Pitt judiciously selected it for an object of taxation. As neither the *date* of the letter, nor the *place* from which it was sent, was then necessary to be inserted, in order to render it free of postage, when directed by a member of either house of parliament; the number of franks exacted, and the improper use made of those vehicles of intelligence or correspondence, required ministerial interposition. Not only were covers transmitted by hundreds, packed in boxes, from one part of the kingdom to another, and laid up as a magazine for future expenditure; far greater perversion of the original principle, for purposes very injurious to the revenue, took place. I was acquainted with a member of the House of Commons, a native of Scotland, decorated with the order of the Bath, who sent up to London from Edinburgh, by one post, thirty-three covers, addressed to an eminent banking house in the Strand; many or most of which contained, not letters, but garden-seeds. So scandalous a violation of the right claimed and exercised under the privilege of parliament, induced the postmasters-general of that time to order the covers, instead of being delivered according to the address, to be instantly carried up to the speaker's chair, as a fit subject for public notice and animadversion. Timely application having, however, been made to Lord North, then first minister, by the friends of the gentleman who had so acted, and who was a steady supporter of government, the business never came before the house, or acquired publicity. In 1784, it was thought sufficient to enact, that the *place*, *day*, *month*, and *year*, where and when the frank was dated, should be henceforward written on the cover: but subsequent regulations have still farther reduced the privilege, by diminishing to one half the *weight* antecedently allowed; namely, to one ounce, instead of two; and by restricting the *number* which can be issued, or received free of postage on the same day: thus very properly contracting to narrow limits the facility of sending letters many hun-

dred miles, without paying for their transport, in this commercial and corresponding country. It still constitutes, nevertheless, a distinction to the members of the legislature, though now diminished to the shadow of its pristine usage; for I am old enough to remember the time when only the *name* of the member, with the word *free*, written on the outside of a letter, constituted a frank. I have indeed heard that they were then sold by the waiters of coffee-houses, and exposed for sale in the windows. Such abuses, which were dishonouring to the two legislative assemblies, have happily produced, though slowly, their own remedy."—Vol. I. pp. 38-40.

Similar abuses have been known to prevail in public offices to a very great extent, which, however, have been recently redressed; or at least diminished, by a peremptory mandate from the treasury. We once heard of a young clerk in the king's service, sending his brother, who was on a tour in the Orkneys, a London beefsteak, under an official frank. Another is reported to have transmitted a saddle, through the post office, under the same sort of license.

At the conclusion of the memorable session of 1784, our author transferred himself and his note books to Paris. He does full justice to the character of Louis XVI. and of his amiable consort, the ill-fated Marie Antoinette.

"Her beauty, like the mother of *Æneas*, '*incessu patuit*.' It consisted in her manner, air, and movements, all which were full of dignity as well as grace. No person could look at her, without conceiving a favourable impression of her intelligence and spirit. The king was heavy and inert, and destitute of activity or elasticity; wanting all the characteristic attributes of youth; who, though not corpulent, yet might be termed unwhieldy; and who rather tumbled from one foot to the other, than walked with firmness. His queen could not move a step, or perform an act, in which majesty was not blended. She possessed all the vigour of mind, decision of character, and determination to maintain the royal authority, which were wanting in Louis. Her understanding was not highly cultivated, nor her acquaintance with works of literature extensive; but, her heart could receive and cherish some of the best emotions of our nature. Friendship, gratitude, maternal affection, conjugal love, fortitude, contempt of danger and of death;—all these, and many other virtues, however they might be choked up by the rank soil of a court, yet manifested themselves under the pressure of calamity."—Vol. I. pp. 183, 184.

This medal, however, has its reverse. It is well observed of her, that like the wife of Germanicus, Marie Antoinette, wanted caution, and that both in word and action, she betrayed great imprudence on more than one occasion. She seemed not at all to have been aware that the prejudices of the *canaille* were at all times easily excited against her, on account of her descent

from a dynasty which had long been the most unrelenting, as well as the most formidable enemy of the country whose queen she had become—a dynasty, too, from which she inherited a high and haughty temper, little fitted to contend with the force of events in which it was her destiny to take a part. Her personal beauty, the vanity of which it was the parent, the perpetual desire of display by which she was actuated, and the lapses into coquetry, of which she was guilty, afforded ample margin to her enemies for the calumnies which they circulated, with the most wicked industry against her. Sir Nathaniel produces direct proof that some of these rumours, at least, were without any foundation; and various authentic memoirs which have been published since that period, fully vindicate her name from all aspersions injurious to her conjugal fidelity.

Our author spent also the recess of 1785, in Paris, then undoubtedly the most attractive capital in Europe. At that period, the memorable affair of the “diamond necklace,” came upon the royal family like one of those sudden and transitory whirlwinds which sometimes usher in a prolonged and calamitous tempest. Sir Nathaniel’s account of this transaction is, in the main, correct: but he has omitted some of the most curious particulars connected with it, which we shall endeavour to supply.

Prince Louis de Rohan, second brother to the Duke de Montbazon, was born in the year 1734. Consequently, when the affair of the necklace occurred, he had already passed his fiftieth year. The higher dignities of the Church, according to the questionable practice which then prevailed in most parts of the continent, might be considered as hereditary in his family. He was a man of a remarkably fine figure, but of an inferior intellect, that easily yielded to the ascendancy of stronger minds; his education had been superficial, and his propensity to extravagance in the pursuit of pleasure, as well as his extreme presumption, exposed him to embarrassments and improprieties which even his laborious panegyrist, the Abbé Georgel, has not attempted to justify. After the disgrace of the Duke de Choiseul, he sought and obtained the embassy to Vienna. His conduct at that court, which was in every way inconsistent with the character of a cardinal, drew down upon him the marked displeasure of Marie Thérèse, the mother of Marie Antoinette. His gallantries were undisguised; his hauteur towards the other members of the *corps diplomatique* was insufferable; he had incurred debts to an immense extent, and had treated the practice of that religion, whose ordained minister he was, with a degree of contempt which became painful to the feelings of the empress,—herself the model of a Christian sovereign, in every sense of the word. Prince

Louis, moreover, had written to his friends in Paris several letters, in which Marie Thérèse was spoken of in the most unbecoming language. At her request he was recalled, shortly after Louis XVI. ascended the throne of France.

Upon his return to Paris, the young queen refused to see him. He occasionally attended at court, but she never spoke to him. He kept open house for all sorts of adventurers; he easily surrounded himself with troops of parasites, who persuaded him that he ought to be the prime minister. Among his most familiar guests, were the renowned charlatan Cagliostro, and the equally celebrated swindler, Madame de la Motte Valois. To the former the credulity of the age had, for a season, ascribed extraordinary powers. He was supposed to have lived three or four hundred years or more; he spoke of princes and prelates long dead, as persons with whom he had been intimately acquainted. He affected entire ignorance of the country in which he was born, and of the parents to whom he owed his birth. His infancy was spent at Medina, in Arabia, where he was brought up under the name of Acharat, in the palace of the muphti. He had a tutor named Althotas, who instructed him in religion, botany, medicine, animal magnetism, and the oriental languages. After travelling through many parts of Asia and Africa, he proceeded to Malta, where he assumed the name of Count de Cagliostro. He was then in the twenty-second year of his age. From Malta he sailed to Italy, sojourned for a while at Rome, obtained access to all the higher circles of society, and married a young lady of rank, to whom he appears to have been sincerely attached. He subsequently appears to have visited almost every country in Europe, gained admission to every court, and attracted the notice of many persons of distinction. He pretended, by means of animal magnetism, to cure all disorders, and by means of magical operations, to work miracles. More than one mysterious ceremony was performed by Cagliostro, at the hotel Soubise, where Prince Louis resided, the object of which was to work a preternatural change in the mind of the queen towards the cardinal.

Madame de la Motte appears to have been descended from Henry II. of France, by a noble lady of Piedmont, named St. Rémy. In consequence of this circumstance a small pension was allowed her; she was married to one of the body-guards of the Count de Provence, (afterwards Louis XVIII.) and resided in the purlieu of the palace at Versailles. She persuaded the cardinal that she had free access to the queen, and great influence over her, which she was exercising constantly in his favour. She was a woman of no pretensions to beauty, had already passed the limits of youth, and aspired to live in princely state, the expenses

of which she contrived to sustain by the presents she extorted from the cardinal, or the resources with which she provided herself by means of a less equivocal character.

Messrs. Bohmer and Bassanges, jewellers in Paris, happening to have become possessed of a necklace composed of diamonds, several of which were remarkably large and of the purest water, endeavoured to find for it, if possible, a royal purchaser. They accordingly sent it to the queen for inspection; but the price, about 50,000*l.*, and the aspect of the times, which looked rather alarming, deterred her from making such an acquisition. Madame de la Motte heard of the circumstance at a moment when her necessities had reduced her to extreme distress. She resolved to obtain the necklace, and to convert it into money, for her own purposes. She accordingly went to the cardinal, told him how much the queen admired the necklace, how anxious she was to become mistress of such an unrivalled ornament, but that the sum demanded was too large, and that she had fixed upon the cardinal to negotiate the affair for her with the jewellers. Prince Louis, overjoyed on receiving such intelligence, never stopped to inquire into its probability. The great object of his ambition, the favour of the queen, the smiles of the then "observed of all observers," and the possession of supreme power, were brought, as he conceived, all at once within his grasp. He entered into the negotiation with all the ardour of a restless, and hitherto a disappointed ambition. He went at once to the jewellers, saw the necklace, agreed to purchase it for one million six hundred thousand livres, to be paid by instalments; said at first that it was not for himself, afterwards declared that it was for the queen, and desired that it should be sent to his hotel. It was accordingly delivered to the cardinal, upon his placing in the hands of the jewellers, a paper stating the amount of each instalment, and signed "Marie-Antoinette de France."

This transaction took place in January, 1785. The first instalment became due in the August following; it was not paid. Messrs. Bohmer and Bassanges made an application to her majesty on the subject, by which she was informed, for the first time, of the unauthorized use which was made of her name. An inquiry was immediately instituted, from which it appeared, beyond all doubt, that Madame de la Motte had prevailed on a person named Vilette to draw up the paper signed, "Marie-Antoinette de France," and to affix to it that signature; that Prince Louis after receiving the necklace, proceeded with it to the palace, delivered it to a person whom Madame de la Motte pointed out as charged to take it to her majesty; that Madame de la Motte obtained it from that person a few minutes after; that she gave it

to her husband, who immediately quitted Paris for London, where he sold as many of the diamonds as he could; and that, with the money so procured, Madame de la Motte purchased a hotel, which she furnished in the most costly style. It turned out that the cardinal was, throughout, the unsuspecting dupe of this abandoned woman.

On one occasion, indeed, some doubts appear to have crossed his mind, for which, however, Madame de la Motte was fully prepared. The cardinal naturally thought, that if he were in such high favour as she represented, with the queen, he ought to be permitted to have an assurance of it from her majesty's own lips. The machinery of deception was already arranged. A young woman of genteel appearance, named Le Guay d'Oliva, was engaged to personate the queen. The girl herself seems to have had no knowledge whatever of the purpose for which she was employed. She was offered a certain sum of money if she would appear in the park of Versailles, in a particular place, about midnight, and deliver to a person who would approach her, a rose and a letter, saying to him at the same time, "*Vous savez ce que cela veut dire.*" She went through the part assigned her, delivering, however, only the rose; the letter, which she had forgotten, remained in her pocket. At least such is her account of the matter.* The cardinal says, that the words were, "*Vous pouvez espérer que le passé est oublié.*"

The parties were all brought to trial before the parliament of Paris, and eventually the De la Mottes and Villette were found guilty of the fraud, and Mademoiselle d'Oliva, Cagliostro, and Prince Louis, were acquitted. The latter lived to repent of many of the errors into which he had fallen, both before and during the revolution. He died at Ettenheim, in 1803.

Sir Nathaniel gives a full account of a romantic episode, in which he was personally engaged, relating to an attempt that was made by some of the Danish nobility, to extricate Caroline Matilda, consort of Christian VII. from the imprisonment to which she was subjected in the castle of Zell. The towers, moat, drawbridge, long galleries, and Gothic features of this castle, realized the descriptions of those fortresses in which the Troubadours usually placed their captive heroines. It was indeed the age (1774), of such exhibitions. About the same period, Elizabeth Christina of Brunswic-Wolfenbuttel, first wife of Frederic William II. of Prussia, was under duress at Stettin, for her gallantries. It is said that Robert, Marquis of Lindsey, afterwards

* See her Memoir in the "*Recueil de pieces authentiques, secretes, et intéressantes, pour servir d'éclaircissement à l'affaire concernant le Cardinal Prince de Rohan.*"

Duke of Ancaster, a young nobleman of great eccentricity of character, was so touched with her misfortunes, that he planned her liberation, but that his design was discovered and frustrated. Augusta Elizabeth, Princess of Tour and Taxis, was also about the same period immured by order of her brother, the then reigning Duke of Wirtemberg. The case of Caroline Matilda had a precedent in that of Sophia of Zell, consort of George I., from whom she was lineally descended. "It was, in fact," says Wraxall, "the same story in the same family, acted over again at the distance of eighty or ninety years. Sophia suffered, indeed, a much severer and longer captivity, for very problematical offences; but both expired under a dark cloud; and both now repose side by side, in the great church of Zell, without any monument to commemorate their existence."

Our author, on returning from a tour in Pomerania, visited Zell, and paid his respects to the exiled queen, who received him in the most courteous manner. He felt a great interest in her cause. Upon arriving at Hamburgh, he fell in with several of the Danish nobility, who had emigrated from Copenhagen to Altona, on account of their attachment to the queen, and the persecutions they had experienced from the party by whom she had been dethroned. These persons had already engaged in a plan for her restoration, the conduct of which was entrusted to the young Baron de Schimmelman, eldest son of one of the most wealthy and powerful individuals in Denmark. It was of essential importance that he should know whether the queen would consent to return to Copenhagen, and assume the supreme authority during the incapacity of the king and the minority of her son. Sir Nathaniel offered his services for that purpose, and received his instructions from the Baron Bulow, a Danish subject, though of Hanoverian extraction.

"Our first objects," observed he, "are limited to knowing that she is disposed to return to Copenhagen; where, during the king's incapacity, and the minority of her son, she must be invested with supreme authority. It would be attended with too great risk to commit any matters to paper, as you might be intercepted on your road to Zell. We must therefore leave you to draw up a proper letter for her majesty, conformable to our ideas, subsequent to your arrival there. The mode and time of effecting its reception by the queen, must likewise be submitted to your own judgment. But every possible precaution should be adopted to prevent suspicion. In particular, beware of the Princess of Brunswick, who, though sister to the queen, is attached to the interests of the family with which she is allied by marriage. Her husband's aunt, Juliana Maria, Queen Dowager of Denmark, now governs that country, in conjunction with her son Prince Frederic. The only credentials which I can venture to give you, are the impression in wax, of a seal: but,

the instant that her majesty sees it, she will know that you are come from me, and she will lend implicit confidence to all you lay before her. If she consents to co-operate with us, she will of course endeavour to interest her brother in the cause. Without his approbation, if not his aid, we cannot long maintain, though we may effect, a revolution. These points constitute the outline of your instructions: but, in a negotiation of such difficulty, as well as peril, much of the execution must depend on circumstances, and your own discretion."—Vol. I. pp. 380, 381.

Sir Nathaniel reached Zell on the morning of the 9th of October, where he learned that the hereditary Princess of Brunswick was then on a visit to her sister. Having, however, adopted all necessary precautions, he communicated with the queen, who declared that she was not only ready to co-operate with the Danish nobility in every effort for accomplishing the great object in view, but would also solicit the support of her brother for the purpose. Sir Nathaniel having put Bulow in possession of this intelligence, was again dispatched to Zell, with the view of being commissioned by the queen to proceed as her agent to England.

"My arrangements being now completed, I commenced my third visit to Zell; but, apprehensive of exciting observation, if I should be seen so frequently to take the same road, I made a circuit by the city of Lunenburgh. Arriving in the middle of the night at Zell, on the 24th of October, I gave a French name to the sentinel at the gate, describing myself as a merchant. Then proceeding round the walls, I drove, not as before, to the great inn in the principal street of the place, but to an obscure public-house, situate in the suburb of Hanover, denominated the 'Sand Krug.' The Baron de Seckendorf having gone on the preceding day to Hanover, I dispatched an express to hasten his return. I learned, however, with no small satisfaction, that the Princess of Brunswick was not at Zell; and before I awoke on the ensuing morning, Seckendorf presented himself at my bedside. I delivered him the letter which I had drawn up for the queen, communicating to her the wishes and opinions of the Danish nobility engaged in her cause. Scarcely four hours afterwards, Seckendorf came again to me. 'The queen,' said he, 'having thoroughly weighed the contents of your dispatch, is determined to see you without delay. Her sister's absence favours her design. Go instantly to the 'Jardin Français,' not distant from hence. In the centre stands a small pavilion. Her majesty, attended only by one lady, who is wholly devoted to her interests, will be there in a very short time. You may then converse unreservedly upon every point.' I followed his directions, and had not been more than ten minutes in the pavilion, when I saw the royal coach drive up to the garden-gate. The queen alighting, sent it away, together with her domestics; but, the weather being fine, she preferred walking, rather than remaining in the pavilion. She then entered on business,

having first assured me that she could rely on the fidelity of her attendant; while, as she was entirely ignorant of the English language, her presence would not interpose any restraint on our conversation.

“ ‘I was,’ proceeded she, ‘perfectly prepared for the contents of your letter, and I am ready to comply with every demand made in it. To the king, my brother, I will write in the most pressing terms, laying before him the plan for my restoration, expressing at the same time, my conviction of its solidity; and urging him to contribute towards its success, not only by his consent and approbation, but, if necessary, by extending to it pecuniary assistance. I trust his Britannic Majesty will receive you graciously, and admit you to his presence. But, as there must be intermediate persons to whom the negotiation will necessarily be committed, I shall address letters to two noblemen in London. The first is the Earl of Suffolk, who, besides that he fills the post of secretary for the foreign department, has always shown me distinguishing marks of attention. He is the only member of the cabinet from whom I have received any such proofs of regard. I have no doubt that he will give you a favourable reception. But I shall likewise write to another individual, who is at this time in England, and warmly devoted to my interests. I mean, the Baron de Lichstenstein, marshal of the court of Hanover. He enjoys not only the king’s personal favour, but is admitted constantly to the private parties at the queen’s house, which afford him facilities of approaching his majesty, not open to any of the ministers. Nevertheless I shall not disclose the affair, either to Lord Suffolk or to Lichtenstein; simply stating to each that you will wait on them from me, on a matter of consequence; adding, that they may give implicit confidence to every fact which you shall lay before them in my name, and on my behalf. As, however, the composition of my letter to the king demands time and consideration; being likewise well aware of the danger which may arise from your remaining here; I have resolved on not detaining you. My three letters shall be transmitted to England, by the regular Hanoverian courier, in the course of a few days; and on your arrival in London, you will find the ground prepared for your appearance. Assure the Baron de Bulow, that I will exert every effort to accelerate the happy conclusion of the enterprize.’ The queen finished by giving me some secret instructions, in case of my being admitted to an audience of George the Third. She then allowed me to withdraw. Our conversation, which lasted about an hour, impressed me with a strong conviction of her capacity.”—Vol. I. pp. 389-392.

The affair in London was conducted exclusively through the Baron de Lichtenstein, the king not wishing, from proper motives of political prudence, that the Earl of Suffolk should have any knowledge of what was going on. Sir Nathaniel gave a minute detail of every thing that had taken place to the Baron, for the perusal of his majesty, who for some time expressed an insuperable reluctance to commit himself by any act which, if it became known, might be considered as a violation of the treaties subsisting between the courts of London and Copenhagen.

"Towards the middle of January 1775, the affair however assumed a more auspicious aspect; and on the 3rd of the following month, the baron delivered to me, in Chudleigh-court, a paper containing *four* articles. They were drawn up in French, by the king's permission, and with his sanction.

"By the *first*, his majesty declared that the attempt to restore the queen his sister to the throne of Denmark had his approbation and consent; only annexing to it a stipulation, that in case of its successful issue, no act of severity should be exercised against any of the individuals who were actually in possession of power. They were simply to be ordered to retire to their respective palaces, or places of residence. By the *second*, his majesty promised that as soon as the revolution was effected, his minister at Copenhagen should be directed to declare that it had been done with his co-operation. By the *third*, though he refused to make any pecuniary advances for facilitating the enterprize, yet he guaranteed the re-payment of such sums as should necessarily be expended in procuring the Queen Caroline Matilda's return to Denmark. By the *fourth*, he engaged that when the revolution should be completed, he would maintain it, if requisite, by the forces of Great Britain.

"This paper the Baron de Lichtenstein signed, and having enclosed it in a cover, sealed the packet with his coat of arms. I was then directed to carry it, first to the queen at Zell, who would instantly recognize his signature and seal. Her majesty was empowered to open and peruse the articles; after which they were to be sealed up anew by her, and committed to my care. Finally, I was commissioned to convey them to the Baron de Bulow at Altona."—Vol. I. pp. 395-397.

The particulars of Sir Nathaniel's last interview with the queen are thus related. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the project for her restoration was eventually defeated, by her untimely death of a spotted fever.

"I set out before eight, at which hour Mantel engaged to meet me. The weather was most tempestuous, accompanied with rain, and such darkness as rendered it difficult to discern any object. When I got to the drawbridge, no valet appeared; and in a few moments afterwards, the guard being relieved, passed close to me. Wrapped in my great-coat, I waited, not without considerable anxiety. At length Mantel arrived. He said not a word, but, covering me all over with his large German cloak, and holding an umbrella over our heads, he led me in silence through the arch, into the area of the castle, from whence he conducted me to the queen's library. There he left me, exhorting me to patience, it being uncertain at what hour her majesty could quit her company. The room was lighted up, and the bookcases opened. In about thirty minutes the queen entered the apartment. She was elegantly dressed in crimson satin, and either had, or impressed me as having, an air of majesty, mingled with condescension, altogether unlike an ordinary woman of condition. Our interview lasted nearly two hours. She assured me that she would write the letter demanded by the Danish nobility, to her brother, before she retired to rest; and would urge in the most pressing

terms a compliance with the request made to him by Bulow in the name of his party. 'As to the question which he puts to me,' added she, 'whether I would be ready to set out for Copenhagen on the first intimation of their success; assure him that I am disposed to share every hazard with my friends, and to quit this place at the shortest notice. But he must remember that I am not mistress of my own actions. I live here under the King of England's protection, in his castle, and in his dominions. I cannot leave Zell without his consent and approbation. To obtain that permission, shall form one of the principal objects of my letter to him.' She then mentioned to me, for the first time, a circumstance which gave her much concern, as she apprehended it might retard, or wholly impede, the success of my negotiation in London. 'The Baron de Lichtenstein,' said the queen, 'informs me that he is about to quit England, on his return to Hanover. I fear he may be gone before you arrive. His absence must be injurious to my interests; as, besides his attachment to me, his access to the king gave him opportunities of aiding my cause, which no individual enjoys, or can supply. I shall nevertheless write to him; and he has promised me, that in case of his departure before you reach London, he will take care to leave instructions for regulating your conduct.'

"These material points being settled, our conversation took a wider range; and as her majesty manifested no disposition to terminate it we remained together till near eleven, when I ventured to ask her if it was her pleasure that I should retire. She acquiesced, having first enjoined me to keep her constantly, as well as minutely, informed, upon every occurrence that arose; though she hoped that my absence would be of short duration. When ready to leave me, she opened the door, but retained it a minute in her hand, as if willing to protract her stay. She never perhaps looked more engaging than on that night, in that attitude, and in that dress. Her countenance, animated with the prospect of her approaching emancipation from Zell, (which was in fact only a refuge and an exile,) and anticipating her restoration to the throne of Denmark, was lighted up with smiles; and she appeared to be in the highest health. Yet, if futurity could have been unveiled to us, we should have seen behind the door which she held in her hand, the "fell anatomy," as *Constance* calls him, already raising his dart to strike her. Within seven weeks from that day she yielded her last breath."—Vol. I. pp. 406-408.

In the Spring of 1784, the queen's party succeeded, without bloodshed, in investing the young prince royal, then only sixteen years of age, with supreme power. It is due to Sir Nathaniel to observe, that although employed in a mission which was calculated to render him the advocate of Caroline Matilda, he in no instance attempts to justify or even to palliate the errors of her conduct, especially with respect to Struensee.

The finale of Sir Nathaniel's mission is characteristic of the mode in which parliamentary interests were managed at that time. He of course expected to be rewarded for the labour he underwent, in the performance of the confidential office which had

been assigned to him. After the death of the queen, the Barons de Bulow, Seckendorf, and Lichtenstein, exerted themselves strenuously to procure for him some remuneration for his services from George III. For five years their efforts were wholly unavailing. Their letters remained unanswered. In 1780, however, Sir Nathaniel came into Parliament, and some months after, as he was seated one evening nearly behind Lord North, the minister turned round suddenly, and speaking in a low tone of voice, so as not to be overheard; "Mr. Wraxall," said he, "I have received his majesty's commands to see and talk with you. He informs me that you rendered very important services to the late queen of Denmark, of which he has related to me the particulars. He is desirous of acknowledging them. We must have some conversation together on the subject. Can you come to me to Bushy Park, dine, and pass the day?"

"I waited on him there, in June 1781, and was received by him in his cabinet alone. Having most patiently heard my account of the enterprize in which I engaged for the Queen Matilda's restoration, he asked me what remuneration I demanded? I answered, one thousand guineas, as a compensation for the expense which I had incurred in her majesty's service, and an employment. He assured me that I should have both. Robinson, then secretary to the treasury, paid me the money soon afterwards; and I confidently believe that Lord North would have fulfilled his promise of employing me, or rather of giving me a place of considerable emolument, if his administration had not terminated early in the following year, 1782."—Vol. I. pp. 417-418.

Lord Chesterfield, collaterally related to the nobleman whom Johnson sarcastically styled "a Lord among wits, and a wit among Lords," has earned an unenviable celebrity as the prosecutor of his tutor, Dr. Dodd, whose fate excited at the period universal commiseration. The feeling indeed may be said to have continued down to the present day, thus evincing the strong sympathies which the literary character almost uniformly awakens in its favour. The late Earl of Berkeley happened to have killed one or two highwaymen who attempted to rob him. Lord Chesterfield jocosely observed to him, "Berkeley, when did you last dispatch a highwayman?" "Chesterfield," he asked in his turn, "how long is it since you hung a parson?" No doubt Dodd's crime was inexcusable; but the public feeling had already ceased to countenance such a severe visitation for transgressions such as that of which the Doctor was found guilty. Sir Nathaniel gives a short account of his intercourse with Dodd, and of the attempt made to resuscitate him after he was hanged.

"With Dodd I was well acquainted. Some time during the month of November 1776, dining at the house of Messrs. Dilly, the booksel-

lers, not far from the Mansion House, who were accustomed frequently to entertain men of letters at their table, I there found myself seated very unworthily among several distinguished individuals. Wilkes, Jones, afterwards so well known as Sir William Jones, De Lolme, Dr. Dodd, with three or four others, composed the company. We were gay, animated, and convivial. Before we parted, Dodd invited us to a dinner at his residence in Argyle-street. A day was named, and all promised to attend. When we broke up, Dr. Dodd, who had shewn me many civilities during the evening, offered to set me down at the west end of the town, adding that his own carriage was waiting at the door. I readily accepted the proposal, and he carried me back to the St. James's Coffee-house. The company accordingly met again on the evening fixed, when a very elegant repast was served, with French wines of various kinds. Mrs. Dodd presided, and afterwards received in her drawing-room a large party of both sexes. Dodd was a plausible, agreeable man; lively, entertaining, well-informed, and communicative in conversation. While in prison, he wrote to me, urgently requesting my exertions with the late Lord Nugent to procure his pardon. If it could have been extended to him, without producing by the precedent incalculable injury to society, his majesty would undoubtedly have exercised in *his* case the prerogative of mercy. He felt the strongest impulse to save Dodd, not only on account of the numerous and powerful applications made in his favour, but as a clergyman who had been one of his own chaplains. The Earl of Mansfield, however, prevented so pernicious an act of grace. I have heard Lord Sackville recount the circumstances that took place in the council held on the occasion, at which the king assisted. To the firmness of the lord chief-justice, Dodd's execution was due; for, no sooner had he pronounced his decided opinion that no mercy ought to be extended, than the king, taking up the pen, signed the death-warrant. He died penitent and pusillanimous. The weather on the 27th of June 1777, when he suffered, was most variable, changing perpetually from bright sunshine to heavy storms of rain; during one of which latter pelting showers he was turned off at Tyburn. His body, conveyed to a house in the city of London, underwent every scientific professional operation which, it was hoped, might restore animation. Pott, the celebrated surgeon, was present to direct them. There were even found persons sufficiently credulous to believe that Dodd had been resuscitated, and privately transported to Aix in Provence."—Vol II. pp. 24-26.

The second volume of these memoirs is almost wholly occupied in what we may call the "scenes" connected with the impeachment of Warren Hastings, for which we must refer the reader who is desirous of seeing very graphic representations of them, to the work itself. In the third, we find several interesting anecdotes of the private life of George III. who appears to have laboured under a secret consciousness of the privation of reason which awaited him, long before that event took place. With a view to avert it, as well to prevent corpulence, of which he had a parti-

cular dread, he adopted, at an early age, the habits of an ascetic, living on the most simple food, and limiting himself to a very moderate quantity. For the German dish, sour crout, he always evinced a strong predilection. His usual beverage at table was a compound of a sort of lemonade, which he called "cup." He usually eat so little and so rapidly, that those of his suite who dined with him found it difficult to satisfy their appetite, without persevering after the king had finished—an embarrassing necessity, even if it were not against etiquette. "We know so well," said one of these gentleman, "how soon the king has finished, that after we have all sat down at table, not a word is uttered. All our attention is devoted to expedition. Yet, with the best diligence we can exert, before we have half dined, his Majesty has already thrown himself back in his chair, and called for his *cup*, with which he concludes his meal." The dinners of George III. appear to have consumed less time than even those of Napoleon, which seldom exceeded forty minutes. The queen, on the contrary, was rather fond of a good table, and had some taste in the selection of her wines.

Junius was well aware of one of the motives, at least, which led to the king's rigorous habits of abstinence. Sir Nathaniel misquotes the passage, when he says that the king's agitation in consequence of the remonstrance addressed to him by the city of London, in the month of March 1770, was the cause of his having been "obliged to live upon potatoes for three weeks, to keep off a malignant fever." The note to the letter dated 3d April 1770, after stating that the courtiers having made a bluster about moving a bill of pains and penalties, or, at least, an impeachment against the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, were ultimately obliged to abandon their intentions, and content themselves with "a ridiculous vote of censure, and a still more ridiculous address to the king," adds, "*this shameful desertion so afflicted* the generous mind of George the Third, that he was obliged to live upon potatoes for three weeks, to keep off a malignant fever." It ends with a quotation, which it would be no longer good taste to transcribe.

It is very well known that George the Third was not given to sedentary occupations, and that he never enjoyed himself so much as when in the open air, especially on horseback, following the hounds, or presiding at a review, the military bustle of which filled him with animation. His farms, and the improvements which he directed at Windsor, also engaged agreeably much of his attention. He rode out in all weathers; indeed, so little of the character of a sinecure attached to the office of equerry in his household, that the king used jocosely to remark, that he had fewer applications for that employment than any other in his gift.

The following picture of his life at Cheltenham, where he so frequently relaxed from the labours of state, presents him in a very amiable point of view.

"No minister or secretary of state attended him. During near eight-and-twenty years of a stormy and calamitous reign, marked with the greatest national disasters; though set off by some days of glory, he had scarcely seen any part of his dominions. The Nore, Coxhe Heath, Portsmouth, and Oxford, formed almost the extent of his travels. At Cheltenham, he had left a hundred miles behind him the

"*Fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ.*"

His mode of living might be deemed patriarchial; more suited to the first ages of the world, than to the dissipated state of society towards the eighteenth century. He visited the spring at so early an hour, that few of his subjects were found there to meet him. Constantly on horseback, when the weather permitted, from eleven till three, he sat down at four to dinner; strolled out, like a citizen, with his wife and daughters, on the public walk soon after seven; and by eleven at night every thing was as completely hushed at Bays Hill Lodge as in a farmhouse.

"The king was not even accompanied on this excursion by any of his usual attendants; neither by a lord of the bedchamber, nor by an equerry. The Earl of Courtown, an Irish nobleman, who held the office of treasurer of the household; himself a man of very moderate faculties, but of polite and pleasing manners, followed his Majesty to Cheltenham, by special invitation. So did the Honorable Stephen Digby, vice-chamberlain to the queen. They usually were his companions when he rode; but he delighted to emancipate himself from all restraint, to walk out alone in the fields, and to enter into conversation with the persons who accidentally fell in his way. He made likewise some excursions of pleasure and curiosity; particularly to Gloucester, where, when visiting the cathedral, he appeared to contemplate with much interest the tomb of one of his unfortunate predecessors, on which is extended his recumbent figure. I mean Edward the Second; who, after his inhuman murder at Berkeley Castle, was conveyed for interment to Gloucester. The king, queen, and princesses, drove over likewise, on a morning visit, to the classic seat of Lord Bathurst, the friend of Pope, at Oakley Grove. But on that occasion, as on every other, the king invariably declined all dinners or entertainments."—Vol. III. pp. 39-41.

We had not been aware, until we found it stated in these memoirs, that Prince William (his present gracious Majesty) was at one period of his life anxious for a seat in the House of Commons. It is stated, that when he reached his twenty-third year, he expressed much impatience to become a peer, his elder brother, the Duke of York, having been invested with that dignity as soon as he attained his majority. The influence, however, which the Prince of Wales exercised over the mind of Prince

William, would have most probably placed him in the ranks of the opposition, to which the king was unwilling to add another vote. He was, moreover, reluctant to augment the pecuniary pressure of the royal family on the nation. Mortified at the denial, the young Prince, it is said, took measures for procuring his return as one of the members for Totness. Sir Nathaniel doubts whether such an election, if it had taken place, would not have been invalidated by the House of Commons.

We have here a very succinct account of the king's malady in 1788, which gave rise to so many constitutional questions of the utmost delicacy, and to discussions conducted not always with the best temper on either side of the house. It is well known, that Dr. Willis generally exercised a peculiar degree of control over his patients. A daring proof of his animal-magnetic power in this respect, if such it may be termed, was exhibited in his permitting the king to shave himself. "Your Majesty," said he, "is desirous to get rid of your beard, you shall have a razor given you for the purpose." He instantly put the instrument into the king's hand, who went through the process with perfect success, Willis governing him by the eye throughout the whole performance!! From the commencement of the disease, Willis expressed his confident expectation that a recovery would be effected within the period of three months. He ascribed the attack to weighty business, severe exercise, too great abstemiousness, and little rest, which pressed with united force upon the royal patient's constitution. He insisted, that as soon as the irritation produced by these causes should subside, convalescence would follow. This description of temporary incapacity for public functions, was calculated to give rise to great embarrassment as to the most expedient mode of supplying the defect. The state maxim, however, seems to have been then settled by Parliament, that when the throne is vacant by reason of the intellectual incapacity of the sovereign, the heir-apparent has no more *right* to assume the functions of government than any other subject in the realm. The two houses of the legislature constitute the only authority competent to name the regent under such circumstances, as well as to fix the time when he is to enter upon the duties of his office. The *claim*, however, of the heir-apparent to the regency is admitted to be one entitled to the most serious consideration. Mr. Fox and his party, in maintaining the right of the heir-apparent to assume the regency, leaving to the two Houses authority only to fix the time for his entering upon his functions, manifestly took an erroneous view of this important question.

Sir Nathaniel has interwoven in his memoirs sketches of most

of the distinguished persons of his time. We shall extract a few of these portraits, passing over Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan, and others, who are well known from the accounts given of them in several recent publications. He thus delineates the late Earl Stanhope:—

"This eccentric nobleman, who, as Earl Stanhope, has acted a conspicuous as well as useful part in the discussions of the house of peers during a long period of time, and whose recent death may, in my opinion, be considered as a public misfortune, was brought up by his father principally at Geneva. He had there imbibed very strong republican, or rather levelling, principles; ill adapted to a man whose high birth and prospects should naturally have inspired him with sentiments more favourable to monarchy. If he had flourished a century and a half earlier, under Charles the First, instead of under George the Third, he would unquestionably have rivalled Ludlow, or Algernon Sydney, in their attachment to a commonwealth. His person was tall and thin, his countenance expressive of ardour and impetuosity, as were all his movements. Over his whole figure, and even his dress, an air of puritanism reminded the beholder of the sectaries under Cromwell, rather than a young man of quality in an age of refinement and elegance. He possessed stentorian lungs and a powerful voice, always accompanied with violent gesticulation. The 'Rolliad' describes him as

'Mahon, outroaring torrents in their course.'

So strongly did he always enforce his arguments by his gestures, as to become indeed sometimes a troublesome neighbour, when greatly animated by his subject. He commonly spoke from the row behind the treasury bench. In the course of one of his harangues, respecting a measure that he had himself suggested, the object of which was the suppression of smuggling; impelled by the warmth of his feelings, just as he was commending his friend and relation, the first minister, for "his endeavours to knock smuggling on the head at one blow," he actually dealt Mr. Pitt, who sat below him, a smart stroke on the head. This manual application of his metaphor convulsed the house with laughter, and not a little surprised the chancellor of the exchequer; but it seemed neither to disconcert, nor to arrest, the impetuosity of Lord Mahon's eloquence. Since the ludicrous circumstance of Lord North's taking off Welbore Ellis's wig on the chafe of his scabbard, no scene more comic had been acted within the walls of the House of Commons. The same satirical production which I before cited, when alluding to Lord Mahon, says,

"This Quixote of the nation
Beats his own windmills in gesticulation.
To strike, not please, his utmost force he bends,
And all his sense is at his fingers' ends."

The Rolliad, which Sir Nathaniel frequently quotes in his pages, was, in its day, a poem of great celebrity. It was first published in the spring of 1785. Its hero was Mr. afterwards Lord Rolle, then one of the members for the county of Devon. Pos-

possessed of a good figure, and regular features, he was nevertheless wholly devoid of elegance or grace, and a complete rustic in his manners. Though not well educated, he expressed his thoughts in brief and emphatic phraseology, exhibiting good sense, and a straightforward mind. His uncle had been created a baron by George II. but the peerage expired in his own person, as he had no male issue. Mr. Rolle's great object, therefore, was to recover that dignity for his family; and, in consequence, he gave his most strenuous support to Mr. Pitt's administration. The ardour of his zeal, and the strength, or rather coarseness of his language, rendered him peculiarly obnoxious to the opposition, and brought upon him all the anger of the wits who belonged to that party. The reputed author of the "Rolliad," and of the "Probationary Odes" by which it was accompanied, was Mr. Joseph Richardson, a student of one of the inns of court. He is said to have received assistance from Mr. George Ellis, General Burgoyne, Fitzpatrick, Mr. afterwards Lord Townsend, and others of Fox's friends and admirers, who not only retouched some of the passages, but furnished whole odes. The work went through two-and-twenty editions between 1785 and 1812. It abounds in all the graces of classic allusion, and elegant composition, sparing no public character, however elevated. Pitt, Dundas, Jenkinson, were mangled in its pages without mercy. Though almost all the persons satirized in the "Rolliad" and the odes, have disappeared from the stage of life, yet these poems may be still perused with interest.

The following well drawn character of Windham may be cited as a proof of the historical impartiality which marks these memoirs.

"Mr. William Windham had been chosen member for the city of Norwich, at the late general election, notwithstanding his well-known predilection for Fox, and his slender patrimonial property, which then scarcely exceeded twelve hundred pounds a-year. His person was graceful, elegant, and distinguished; slender, but not meagre. The lineaments of his countenance, though they displayed the ravages of the small-pox, were pleasing, and retained a character of animation, blended with spirit and intelligence. Over his whole figure, nature had thrown an air of mind. His manners corresponded with his external appearance; and his conversation displayed the treasures of a highly cultivated understanding. Ardent in his love of civil liberty, for the preservation of which blessing, I believe, he would as cheerfully have shed his blood as did Hampden or Sydney; it was constitutional freedom that he venerated, not a republican and impracticable emancipation from limited monarchical government. Strongly attached to Fox by private friendship, as well as by political ties, he nevertheless quitted his leader, when Fox persisted to justify and to panegyrize the sanguinary republic of France, in defiance of its enormities and excesses.

"To Burke, Windham unquestionably bore some analogy; and on his shoulders may be said to have descended the mantle of Burke, when he finally quitted the House of Commons. If Windham fell below him in general or classic knowledge, he might be esteemed Burke's equal in the splendour and variety of his imagery, his command of language, and his wild but finely sustained flights into the regions of fancy. In suavity of disposition, and control over himself, Windham was his superior:—for, either from irritability of temper, intensity of feeling, strength of prejudices, or violence of party spirit, Burke frequently became unmanageable, and exhibited a spectacle distressing to his friends. There was in Windham's eloquence, an eccentricity and originality of phrase peculiarly his own; picturesque, but full of energy: as, for instance, when in 1809, after the battle of Talavera, Sir Arthur Wellesley having been raised by ministers at once to the dignity of a viscount, Windham observed upon it, that 'he disapproved of Sir Arthur's being thus elevated over a whole gradation of the peerage, because, if he made two more such leaps, the *Red Book would not hold him*.' Windham's talents, brilliant and various as they were, always, however, appeared to me more adapted to speculative than to practical life; rather fitted for the university, than for the cabinet; better calculated to excite admiration in the House of Commons, than formed, by wise counsels and measures, to sustain, or to extricate, an embarrassed empire. The ill-fated expedition under Sombreuil, sent to perish at Quiberon, in 1795; and the unfortunate selection of General Whitelocke for the command of the troops against Buenos-Ayres some years later; are both to be imputed, eminently, if not exclusively to Windham. I am of opinion, that if Burke had ever been admitted to the cabinet, he would have displayed a similar want of judgment. Neither the one nor the other were statesmen, though they abounded in genius, learning, fancy, and prodigious powers of declamation."—Vol. I. pp. 241-243.

Here is Sir Nathaniel's portrait of the celebrated Duchess of Gordon.

"Few women have performed a more conspicuous part, or occupied a higher place than the Duchess of Gordon, on the public theatre of fashion, politics, and dissipation, between the period of which I am writing, and the close of Pitt's first administration; a term of about fourteen years. I shall speak of her with great impartiality, from long personal acquaintance. She was one of the three daughters of Sir William Maxwell of Monteith, a Scotch baronet; and the song of "Jenny of Monteith," which I have heard the present Duke of Gordon sing, was composed to celebrate her charms.

"In *my* estimate of female attractions, she always wanted one essential component part of beauty. Neither in her person, manners, or mind, was there any feminine expression. She might have aptly represented the Juno of Homer; but not Horace's "O, quæ beatam Diva tenes Cyprum!" Her features, however noble, pleasing, and regular, always animated, constantly in play, never deficient in vivacity or intelligence, yet displayed no timidity. They were sometimes overclouded

by occasional frowns of anger or vexation, much more frequently lighted up with smiles. Her conversation bore a very strong analogy to her intellectual formation. Exempted by her sex, rank, and beauty, from those restraints imposed on woman by the generally recognized usages of society, the Duchess of Gordon frequently dispensed with their observance. Unlike the Duchess of Devonshire, who, with the tumult of elections, faro, and party triumphs, could mix love, poetry, and a passion for the fine arts; the Scottish duchess reserved all the energies of her character for ministerial purposes. Desirous of participating in the blessings which the treasury alone can dispense, and of enrolling the name of Gordon, with those of Pitt and of Dundas; if not in the rolls of fame, at least in the substantial list of court favour and benefaction; the administration did not possess a more active or determined partizan. Her discernment enabled her to perceive that Fox, whatever dignities or employments might be reserved for him by fortune under the reign of George the Fourth, would probably remain excluded from power so long as the sceptre remained in the possession of George the Third. This principle or conviction seemed never to be absent from her mind.

"Her conjugal duties pressed on her heart with less force, than did her maternal solitudes. In her daughters centered principally her ambitious cares. For their elevation, no sacrifices appeared to her to be too great, no exertions too laborious, no renunciations too severe. It would indeed be vain to seek for any other instance in our history, of a woman who has allied three of her five daughters in marriage to English dukes, and the fourth to a marquis. Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, so powerful under the last queen of the Stuart race, and who had likewise five daughters, obtained for them only two dukes and three earls in marriage. Yet *they* were the children of the illustrious John Churchill, and on *them* was respectively settled, by act of parliament, the dukedom, and Blenheim."—Vol. II. pp. 297-299.

Among the faculties by which Pitt was so much distinguished from most of his contemporaries, that of sleeping soundly, may be certainly looked upon as not the least enviable.

"Dundas possessed a villa near London, at Wimbledon, where he was accustomed to repair after debates, for the purposed of sleeping out of town. Pitt, on quitting the treasury bench, used to throw himself into Dundas's post-chaise, and to accompany him. At whatever hour they arrived, they sat down to supper; never failed to drink each his bottle; and the minister found his sleep more sound, as well as more refreshing, at Wimbledon, than in Downing-street. However violent might have been the previous agitation of his mind, yet in a very few minutes after he laid his head on the pillow, he never failed to sink into profound repose. So difficult, indeed, was it to awaken him, that his valet usually shook him before he could be roused from sleep. One of his private secretaries used to affirm that no intelligence, however distressing, had power sufficient to break his rest. On that account, he never locked or bolted the door of his bed-chamber. I recollect a cir-

cumstance which took place, several years subsequent to this time;—it happened in 1796;—strongly corroborative of the above facts. Pitt having been much disturbed by a variety of painful political occurrences, drove out to pass the night with Dundas at Wimbledon. After supper, the minister withdrew to his chamber, having given his servant directions to call him at seven, on the ensuing morning. No sooner had he retired, than Dundas, conscious how much his mind stood in need of repose, repaired to his apartment, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket; at the same time enjoining the valet on no consideration to disturb his master, but to allow him to sleep as long as nature required. It is a truth that Pitt neither awoke, nor called any person, till half-past four in the afternoon of the following day; when Dundas entering his room together with his servant, found him still in so deep a sleep, that it became necessary to shake, in order to awaken him. He had slept uninterruptedly during more than sixteen hours.”—Vol. II. pp. 301-302.

The appendix to these volumes contains several letters and papers relating to the secret enterprise for the liberation of Queen Caroline Matilda. The conventional names under which the parties engaged in this affair designated the personages and places they had most occasion to speak of, have undoubtedly all the merit of inscrutability. George III. was called Abel, the Queen of Denmark Agujari. Copenhagen was turned into Montpellier, Altona into Toulon, Hamburg into Avignon, and Zell into Bordeaux!

ART. IV.—1. *Bibliographical Appendix to the Second Volume of an Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures.* By the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, B.D. *Containing a concise account of the principal Editions of the Scripture, and of the principal Philologists, Critics, and Commentators, who have elucidated the Text, History, and Antiquities of the Bible.* Seventh Edition. London. 1834.

2. *La Biblia Sacra, tradotta da Giov. Diodati.* 12mo. London. 1836.

3. *Die heilige Schrift, nach den deutschen uebersetzung D. Martin Luthers.* 12mo. London. 1825.

4. *La Sainte Bible, d'après la version d'Ostervald.* 12mo. London. 1833.

5. *Ἡ καινὴ ἐκδοκὴ διγλωττος, τουτ' ἐστὶ, το θειον ἀρχετυπον, καὶ ἡ αὐτου μεταφρασις εἰς κοινὴν διαλεκτον.* London. 1810.

IF the meaning of an author be obscure or doubtful in the original, the ordinary course, when every other expedient has failed, is to consult his translators. Should we ever feel disposed to make this plan available to the interpretation of the Scriptures,

we cannot, at least, complain of any want of materials for the experiment. In the old Dispensation, while the true Religion was confined to the children of Abraham, the number of translations was very limited, even so late as the coming of our Redeemer. The Targumim, or Chaldee Paraphrases, (even, for a moment, supposing them anterior to Christianity,) could have been intended solely for the use of the Hebrews, who, during their residence in Babylon, had become unfamiliar with their ancient language; and the Greek septuagint, seems, for a long time, to have been but little known in the Gentile world. But, by the will of Jesus Christ, the founder of the New Law, the Holy Scripture, like the religion which it proclaimed, became the inheritance of all nations. The New Testament was written in a tongue almost universally understood, and, before long, it was translated into the language of Rome, which, with her victorious arms, had been carried to the ends of the earth. As Christianity continued to advance, the number of versions, Greek—Syriac—Latin—kept pace with its progress. “The Holy Scripture, diffused far and wide, through the various languages, was made known to the nations unto salvation.”* In the Western Church, however, they appear to have been far more numerous than elsewhere. For, although the publication of the Greek versions of Aquila and Theodotion, at the instance of the Jewish party, had stimulated the zeal of many among their Christian countrymen, yet they were far exceeded in number by the Latin translators, who in the time of St. Augustine, “had multiplied beyond the possibility of enumeration.”†

This zeal for translation seems to have been checked for awhile, by the fluctuating and unsettled state of languages throughout Europe,‡ which succeeded the invasion of the Northern tribes,

* “Ex quo factum est, ut etiam Scriptura divina, per varias interpretum linguas, longe lateque diffusa, innotesceret Gentibus ad salutem.”—S. Aug. De Doctr. Christ. lib. ii. c. 5

† “Qui enim Scripturas ex Hebraica lingua in Græcam verterunt numerari possunt; Latini autem interpretes, nullo modo.”—Ibid. Lib. 2. c. 11.

‡ A curious illustration of the state of language produced by the causes to which we allude, and its influence on literature generally, will be found in the origin of the name “Romance,” as applied to works of imagination and fiction. It is formed from *Romane* or *Romaunce*, the name of the vulgar dialect prevalent in France, when the Latin had ceased to be generally understood. Among the educated classes the Latin retained its place, after it had ceased to be spoken; and, for a long time, it was exclusively employed in all writings of a serious character. The Troubadours, however, gradually introduced the other. At first small ballads, and eventually larger pieces, were composed in it, and as, for a considerable time, it was not applied to any other subject, a “Romance,” or, a book written in the vulgar language, became synonymous with a tale of Imagination. Rivet refers the origin of these light productions to the tenth century, though Calmet and Fleury look upon them as of a later date. This observation, applied directly only to the French language, is obviously applicable to every language similarly formed—a medium, as it were, produced by the amalgamation of two distinct dialects.

and the dismemberment of the Western Empire. But in process of time, it began gradually to revive, as the language of each nation, along with its constitution and laws, acquired something of a fixed and decided character. Long before the invention of printing, the Bible was translated into most of the European languages. The application of that invaluable discovery rendered the undertaking comparatively easy; and before the Reformation, many editions were printed in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, Holland, and Bohemia. Since that time, many causes have combined to keep it constantly on the advance, and, at present, we might almost apply to the versions of every country, what St. Augustine said of the Latin versions of his own day. According to Mr. Horne,—

“The total number of dialects spoken in every part of the world, is computed to be about five hundred; and, of these somewhat more than one hundred seem to constitute languages generically distinct, or, exhibiting more diversity than resemblance to each other. Into upwards of one hundred and fifty of these various dialects, the sacred Scriptures have been translated, either wholly, or in part, and not less than sixty of these are versions in the languages and dialects of Asia.”—*Bibliographical Appendix*, p. 59.

It has long been the fashion with Protestant controversialists of every class, to decry the illiberal policy of the Catholic Church, in withholding the Scriptures from the people. They have seldom been content, however, to argue against the doctrine as it is professed by Catholics, finding it more satisfactory, and, doubtless, much more convenient, to represent it in the light most favourable to themselves. Instead of fashioning the argument to meet the circumstances, they prefer bending the fact—though facts are proverbially stubborn things—to suit the convenience of their argument; and many a time, while we marked the dexterity with which some obnoxious tenet is thus prepared for refutation, we could not help recollecting the malicious care with which, before he ventures to fling the first stone, the school-urchin fixes in the most advantageous position, the unfortunate animal he destines for his mark.

Every one recollects the great Protestant Anniversary, which was held last year, to celebrate the publication of the first English Bible printed in these countries. From the parade with which it was announced, and the assertions current in the periodicals of the time, the public might naturally infer,—what indeed has been repeated time after time by Protestant writers—that the world is indebted solely to the Reformation for the translation of the Scripture into the vernacular languages—that it was the policy of the old Church to preserve, if not to deepen, the darkness which

hung over the minds of men, and, in order that this object might be more securely attained, to conceal under cover of the unknown tongues, the light of Scriptural evidence in which her superstitions could not fail to be detected. In truth this seems to be the meeting-point of all, who dissent from the Catholic Church. In almost every other tenet she can find some to coincide—Lutheran or Calvinist—Churchman or Presbyterian—and a dexterous controversialist might compile a curious volume of Catholic controversy from the writings of Protestants against each other. He might refute the Sacramentarian by the arguments of the orthodox Lutheran—he might place the Lutheran against the Calvinist, and array the Calvinists against each other—he might use the arms of the Baptist against the Quaker, and level the “independence” of the Baptist with the “authority” of the Church of England; demolish in turn her unsubstantial claims beneath the sturdy stroke of the Presbyterian, and turn simultaneously against the Socinian,—the common enemy of all—the weapons which none else can consistently wield. But here, they are all impracticable. Adopting as their common battle-cry, the motto of Chillingworth, “The Bible, the Bible is the religion of Protestants,” they unite in one body, (*concordia discors*) in defence of the so-named palladium of Protestantism. This is the true touch-stone, the Shibboleth, by which the sons of Ephraim are distinguished. It seems to possess a sort of religious electricity. No matter how close they may have come—no matter how powerfully they may have been attracted; the very moment they approach to actual contact at this fatal point, they are repelled, irresistibly—never to be united.

A statement such as that to which we refer, if met in a work of a general character, might be regarded with caution, perhaps even with distrust. But where the very subject is treated professedly, and the matter-of-fact proof made to tally with the obnoxious assertion, the chances of its proving mischievous are much greater. It is impossible for an ordinary reader even to suspend his assent; it is absolutely extorted from him by this artificial evidence. We have long regretted, therefore, that the learned work of Mr. Horne on the Study of the Scriptures, should have become the vehicle of this worn-out misrepresentation. It has been carried already through seven editions; but we trust it is not yet too late to correct, at least some part, of the false impressions it may have created. The “Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures,” in itself, is too voluminous, and too much diversified in matter, to admit a regular notice. The merest analysis would occupy more space, than we could possibly devote to it. In the present paper therefore, we have confined ourselves to a

bibliographical review of every thing connected with the publication of the Scriptures, which was before mixed up with the work, but which, in this seventh edition, the author has collected, and attached, in the form of an Appendix, to the Second Volume. It contains a great deal of useful and interesting information, not to be procured elsewhere without a degree of labour and research of which few are capable, and which still fewer would willingly undertake.

The Appendix is divided into two parts. The first contains an account of the principal Editions of the Scripture, both the text itself, and the versions, whether ancient or modern; the second, of the principal works of commentary and criticism which its difficulties have called forth, and which may assist the student in its interpretation. His notice, as far as it regards the original text, as also the ancient versions, is concise, but satisfactory. Here, there was nothing to bias his judgment—nothing to awaken his prejudices. We would willingly say as much of his history of the modern versions; but in this, particularly the part which regards those in the European languages, we have been greatly disappointed.

It opens with a general chapter on the circulation of the Scriptures, in which, in a tone apparently moderate, many of the old calumnies against the "Romish" Church are, not to be sure openly advanced—but, what is still more effectual, quietly insinuated—the premises, as it were, dispassionately stated; the conclusion left to the common sense of the reader. The author adopts, as his own, a passage from "Hallam's View of Europe during the Middle Ages," which, with one or two more, we shall now proceed to examine.

"In the eighth and ninth centuries, when the Vulgate Latin had ceased to be generally understood, there is no reason to suspect any intention in the Church of Rome, to deprive the laity of the Scriptures. Translations were freely made, although the acts of the saints were generally deemed more instructive. Louis le Debonnaire is said to have caused a German version of the New Testament to be made. Otfrid, in the same (that is the ninth,) century, rendered the Gospels or rather abridged them into German verse: this work is still extant, and is, in several respects, an object of curiosity. In the eleventh, or twelfth century, we find translations of Psalms, Job, Kings, and the Macchabees, into French. But, after the diffusion of heretical principles, it became expedient to screen the orthodox faith from lawless interpretation. Accordingly, the council of Toulouse,* in 1229, prohibited the Laity from possessing the Scriptures, and

* Throughout this Article on the translations of the Bible, we have avoided advert-
ing to the very distinct question of its circulation. It would be improper, however,
to pass this flippant statement without some remark. "The council of Toulouse
prohibited the Laity from possessing the Scriptures,"—True. But what was this

this prohibition was frequently repeated upon subsequent occasions."—*Bibliographical Appendix*. pp. 55, 56.

"The discovery of the art of printing, however, in the fifteenth, and the establishment of the glorious Reformation throughout Europe in the following century, facilitated the circulation of the Scriptures. Wherever its pure doctrines penetrated, the nations, which embraced it, adopting its grand principle, that the Bible contains the religion of Protestants, were naturally desirous of obtaining the Sacred volume in their respective languages. Even in those, into which the doctrines of the Reformation were but partially introduced, it was found necessary to yield so far to the spirit of the times, as to admit, in a limited degree, vernacular versions among the people."—*Ibid*. pp. 58, 59.

Coupling these two passages together, who can hesitate as to the conclusion which the author wishes to have drawn? "In the eighth or ninth century there is no reason to suspect any intention in the Church of Rome to deprive the laity of the Scriptures. Translations were freely made." "But after the diffusion of heretical principles, it became expedient to screen the orthodox faith from lawless interpretation." How? Does it not follow by proscribing the translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue? "After the diffusion of the principles of the glorious Reformation, it became necessary to admit, *in a limited degree*, vernacular versions among the people." Therefore, before this time, they were unknown, or but little heard of. This is the obvious inference. And if, on turning to the author's own history of

council of Toulouse? or, to whom did its prohibition extend? It was a Diocesan, or, at most, a Provincial synod, and its decrees were intended solely for the government of the faithful of that district, in which the monstrous errors of the Albigenses had long been prevalent. Far from being extended to the universal Church, they did not even regard any other province of France.

What are the subsequent occasions on which this prohibition was repeated, Mr. Horne of course knew, else he would not have adopted the statement. But it is certain, that there *never* was any *general* decree, such as that of which Hallam speaks. In the Council of Constance, where this very matter, the abuse of the Scripture, was introduced, no decree, prohibitory, or even restrictive, was issued.

In the Council of Trent, a congregation was appointed to draw up a prohibitory Index, and the only limitation, which it affixes, is found in the fourth rule, by which, the bishop, pastor, or confessor, is empowered to withhold the Scripture from those, to whose faith, or piety, its use might prove injurious. A short experience of the evil effects of the indiscriminate reading of the Scriptures, was sufficient to convince even Protestants, of the reasonableness of its limitation. The recorded opinion of Archbishop Bramhall, and other dignitaries of the Established Church, that "the unrestrained license of Protestantism is more pernicious than the severity of the Church of Rome"—the history of the Pietist controversy among the Lutherans, the causes of which Mosheim touches but lightly—[Seventeenth Cent. Sect. 2. Part 2. Chap. 1. Sect. 27. and 28] and above all, his own individual experience, will satisfy every unprejudiced man, that it exhibits but little of that tyranny and injustice, of which the world has heard so much.

Even this restriction, such as it was, has been removed. A decree of the congregation of the Index (June 13th, 1757) permits the use of the Bible to all, provided it have an approved commentary attached.

the various editions of the Bible, the reader find, before the Reformation, only a few solitary translations, without a single word which could lead him to believe that the editions were numerous, or the circulation considerable, will he not conclude, that such an inference is correct and founded in the true history of those times ?

In page 83, Mr. Horne is still more explicit, distinctly attributing the publication of the English Version by the Catholic Divines of Douay, to their "finding it impossible, to withhold the Scriptures longer from the common people." In these days of mutual toleration, we would not willingly bring before the public mind the true causes, which prevented the publication of a Catholic version in England. We are, however, compelled to remind Mr. Horne, of the barbarous policy, which deprived the Catholic, not of religious alone, but even of moral or scientific education, which made his religion a crime, and his exertions in its cause a treason.

But the former paragraph, as being more general, is also of more importance. We turn to it therefore at once. Opposite page 63 is inserted a "table of the principal versions into the various languages and dialects, with the dates and authors' names, where it was possible to ascertain them." We were not a little surprised, to find the German Bible of Martin Luther, occupying the first place in this table. In the earlier editions, there was one placed before it, that of Boniface Ferrier, *Valentia*, 1478. But,

Αἱ δευτεραι πως φροντιδες σοφωτεραι.

Mr. Horne could not conceive in what respect, the claims of Ferrier's Bible to this honour were superior to those of the Italian Bible of Malermi; of the Flemish Bible, which was printed at Cologne; of the Bohemian Bible published at Prague; or any one of the eighteen German Bibles, which appeared before the publication of Luther's; and seeing clearly, that it would be quite improper to introduce a crowd of old-fashioned Popish translators into the company of a respectable Reformer, he wisely determined to exclude them all, in order that he might escape the trouble of making a selection. We will not quarrel with him upon this point; although we cannot help thinking, that, if Catholic versions, at this period, were such a rarity, as he would have his readers suppose, he might have thought them worthy of insertion, at least, as curious specimens; if it were on no other principle, than that on which ugly old china is preferred to the newest and most fashionable pattern, on the very ground of its ugliness and antiquity. But he has not left them altogether unnoticed; and, without going beyond his own book, we can find enough to disturb very considerably the imposing aspect of the grave charge which he advances. We shall make a few extracts

from his more lengthened account of the translations into the various languages.

"So early as the year 1466, a German translation from the Latin Vulgate was printed, the author of which is unknown."—p. 88.

"Although Christianity was planted in Britain in the first century, it does not appear that the British had any translation of the Scriptures in their own language, earlier than the 8th century. About the year 706, Adhelm, the first Bishop of Sherburn, translated the Psalter into Saxon, and, at his earnest persuasion, Egbert, or Eadfrid, Bishop of Lindisfern, or, Holy Island, soon after executed a Saxon version of the four Gospels. Not many years after this, the learned and venerable Bede, who died in 735, translated the entire Bible into that language. There are other Saxon versions, either of the whole, or of detached portions, of a later date. A translation of the book of Psalms was undertaken by the illustrious King Alfred, who died A. D. 900, when it was about half-finished, and Elfric who was Archbishop of Canterbury in 995, translated the Pentateuch, Joshua, Job, Judges, Ruth, part of Kings, Esther and Macchabees.*"

"A chasm of several centuries† ensued, during which, the sacred Scriptures appear to have been buried in oblivion, the general reading of them being prohibited by the Papal see. The first English translation of the Bible, known to be extant, was executed by an unknown individual, and is placed, by Archbishop Usher, to the year 1290. Of this, there are three MS. copies preserved; in the Bodleian Library, and in the Libraries of Christ Church, and Queen's Colleges at Oxford. Towards the close of the following century, John de Trevisa, vicar of Berkeley, in the county of Gloucester, at the desire of his patron, Lord Berkeley, is said to have translated the Old and New Testament into the English language. But, as no part of this work ever appears to have been printed, the translation ascribed to him, is supposed to have been confined to a few texts, which are scattered in some parts of his works, (several copies of which are known to exist in manuscript) or, which were painted on the walls of his patron's chapel, at Berkeley Castle."—p. 63.

"The earliest attempt towards translating the Scriptures into French, was made by Jean de Vignay, or de Vignes, who translated the Epistles and

* From the Second Volume of the "Introduction &c." page 246.

† It will be recollected, that the Norman invasion occurred in the following century. The struggle of the natives, to maintain their own language and customs against those of the victorious Normans, was long and obstinate. Doctor Johnson traces the origin of the present English language to the middle of the twelfth century, and yet he says, that there was little, or no admixture of Norman, at that time. Robert of Gloucester, who lived in the 13th century, was among the first, who used, what Dr. J. calls; the "Medium-language, half-English—half-Norman." (*History of Eng. Lan. Pref. to Dict.*) During this period, (the chasm to which Mr. H. alludes) the Saxon versions must have been perfectly intelligible to the natives. There are several Saxon MSS. extant, which were written after the conquest, and we even find some, in which the Saxon is accompanied by an interlinear Norman translation. Is it extraordinary, that the Bible should not have been translated into English, before the language was even formed?

Gospels contained in the Romish Missal, at the request of Jane of Burgundy, Queen of Philip, King of France, in the early part of the 14th century. Later in the same century, Raoul de Presles, or de Praelles, at the command of Charles the fifth, King of France, translated the bible into French, as far as the Psalms, or Proverbs. A very fine MS. of his version is preserved among the Lansdowne MSS., (No. 1175.) in the British Museum. In 1512, J. Le Fevre of Estaples, (better known by the name of Jacobus Faber Stapulensis) published a translation of St. Paul's Epistles, with critical notes, and a commentary, in which he freely censures the vulgate; and, in 1523, he published at Paris, in a similar manner, the whole of the New Testament. This was followed by detached books of the Old Testament, and an edition of the entire Bible translated by himself. It was printed at Antwerp by Martin L'Empereur, in 1530, (again in 1534 and 1541) and was revised by the divines of Louvaine, whose edition appeared in 1550, and has since been repeatedly printed. The translation of Le Fevre is said to be the basis of all the subsequent French bibles, whether executed by Roman Catholics or Protestants."—p. 92.

"A Flemish translation of the Sacred Scriptures was made from the Vulgate, in the fifteenth century. It was printed at Cologne, 1475, at Delft, in 1477, and at other places."—p. 94.

"Four versions of the Bible are extant in the Italian language. The first is that of Nicolas Malermi, who translated it from the Latin Vulgate. It was first published at Venice in 1471, in folio."—*Ibid.*

"The first Bohemian translation was made from the Latin Vulgate, and was published at Prague, in 1478."—p. 97.

"Three versions of the Scriptures have been published in the Polish language. The first was undertaken for the use of the Romanists, and was published at Cracow, in 1561; reprinted at the same place, in 1577, 1599, and 1619, and at other places."—*Ibid.*

"The earliest edition of the Scriptures in the Spanish language was executed from the Vulgate, and printed at Valencia, in 1478. It is now of very rare occurrence. In 1553, a Spanish version of the Old Testament was made for the use of the Jews, by Edward Penel. It was printed at Ferrara."—p. 95.

"Benedict Fernandez, a Spanish Dominican Friar, vicar of Mixteca in New Spain, translated the Epistles and Gospels into the dialect spoken in that province. Didacus de S. Maria, another Dominican, and vicar of the Province of Mexico, who died in 1579, was the author of a translation of the Epistles and Gospels in the Mexican tongue, or general language of that country. The Proverbs of Solomon and other fragments of the Holy Scriptures were translated into the same language by Louis Rodriguez, a Spanish Franciscan friar, and the Epistles and Gospels, appointed to be read for the whole year, were translated into the idiom of the Western Indians, by Arnold a Basacio, also a Franciscan friar. But the dates of these latter translations have not been ascertained."—p. 120.

From Mr. Horne's own evidence, therefore, it appears, that the Reformation, however it may have contributed to the circu-

lation of the Scripture, was not at least the first cause of its translation, in any of the above-named countries. But, if the matter rested upon this evidence, it would still be difficult to dissent from the inference with which he has connected it. We will not say that it is unfair, because nothing positively false is advanced: but we must say, that it is at least extremely imperfect. Set down by itself—unaccompanied by any commentary—it might have been allowed to pass without censure, although scarcely without notice. The student would then have perfect liberty to form his own conjecture, as to the cause of the apparent paucity of Editions, previous to the Reformation; and, unless his prejudices led him to the same conclusion which Mr. Horne has drawn, he might attribute it to some less offensive cause—to the imperfect state of the art of printing, or, the difficulty or expense with which it was necessarily attended. But as the case is, no man can stop short at this conjecture. The mind is irresistibly impelled to join the author in attributing it to the only cause to which it appears possible that it could be traced; and a statement, in itself objectionable, only because it is imperfect, becomes, for that very reason, a most dangerous instrument of misrepresentation. We shall not, therefore, offer any apology, for dragging the reader through a tedious catalogue of names and dates. Should he possess patience enough to carry him through our brief historical review of the versions of Scripture into the several languages of Europe—a notice necessarily curtailed in many interesting particulars—we would refer him for a full and satisfactory account to one of the most learned and laborious compilations in existence—the *Bibliotheca Sacra* of Le Long. Mr. Horne calls the edition of Paris 1723, to which we refer, “the best edition of a most laborious work.”

ITALIAN VERSIONS.—There is no country in Europe, with the single exception perhaps of Spain, into which the doctrines of the Reformation have been so “partially introduced,” as Italy. Judging of it, therefore, by the statement of the author, we cannot expect to find the Scriptures in its vernacular language, or at least in circulation, until after it was found necessary “to yield to the spirit of the times;” and, even then, only “in a limited degree.” Unluckily, in this instance, the fact gives a death-blow to the theory. The earliest Italian version appears to be that, which is mentioned by Sixtus Senensis, as the work of a Dominican, named Jacobus a Voragine, afterwards appointed Archbishop of Genoa*. *Utriusque Instrumenti volumina divina, primus omni-*

* *Biblioth. Sacra. Sixti Senensis. Tom. i. p. 397.* This statement has been called in question. But there is no reason to doubt it. The argument recited by Le Long is founded on a mistaken date in Senensis. It is 1290, not 1270, and it is not

um, in *Italicam linguam, summa fide ac diligentia, transfudit*. He lived under the Emperor Adolph, who was elected in 1292. But the translation most important for our present purpose, is that of Nicholas Malermi, a Camaldolese Monk, which was printed at Venice, 1471, and in the same year, at Rome, with considerable alterations. It was reprinted at Venice, in 1477, both in folio and 4to; and, before the year 1525—before Luther had made much progress in his translation—it had passed through no less than thirteen editions.* Some of these have become very rare; and, as specimens of typography, they are all very interesting. They were all issued *with the leave of the Inquisition*; as were also eight new editions, which appeared before the year 1567.

The version of Malermi, which was from the Vulgate, was followed, in 1532, by one which professed to be from the original text; but, in reality, was merely a transcript of Pagnini's Latin version. The author was Ant. Bruccioli. In the space of twenty years it passed through ten editions, several of which—all very inaccurate—having been formally condemned, a revision was undertaken by Santes Marmochini; but it grew under his hand into a new version, which was published at Venice in 1538, and again in 1546 and 1547. But the most finished and accurate among the Catholic translations was executed, with the sanction of Pius the sixth, by Ant. Martini, Archbishop of Florence. The New Testament was published in 1769, and the old, in 1779. Since that time, both have been very frequently reprinted.

Here, in Catholic Italy—Italy, so little favoured in the doctrines of the Reformation—Italy, the very hot-bed of Popery—we find not less than thirty distinct editions of the Italian Bible, in a period of about seventy years. Might this not satisfy all the pious cares of the most sanctified Biblical coterie in the kingdom?

SPANISH VERSIONS. The history of the Spanish versions, though they are not by any means so numerous as those of Italy, or indeed of any other Catholic country of the same political importance, will at least shew, that, to whatever cause this circumstance

said, as he supposes, that he wrote his translation in that year, but that he flourished (floruit) at that time. His translation is mentioned by many other authors.

* We subjoin a list of the editions referred to. (1.) *Vindelinus de Spina; Venetii, 1471.* (2.) *Kalendis Octobris, 1471.* Without place, or printer's name, but supposed to be at Rome. It differs very considerably, particularly in the Old Testament, from the version of Malermi. (3.) *Johannes de Rubais, Pinarolii, 1475.* (4.) *Ant. Bonohiensis, Venetii, 1477.* (5.) *Gabriel de Piero, Ibid. 1477.* (6.) *Octavianus Scotus. Ibid. 1481.* (7.) *Andreas de Catharo, Ibid. 1484.* (8.) *Joh. Rosso, Ibid. 1494.* (9.) *Barth. Zanni, Ibid. 1502.* (10) *From the same press, 1507.* (11) *Lazar. Zoardi and Bernard de Benaliis, Ibid. 1517.* (12) *Eliz. Rusconi, Ibid. 1525.* (13) An edition without name or date, but certainly before this period.—Le Long. Tom. i. p. 354-5.

may be ascribed, at all events the principles, which directed the publication of the Scriptures in that country, were not under the influence of the Reformation. The historian Mariana mentions, that, during the reign of Alfonso the Wise, the Bible was, by his direction, translated into Castilian.* Among the productions of the celebrated poet Luis de Leon, there is not perhaps one more admired than his translation of the book of Job.† The stately solemnity of the Spanish language accords admirably with the sublime original; and the imagination of the poet, naturally vivid and perhaps extravagant, was chastened by the strong feeling of piety, which we trace, even in the lightest productions, particularly of his later days. He was not so fortunate in his translation, or rather commentary, on the Canticle. Some of his opinions were considered extravagant and irreligious. He was accused of heresy—deprived of the chair of theology, which he held at Salamanca, and committed to prison. He was at length declared innocent, and restored to all his former honours; but he never resumed the work of translation. About the year 1405, the whole Bible was given in the Valencian dialect, by Bonifacio Ferrier, a native of the city of that name. His brother St. Vincent Ferrier, is supposed by some to have been the author; and it is at least certain that he assisted in its preparation.‡ It was printed, *with the formal sanction of the Inquisitors*, at Valencia in the year 1478: and appears to have been reprinted about 1515. In 1512, the Epistles and Gospels were translated by Ambrosio de Montesina. The volume was published a second time at Antwerp, in 1544; at Barcelona, in 1601 and 1608, and at Madrid in 1608 and 1615. With the exception of some translations of the Psalms, Proverbs and other detached books, there was no new Catholic version, until, in 1794, Don Felipe Scio de San Miguel published, at Madrid, a complete translation of the Bible, conformable to the Vulgate, plain and accurate, though simple and unpretending in its style; his version is more admired, even by the Protestants, than any other in the Spanish language. It has been selected by Mr. Bagster, as the Spanish version of his modern Polyglott Bible.

GERMAN VERSIONS. The language of Germany has undergone less of change, particularly that which arises from foreign admixture, than any other in Europe. Indeed, the scrupulous care with which, until lately, all words of foreign extraction were

* Con el mismo intento, hizo que los sagrados libros de la Biblia se traduxessen en lengua Castellana.—Mariana Hist. d'España. Lib. 14. c. 7. Tom. i. p. 506.

† History of Spanish literature, by Bouterwek, who speaks however of a translation not of Job, but of the Psalms, p. 253.

‡ Preface to Valera's Spanish Bible. Amsterdam, 1602.

excluded, gave it, in the eyes of a stranger at least, a quaint, if not a ludicrous, appearance: and although it has suffered all those gradual variations, to which every living tongue is necessarily subject, it does not appear to have encountered any of those sudden shocks, which, in the first instance, unsettle, and ultimately revolutionize, a language. Hence, from the very earliest times, its character may be looked upon as decided, free from that fluctuating tendency, which, for several centuries, was common to all the other languages of Europe. In the middle of the fourth century, Ulphilas, a Bishop of the Mæso-Goths, who inhabited the district now called Wallachia, translated the Bible into the dialect of that province, a branch of the parent Gothic, from which the modern German has sprung.* It is said, that he abstained from translating the Books of Kings, lest he should inflame the martial ardour of his people, who had as yet imbibed but little of the mild spirit of Christianity. Another version into the Teutonic of his own age was made by order of Charlemagne; and a rhythmical paraphrase of the Gospels, under the direction of the first Emperor Louis. As the dialect continued to advance, new versions were executed from time to time; and in the numerous manuscripts of the Bible, or portions of it, with which the libraries of Germany abound, may be traced almost a consecutive history of her language.

In the country in which the art of printing was invented, it was natural that it should be applied early to the publication of the Bible. "In the year 1466, a German translation from the Latin Vulgate was printed, the author of which is unknown." In the Senatorial Library at Leipsic, two copies are preserved, neither of which has any printed date of publication. But, in one, the illuminated capitals are added by the hand, as was usual in the early specimens of printing. In the same hand is appended the date, 1467. *Before the publication of Luther's translation in 1534*, this Bible, besides these Editions, was republished, with improvements, at least *sixteen times*; once at Strasburg; five times at Nuremberg, and ten times at Augsburg.† In some instances the corrections are but verbal, but, in many others, it would be more correct to call them separate versions, than distinct editions of the same version. To the edition of Augsburg 1477, is appended the assurance, that it is superior to all the

* For an account of this version, and the curious fragment of it which has been preserved, the Codex Argenteus—see the second volume of the "Introduction," p. 240-5.

† The following are the dates: *Strasburg*, 1485. *Nuremberg*, 1477, 1480, 1483, 1490, 1518. *Augsburg*, 1477, 1480, 1483, 1487, 1490, 1494, 1507, 1510, 1518, 1524. —Le Long. t. i. p. 277-97.

German Bibles hitherto printed; and a subsequent edition, (printed by Ant. Koburger, Nuremburg, 1483) ornamented with wood-cuts, and containing the headings of the books and chapters, advances its title to that character, with still greater confidence.

Is it not extraordinary that Mr. Horne does not advert to a single one of these editions? Did he really imagine, that, in the two lines which we have extracted, he had given a fair account of the Catholic versions previous to Luther? Can it be possible that he knew not, or did not believe, their existence? The supposition is a charitable one: but a very hurried glance at Le Long, to whom he refers, would have set him right upon the subject. For ourselves, we could scarce expect even in these days of biblical enlightenment, greater activity in the publication of the Bible. When we cast our eye over this long list of editions, we can almost fancy it the "Report" of some "Foreign Bible Society:" and, while we read the pompous manifesto of old Anthony Koburger, we can hardly persuade ourselves, that it is not the card of some "Bookseller to the Home Mission," or the "Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews."

In the year 1534, a new translation from the Vulgate by John Dietsberg was published at Mentz, under the auspices of Albert, Archbishop and Elector of that city. Rude and unpolished in its style,—filled with the idiomatic expressions of the author's native province—it was valued, notwithstanding, by the Catholics, on account of its fidelity—perhaps also, from the contrast with Luther's version, against which they had conceived the most violent prejudices. Within a hundred years from the date of its publication, we can trace upwards of twenty impressions—four at Mentz, and at least seventeen at Cologne. In 1537, a new German Bible made its appearance—the New Testament translated by the well known John Emser—the Old, according to Le Long, by John Eckius (or Ecken), though Moreri is of opinion that Emser was the author of both. It was reprinted several times: and, in 1630, was followed by a new version, executed by Gaspar Ulenberg, and dedicated to Ferdinand, Archbishop and Elector of Cologne.

Within the last forty years, several new translations have appeared in Germany. Some of them, particularly those of Schwarzel and Brentano, have been received with great favour, even by the Protestant party in that country.*

* During this year, has been published at Munich, the sixth volume of a new Catholic German version, by Joseph Francis Allioli, D.D. professor of Scripture and the oriental languages at the Royal University of that city. It contains a general preface by Gregory Thomas Von Ziegler, Bishop of Lintz, and is accompanied by ex-

FRENCH VERSIONS.—Mr. Horne is mistaken in supposing, that “the earliest attempt towards translating the Scriptures into French was made by Jean de Vignay, who, in the early part of the fourteenth century, translated the Epistles and Gospels contained in the Romish Missal.” There is a version of the books of Kings and Maccabees, confessedly of much higher antiquity—referred by Le Long to the eleventh century, a supposition fully confirmed by a comparison with the few relics of the French language of that period. Several MSS. of the Psalms are preserved, which Wharton places as early as the twelfth century; and a catalogue of the Library collected by Charles the fifth of France, written in the year 1373, contains a notice of a volume comprising the books of Proverbs, Psalms, Wisdom, Ecclesiastes, Ecclesiasticus, Isaias, and eighteen chapters of Jeremiah. It is extraordinary, that he did not at least recollect the passage from Hallam, which he quoted, (p. 56) and in which it is stated, in express terms, that “in the eleventh or twelfth century, we find translations of the Psalms, Job, Kings, and the Maccabees, into French.”

In the earlier editions of the “Introduction,” Guiars des Moulins, a canon of St. Pierre d’Aire, was set down as the first French translator of the Bible. But in a note, (p. 92) we are now informed, “that this opinion is common, but erroneous,” since he merely translated the “*Historia Scholastica* of Peter Comestor, a popular abstract of Sacred History.” In what sense the character “a popular abstract of sacred history” is used, we cannot of course undertake to determine. If it means an abstract or abridgment of the Scriptures, we will not quarrel with its use. But we are at a loss to see, how, in its ordinary acceptance, it applies to a work, which comprises not merely the historical books—those of Moses, Joshua, Kings, and the Gospels—but also, those which are purely doctrinal; the Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Wisdom, and, in a word, all the moral books, whether of the Old or New Testament. The “*Bible Historyale*” of Des Moulins contains them all; and, although the text is frequently interspersed with the translator’s commentary—sometimes not easily distinguished—and in many instances considerably abridged, yet, upon the whole, it contains, and generally without much verbal alteration, at least of a serious character, almost all that is of real importance, certainly far more than those who

planatory notes, on the plan of Martini’s Italian Bible, as the author tells us, “partly from the Scripture, as far as it explains itself, partly from the Holy Fathers and the decrees of councils.” (Pref. xxxii.) He “submits the entire to the judgment of the Holy Roman Church, to which it belongs to decide upon the true interpretation of the Scriptures.” (Pref. xxxvii.)

wished to "close the avenues of Scriptural enquiry," would be willing to disseminate.

The date of its earliest publication cannot be precisely determined. Archbishop Usher conjectures, that it may have been about 1478, about which time also it was published in a small 4to. size, like that to which Usher refers, without any date attached. In 1487, a new edition, corrected and enlarged by John de Rely, afterwards Bishop of Angiers, was published under the auspices of Charles the Eighth, to whom it is inscribed: and before 1546, it passed through *sixteen* impressions, four at Lyons, and twelve at Paris. In 1512, Jacques le Fevre undertook a new translation. Its history has been already given. As a whole it discovers very considerable learning; but, in many individual instances, the interpretations are arbitrary and injudicious. A revised edition was given by the Divines of Louvaine, in the year 1550, which obtained more extensive circulation than any other among the French Catholic versions. Before the year 1700 it was printed twelve times at Rotterdam, twice at Antwerp, twelve times at Lyons, and thirteen at Paris.

The edition of Bourdeaux, 1686, has been severely censured, for accommodating the translation of some passages to the peculiar tenets of the Church of Rome. Although we are satisfied that in some of the obnoxious passages, the meaning is radically correct, and may even perhaps be fairly deduced from the text, we concur, notwithstanding, in the condemnation, in its fullest extent—the more so, that the attempt was perfectly gratuitous. It is not for the translator to go beyond the words of Scripture as he finds them. If he wish to explain, let him have recourse to the legitimate vehicle of explanation—a note. But, as a translator, he is bound to lay before his reader the plain text of Scripture, not his own deductions, however clear and consecutive they may appear to himself.

For our present purpose it is unnecessary to carry this inquiry farther. It will be sufficient barely to mention the versions of Isaac Le Maistre, more commonly called De Sacy: of Corbin, Amelotte, Maralles, Godeau, and Hurè.

ENGLISH VERSIONS.—It is very difficult to determine with certainty the author, or the date, of the first English version of the Scriptures. Archbishop Usher assigns it to the year 1290; and there certainly was one, previous to the translation from the Vulgate, by the celebrated Wicliffe in the fourteenth century. Mr. Horne throws some discredit on the fact of Trevisa's having given an English translation. But his opinion seems destitute of any solid argument: and certainly, the circumstance of its never having been printed—the only confirmation which he advances,

is bad evidence that it never was made. Wharton seems to imagine, that it was the earliest in the language—Usher mentions it as quite certain—Anthony Wood could not have used more expressive language. *Biblia sacra in linguam vernaculam injussus transfudit.** Those, who are at all acquainted with the condition of the Catholic party in England, will not be surprised that the publication of the Bible, for the use of the English Catholics, was late, when compared with the other countries of Europe. In 1582, the New Testament, translated by William, afterwards Cardinal Allen, Gregory Martin, and Richard Bristow, all of the College of Rheims, was published in that city. It was reprinted at Antwerp, in the year 1600; and the whole Bible was published, after the College was restored at Douay, in 1609, 1610. It was afterwards revised by the Right Rev. Doctor Challoner. In the year 1750, an edition, in which the phraseology was modernized, the notes abridged, and in some instances considerably altered, was published in London, under his inspection. This is the Douay Bible now current among the Catholics of these countries. It has been printed very frequently, not only at home, but also in New York, Philadelphia, and many other of the States of North America.

FLEMISH VERSIONS.—From a fragment of a manuscript Bible, written at Worcester in 1210, we are told by Usher, that the Bible had been translated into Flemish before that time, by “one named Jacobus Merland.” The number of Manuscripts does not seem to be considerable; the Bodleian Library has one of the date 1472. But, when the use of printing was introduced, they displayed considerable activity in the publication of the Bible. It was first printed at Cologne, in 1475, and, without any extraordinary research, we can discover seven new editions, before the appearance of the German translation. Two, entirely distinct, were published at Delft, in 1477—the one in folio, the other in 4to; a third, at Goude, in 1479: a fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh, at Antwerp, 1515, 1525, 1526, 1528. The edition last named, the most correct which had hitherto appeared, was reprinted eight times in the space of 17 years,† and in 1548 was published at Louvaine, with additional corrections at the hands of Nicholas Van Wigh. The New Testament, translated by Cornelius Hendricks, was published separately at Delft in 1524. Within thirty years, there seem to have been at least ten editions of it at Antwerp alone; and in the following century, there were several new versions of the entire Bible, as those of De Witt, Laemput, Schurr, and others.

* We quote from the Latin translation. Antiq. Oxonienses, Lib. ii. p. 95.

† The dates will be found in Le Long, Tom. i. p. 409-10.

To bring this detail to a close, we shall barely glance at the few remaining countries.

A translation of the Scriptures into Polish was made by order of St. Hedwige, wife of the famous Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania,* who, upon his marriage with her, was chosen king, under the name of Ladislaus the Fourth. During the same reign, (the close of the fourteenth century) there seems to have been a second version, by And. Jassowitz. But we do not find that the Bible was printed in Poland for several years after the rise of the Reformation. And yet this fact furnishes no confirmation of Mr. Horne's theory. For here the Catholic party, though late, still were earlier than the followers of the Reform, and, of course, could not, as he would insinuate, have been influenced by their example. It was printed, for the first time, at Cracow, in 1561, and again in 1577, 1599, and 1619, *with the approbation of the reigning Pontiffs*; and, in the next century, there were two new versions, by Hieronymus Leopolitanus, (Lemberg) in 1608, and Justus Rabi, in 1657.

John Hus, in one of his controversial tracts, (Replica ad Johan. Stokes) makes a direct allusion to the New Testament in Bohemian. The entire Bible in that language was published at Prague, in 1488: afterwards at Cutna, in 1498, and at Venice in 1506, and 1511.† A new Portuguese version by Antonio Pereira was printed at Lisbon, in 1781-83. As early, however, as the reign of John the first, "the Father of his country," the historian Emanuel Sousa tells us, that the New Testament had been translated into that language. A Slavonic version of a great portion of the Bible was printed at Cracow, in the beginning of the sixteenth century; in the fourteenth it was translated into Swedish, by order of St. Brigitte, Queen of Sweden: and, even in the rude dialect of Iceland, the astronomer, Jonas Arnagrimus, one of the most distinguished among the disciples of Tycho Brahe, speaks of a version in existence at the early date, 1279. Several editions of the Syriac and Arabic Bible were printed at Rome, Venice, and Vienna, for the use of the Christian Churches of the East. A translation into Ethopic was published at Rome 1548, and some most exquisite editions of the Armenian Bible have issued from the press of the Armenian Monks, at San Lazaro, one of the Venetian Islands. An account has been given already of the versions into the languages of South America.

The evidence which we have collected here, principally from sources to which Mr. Horne himself refers, would lead us to a

* Kortholtus de variis S.S. Edit. Apud Le Long, tom. i. p. 439.

† See Dr. Wiseman's note to the Earl of Shrewsbury's letter to Lord Bexley, page 89, and following.

conclusion very different from that which he has drawn. We discover here no desire "to take away the key of Scriptural Knowledge,"—none of that gradual and constrained submission to a necessity, which the growing "spirit of the times" had induced—that ungracious yielding, where it was "no longer possible to withhold." Far from it, when all the circumstances are fairly considered, it may rather be matter of surprise, that so much should have been effected. Early manuscripts—early, when compared with the application of the language to serious writing, are found in every country; and, generally speaking, as soon as the art of printing was introduced, it was eagerly applied to the same purpose. Though invented several years before, it was very little used until about 1462, and, even then, its application to general purposes was very limited. The German version of Luther, the earliest among the reformed, was completed in 1534. During this short interval—though the art was still in its infancy, though the difficulty and expense of each impression was enormous, compared with the present day—yet, in a period of about seventy years, nearly as many editions of the Bible were produced in the several countries of Europe—Italy 14; Germany 16; France—Des Moulins, 17; Le Fevre 2; Holland, entire Bible, 9; New Testament separate, 6; Spain 2; Bohemia 4.

We have dwelt thus long, on a subject, which many perhaps will deem uninteresting, because it is one, on which the public has been long and studiously misled. The notices of Mr. Horne, considered in themselves, cannot properly be called unfair. It is only in connexion with his illiberal and mistaken commentary, that we look upon them as liable to censure. When he advanced such an opinion—injurious as it is to the Catholic Religion—he should, in common justice, in laying before the public the evidence upon which it is founded, have taken care to afford them the same means of judging which he himself possessed.

Μοιραν πασι νεμειν' ἰσότης δ' ἐν πασιν ἁρίστη.*

The plan of his work, it is true, does not require a special enumeration of the editions in each language. But if it did not interfere with its design to state, that the Bible of Geneva "passed through very numerous editions," that Luther's "was printed times without number," &c. surely he might have bestowed one or two such passing words on the Catholic versions of Italy, or Germany, in order to correct the erroneous impressions which his own representation cannot fail to produce. His account of the versions in the languages of Asia, Africa, and America, in general, is very curious and interesting. But we have delayed so

* Phocylides, Νῆθετικόν. v. 130.

long, in justice to our own feelings, on the subject which has just been dismissed, that we cannot possibly find room for an extract. We must complain, that, in some cases, his notices upon the works of Biblical criticism, which are comprised in his list, have taken a tinge from his private prejudices and feelings. But although we are far from agreeing with him in many of his opinions, it would be impossible within the limits of a paper like the present to do justice either to his views or our own. Lest, however, we should seem to coincide in the flippant and inconsiderate praise, which he lavishes upon his favourite Protestant translators of the Bible, we shall follow him through a few, beginning, as of course does Mr. Horne, with the great Reformer of the North.

"Scarcely, however, had the Reformation commenced, when Luther meditated a new version of the Scripture, for the general use of his countrymen. His first publication comprised the seven penitential psalms, from the Latin of John Reuchlin. These appeared in 1517, and were followed by the New Testament in 1522, by the Pentateuch in 1523, by the Book of Joshua, and the remaining historical books in 1524; in which year also appeared the books of Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and the Song of Songs. In 1526, were published the Prophecies of Jonah and Habakkuk—in 1528, those of Zechariah and Isaiah—in 1529, the apocryphal Book of Wisdom—in 1530, the Book of Daniel, together with the remaining apocryphal Books,—and in 1531 and 1532, the rest of the prophetic books. All these portions of Luther's translations are of extreme rarity. In the revision of it he received very important assistance from the learned and candid Philip Melancthon, who also corresponded with eminent men, on various topics of Biblical criticism, in order to render the translation as correct as possible. Further to ensure its accuracy, a select party of learned men assembled daily with Luther at Wittenberg, to revise every sentence which he had translated from the Hebrew and Greek. Melancthon collated the Greek original; Cruciger the Chaldee, and other professors the Rabbinical writings. Justus Jonas, John Bugenhagen, and Matthew Aurogallus, also contributed their aid. The whole Bible, thus revised, was first published in 1530, and again in 1534, 1541, and 1551."

There must be a mistake here. We are first told, that the larger portion of the Prophets was not completed until the year 1531 and 32. How, therefore, could the whole Bible, "thus revised," have been printed in 1530? Le Long* cites the words of Posseltus, who has written at length upon this subject, to the effect that in 1530, a German version was published at Strasburgh, under the name of Luther: but that the books in question were not translated by Luther, but taken from some other

* Tom i. p. 384.

version, probably that of Hetzer. Perhaps it is to this edition that Mr. Horne alludes.

"Luther made his version directly from the original Hebrew and Greek; and not one of his numerous enemies durst charge him with ignorance of these languages. His translation is represented, as being uncommonly clear and accurate, and its style, in a high degree pure and elegant."

In the concluding clause of this panegyric all are agreed. The style of Luther's version is indeed remarkable for its elegance and perspicuity, which it would be difficult to characterize more fully, than in the words of Melancthon, "*vice commentarii posset esse ipsa Germanica lectio.*" It may be considered a strange singularity in our taste, that the very quality which is so often the theme of exaggerated praise, should appear to us one of the principal defects—or rather sources of defect—in the translation. There never can be a doubt as to his meaning—clear and concise, and at the same time, strong and expressive, every clause has its own force, every sentence is its own commentary. In original writing, nothing could be better. But where the object should be, not merely to make oneself understood, but to express fully the sense of an original, frequently obscure, it is far from being the only qualification. When a passage happens to present a doubtful appearance, and is susceptible of a variety of interpretations, it can hardly be said, that it is fairly translated, when one of those meanings is excluded in the version, no matter with what elegance or perspicuity the other may be expressed: and there is no one who will not perceive the danger to which this course is exposed, when a translator enters upon it, full of prejudice, and prepossessed in favour of peculiar opinions.

We do not know what meaning Mr. Horne attaches to the word, when he says, that not even the *enemies* of Luther durst charge him with ignorance of the Greek and Hebrew languages; nor do we conceive, that, in considering the merit of a work, it is a matter of much moment whether the author err from ignorance or malice. But we do know, that the charge of ignorance has been made—and not very unfrequently; and that while numbers have been found to accuse Luther of wilful mis-translation, even his warmest admirers will find it very difficult, in some individual instances, to defend him from the charge of inaccuracy, whatever may have been its cause. No person, who knows the feelings which Luther and Zuingli cherished for each other, will be surprised to find Zuingli charging him with "changing and rechanging the word of God;" nor could it perhaps be expected that he should escape the censure of that unsparing and inexorable critic, Simon. But it is more remarkable that Sebastian Munster did not hesitate to accuse the all-powerful

Reformer; and it speaks badly for the accuracy of his version that the Dutch Bible, translated from his German, was formally condemned by a decree of the synod of Dort,* by which it was also enacted, that a new version from the original should be undertaken in its stead. These, however, are but general assertions, and cannot have much weight in influencing individual opinion. We prefer producing a few specimens from Luther's own work, that each may compare them with the original, and form his own judgment accordingly. We choose them from the New Testament, the original of which is more generally understood.

In the first Epistle to the Corinthians, chapter 9, v. 5, we read† “Have we not power to lead about a woman, a sister, as well as the rest of the Apostles, and the brethren of the Lord, and Cephas?”—

This is a verbal translation of the Greek text.

Μη οὐκ ἔχομεν ἑξουσίαν ἀδελφὴν γυναῖκα περιάγειν; ὥς καὶ οἱ λοιποὶ ἀποστόλοι καὶ οἱ ἀδελφοὶ τοῦ Κυρίου καὶ Κηφᾶς;

The word *γυνή*, as every one knows, sometimes means “woman” in general; sometimes is restricted to the signification “wife.” Its meaning, therefore, must be determined by circumstances; but here it is sufficiently evident. St. Paul asks the question obviously in reference both to Barnabas and himself. He has commenced the chapter in the singular number, and he resumes it in the thirteenth verse. If there could be a doubt, as to the force of the plural here, it would be removed by the following verse, in which, the “have *we* not power” is resolved by the unequivocal words, “*Barnabas and I alone* have we not power?” Speaking there of *two husbands*, surely he would have introduced two wives also; and does it not follow, for a contrary reason, that when he spoke not of two, but one, *γυναῖκα*, he means not a wife, but an attendant matron, who was to provide for the necessities both of the Apostle and his companion? From this single observation — but still more from the general tone of the argument, by which the Apostle enforces this right, it appears to us all but evident, that the meaning of *γυνή* cannot be “wife.” There is nobody, at least, who will not acknowledge that it is extremely doubtful. The authorised version, notwithstanding, following in the steps of Beza, has rendered it, “a sister a wife.” But this was not enough for Luther. Doubtless, he looked upon it as still obscure, and he relieves his readers from all uncertainty, by rendering it

“Haben wir nicht Macht eine Schwester zum Weibe mit umher zu führen, wie die andern Apostel, und des Herrn Brüder, und Kephas?”—

Weibe by itself was not sufficiently defined. He settles the point, by adding *zum Weibe* "for a wife," or "as a wife."

"Have we not power to lead about a sister as a wife like the other Apostles," &c. Fortunately the state of life from which he chose his own helpmate rendered any further change in the text unnecessary. The character, *Schwester-weibe*, without the smallest alteration, is perfectly applicable to the professed nun, sister Catherine.

After such an instance as the preceding, we can appreciate the motive, from which he translated the following text, 1st Tim. iii. 12.

Διακονοι ἐστωσαν μιας γυναικος ἄνδρες, τέκνων καλως προϊσταμενοι και των ιδιων οίκων.

"Let the deacons be the husbands of one wife, who rule well their children and their own houses."—

The obvious tendency of this precept — one, which is also applied to the bishops—is, to exclude from the ministry those who had been twice married, and to make it a "*sine qua non*" that they should be "husbands of but one wife." Not that they should be married. It is not there the precept lies, but, that they should not have entered that state a second time. But Luther's version is more conformable to his own views.

"Die Diener, lass einen jeglichen seyn eines Weibes Mann, die ihren Kindern wohl vorstehen und ihren eigenen Häusern."—

"Let the deacons be (einen jeglichen) *each* the husband of one wife," &c.

Thus he changes a mere negative condition into a direct precept — the precept which he so often repeated, and which he illustrated so well in his own person.

In the verse immediately preceding, (11th) there is another instance of the dexterity with which he avails himself of the words of Scripture to bear out a favourite point. It is a small matter, but a straw will point the direction of the current. St. Paul had been giving instructions as to the qualifications of the deacon. In the 11th verse he adds:

Γυνακας ὡσαντως σεμνας, μη διαβολας, νηφαλεους, πιστας ἐν παντι.

"The women in like manner chaste, not slanderers, but sober, faithful in all things."

This was a favourable opportunity; and, accordingly, he translates it,

"Desselbigen gleichen, ihre Weiber sollen ehrbar seyn, nicht Lästerrinnen, nüchtern, treu in allen Dingen."

"*Like themselves their wives shall be,*" &c.—(Ihre Weiber.)

Granting that St. Paul, conformably with the early discipline, might have given a precept, such as that which Luther translated, is that enough to warrant the translator in affixing to the words a meaning which they do not bear? Had he said *τας γυναικας αυτων*, or even *τας γυναικας*, there might have been some colour for the translation. But *γυναικας*, without the article, undefined and indeterminate, even granting that it might signify "wives," does not mean, nor should it be translated, "their wives."

But the most remarkable case of all is that, with which he has been so often charged: (*Romans* 3. 28.)

Λογιζομεθα ουν, πιστει δικαιοσθαι ανθρωπον χωρις εργαων νομου.

"For we account a man to be justified by faith without the works of the Law."

This text was the stronghold of his favourite doctrine—Justification by faith alone.* But it would appear, he did not look upon it as sufficiently strong, for he renders it

"So halten wir es nun, dass der Mensch gerecht werde, ohne des Gesetzes Werke, allein durch das Glauben."

"Hence we maintain that a man becomes righteous without the deeds of the law, through faith alone"—or, to follow the order of the German words "alone through faith."

The particle *allein* is utterly destitute of foundation in the text. In itself it is sufficiently unequivocal. But when it is recollected, that it was used by Luther in opposition to the clause, *ohne des Gesetzes Werke*; and as he himself professes, with the full knowledge that it is not found either in the Greek or Latin,† there cannot be the smallest doubt as to its tendency, and the intention of the translator scarcely admits of more.

In the sixth verse of the next chapter, there is an addition to the text, not less palpable, if it be less important.

Καθαπερ και Δαβιδ λεγει τον μακαρισμον τω ανθρωπω, ω' ο θεος λογιζεται δικαιοσυνην χωρις εργαων.

* For a most satisfactory account of Luther's doctrine upon this subject, and all its extraordinary consequences, extracted from his own works, see Möhler's *Symbolik*, oder *Darstellung*, u. s. w. Buch i. s. 16. p.p. 150-60.

† "Satis sciens vocabulum illud neque in Latino, neque in Græco textu extare. Si enim purè et perspicuè, et quidem Germanicè, loqui aliquis velit, eam addere debere. (See the entire matter in his apologist Seckendorf. Lib. I, Section 52, page 210.) The reason, which he himself assigns for his deviation from the original, is a remarkable confirmation of the character which we have given of his translation. His interpretation of this passage is intended to support the monstrous doctrine, *Homo Christianus, etiam volens, non potest perdere suam salutem, quantiscumque peccatis, nisi nolit credere. Nulla enim peccata possunt eum damnare, nisi sola incredulitas.* "A Christian, even though he wish it, cannot lose his salvation, by any sins, however enormous, unless he refuse to believe, for no sin, but want of faith, can cause his damnation." [*Luth. de Capt. Babyl. Tom. 2, page 234.*] See Möhler in the article referred to above.

"As David also termeth the blessedness of a man, to whom God reputeth justice without works."

Luther's translation is very different.

"Nach welcher weise auch David sagt, dass die Seligkeit sey allein des Menschen, welchem Gott zurechnet die Gerechtigkeit, ohne zuthun der Werke."

"As also David saith, that happiness is that man's *alone* to whom God reputeth justice without *performing* works."

For the restrictive adverb, or adjective *allein*, we are indebted to the translator here also. When it is said, that "a man is justified without works," the meaning, if we attend to the words merely, may be, that works have no share in procuring his justification. But even in this erroneous interpretation it does not immediately follow, that they are unnecessary. Hence, they may be required as a condition, although excluded as a cause. In order, therefore, to obviate the possibility of this interpretation, it became expedient, to add *ohne zuthun*—thus, not only excluding good works from all share in effecting our justification, but pronouncing them of no importance towards its attainment.

A few such examples—even if they were but a few—do not seem calculated to make a favourable impression with regard to his accuracy, to whatever cause we may be disposed to attribute the defect. The truth is, that from a man of such violent prejudices, as all his writings betray, it would be useless to hope for a translation without some colouring from the predominant views of the author; and the system of paraphrasing, rather than translating, which, as even his apologists allow he generally pursued, enabled him to adopt with more security, the meaning best suited to his own principles. On the whole, therefore, we think, that Mr. Horne acted wisely, in offering the observations with regard to Luther's accuracy on the "representation" of others, rather than on his own authority.

We pass without further preface, to the notice of Diodati's Italian version.

"A Protestant Italian version of the New Testament was published at Geneva, in 1561, and of the whole Bible in 1562, which is usually considered as a revision of Brucchioli's. But Walch asserts, that it is altogether a new translation. It has however been long superseded by the elegant and faithful version of Giovanni Diodati, published in 1607."—p. 94.

Born at Lucca in 1576, and educated probably for the Calvinist pulpit, Diodati appears to have become perfect master of his native language. His version of the Bible is written in a pure and elegant style, and, as such, is admired even by those who

differ from him in creed,* and perhaps acknowledge in it no other excellence. We have always been of opinion, that no translation of the Bible into any modern language can acquire the praise of elegance, without at least risking its claim to that of fidelity. The genius of the original languages differing *toto cælo* from the modern—the text, in many instances, corrupt or obscure, and not being relieved from either unless by the dangerous expedient of conjectural emendation, it is impossible to give a version the appearance of freedom or elegance, without taking a liberty with the text, which is always open, and naturally leads to abuse. The highest praise appears to be that of chaste, dignified simplicity, removed alike from carelessness and affectation. Beyond this limit Diodati aspired. And when we open his Bible, and see every page crowded with explanatory additions to the text, printed in Italics, we cannot help thinking it a limitation of the original, frequently unnecessary, and very often exposed to danger. Our meaning will be best illustrated by a few examples.—*Hebrews x. 10.*

Ἐν ᾧ θελήματι ἡγιασμένοι ἔσμεν διὰ τῆς προσφοράς τοῦ σώματος τοῦ Ἰησοῦ Χριστοῦ ἑαπαῖξ.

“In which will we are sanctified by the oblation of the body of Jesus Christ once.”

The Italian is

“E per questa volontà siamo santificati, noi che lo siamo per l'offerta del corpo di Gesu Christo *fatta una volta.*”

“And by this will we have been sanctified, we who have been, by the oblation of the body of Jesus Christ, *which was made once.*”

The sentence might not have been so *elegant* perhaps, had he translated it, “Per l'offerta del corpo di Gesu Christo una volta,” but no one will say, that it would not have been more *faithful*. There is a favourite, though feeble, argument against the sacrifice of the mass—an argument, in truth, founded in ignorance of the Catholic doctrine—drawn from the *one* oblation of Christ upon the cross. This is not the place to examine it. Calvin, Beza, and the other reformers used it freely and frequently; and this is one of the strongest texts on which it rests. The adverb *επαῖξ* in the original, naturally, and by the grammar rule, would qualify the verb *ἡγιασμενοι ἔσμεν*, and so it would have been with the adverbial phrase *una volta*, had the text been literally translated. What then would become of this famous argument? Perhaps it would in reality be little altered; but they all seem to

suppose that it would. Hence, it was necessary to take some means for the purpose of saving it. Luckily the never-failing *Italics* come to his assistance—he inserts *fatta*; and thus restricts to the oblation the adverb, which naturally applies to the sanctification.

There is another case, which is of more importance, and in which the corruption—we cannot use a milder term—pervading, as it does, almost all the Protestant versions, cannot be considered as other than intentional. We say “important,” because it tends to destroy free-will in the observance of celibacy—a virtue which it was the favourite object of the first Reformers to decry. In answer to a question from his apostles, relative to marriage and virginity, our Redeemer says, Matthew xix. 11.

‘Οὐ πάντες χωρεῖσι τὸν λόγον τούτον· ἀλλ’ ὡς δέδοται.

“All men take not this word, but they to whom it is given.”

The verb *χωρεω*, as indeed its etymology implies, naturally signifies to *make place* for, to contain, to receive, and sometimes to receive favourably. But the authorized version gives it another signification here: “All persons *cannot receive* this saying.” It is obvious enough, that, whatever be the idea conveyed by the the verb *χωρεσι*, it refers to the act, and not the power. But it is utterly impossible to hesitate, if we attend to its use, in the following verse, where our Redeemer intends directly to convey the power.

Ὁ δυναμενος χωρεῖν, χωρεῖτω. “He who can receive, let him receive.”

If *χωρεω* means to be able to receive, ὁ *χωρῶν* must mean “he who is able to receive.” And yet, our Redeemer, when he wishes to convey that meaning, thinks it necessary to use ὁ *δυναμενος χωρεῖν*. The authorized translators displayed great inconsistency when they rendered *χωρεῖτω*, “let him receive,” and not, as above, “let him be able to receive.” But the translation of Diodati is still more pointed.

“Non tutti sono capaci di questa cosa; ma sol coloro a cui è dato.”

“Not all are capable of *this thing*, but *only* those to whom it is given.”

Not literally, as one might expect, *di questa parola*, but, “di questa *cosa*,” thus determining it to the particular virtue in question. What is meant by the translation of ὁ *δυναμενος χωρεῖν*, “chi *puo* esser capace,” we confess ourselves unable to divine.

The reader acquainted with the controversies of those times, will be prepared to expect, that in the following passage (*Heb.* xi. 21) Diodati should adopt the translation of Beza.

Πιστεὶ Ἰακωβ, ἀποθνήσκων, ἕκαστον τῶν υἱῶν Ἰωσήφ ἐνύλογησε, καὶ προσεκυνήσεν ἐπὶ τὸ ἄκρον τῆς ράβδου αὐτοῦ.

“By faith, Jacob, dying, blessed each of the sons of Joseph, and adored the top of his rod.”

"Per fede Jacob, morendo, benedisse ciascuno dei figliuoli di Josef, ed adorò *appoggiato* sopra la sommità del suo bastone."

"By faith Jacob, dying, blessed each of the sons of Joseph, and adored, *leaning* on the top of his rod.

Without entering into a critical examination of this very disputed passage, we think it quite sufficient to say, that, whether its meaning be "bowed," or "made a reverence," "to," or "towards the top of his rod," (and the "*adorare*" of the Vulgate here means nothing more) as Luther, notwithstanding his horror of the Vulgate, translates it,—or, "adored God, turning towards the top of his rod;" it will, at all events, be difficult to shew that it can be translated "*leaning upon*." In that signification, the preposition *ἐπὶ*, is found with a genitive and dative case; but it will not be easy to produce an instance, in which, coupled with an accusative, it is clearly susceptible of that interpretation.*

And yet, with all its faults, there is not one among the reformed translations to be compared with that of Diodati; and if, where he has taken these liberties with the text, he had apprised his readers, through the medium of a judicious note, of the diversity of opinions, and the grounds on which he adopted his own, much of the objection against it would have been obviated. But the notes which he gave, now seldom reprinted, partake little of the critical character.

Great efforts have been made from time to time, by the zealous emissaries of our unwearied Bible Societies, to circulate this translation among the Catholic population of Italy. Editions have even been printed in England, without name or date, and sent out for distribution. We have ourselves seen copies as to which, in order that they might impose upon the simplicity of the people, the Italian style of "making up" had been studiously imitated. Those who are acquainted with the workings of these same societies among the Catholic peasantry of Ireland, can best conceive the means which were practised in Italy.

"The first Protestant French Bible was published by Robert Peter Olivetan, with the assistance of his relative, the illustrious Reformer, John Calvin, who corrected the Antwerp edition, wherever it differed from the Hebrew. It was printed at Neuchâtel, in 1535, in folio, and at Geneva, in 1540, in large 4to., with additional corrections by Calvin. Both these editions are of extreme rarity. Another edition appeared at the same place, in 1588, revised by the College of Pastors and Professors of the reformed Church at Geneva (Beza, Genlart, Jaquemot, Bertram, and others), who so greatly improved Olivetan's Bible, both in correctness and diction, that it henceforth obtained the name of the Genevan

* See Stephens's Thesaurus, *ἐπὶ*, and Vigerus de Idiotismis (Seager's) *in loco*, p. 236-7.

Bible, by which it is now generally known. It has gone through very numerous editions, the latest of which is that of Geneva, 1805, in folio, and also in three volumes 4to., revised by the College of Pastors at Geneva. This is confessedly the most *elegant* French version extant; but many Protestants have wished that it were a little more literal, and they continue to prefer David Martin's revision of the Genevan version of the French Bible (of which the New Testament was printed in 1696, at Utrecht, in 4to., and the entire Bible at Amsterdam, in 1707, in two folio volumes), or the revision of Jean Frederic Ostervald, the best edition of which is said to be that of Neufchatel, in 1772, in folio, with his arguments and reflections on the different books and chapters of the Bible. Ostervald's revised text (frequently, but erroneously, termed a version), has been several times reprinted."—pp. 91, 92.

Although, according to Mr. Horne's account, Ostervald's revision of the French bible is preferred, on the ground that it is more literal, to the Genevan revision of 1805, it does not, in our opinion, itself possess much claim to that character. Prepared in the same school, produced among the same prejudices with that of Diodati, it resembles his version in many particulars. The truth is that Diodati has followed closely the translation of Beza, who had the principal charge of the first correction of Olivetan's bible, of which Ostervald's is a later revision.

There is no greater mistake than to imagine, that the translation of the Scripture may be regulated by the same principles as that of a profane author. In the latter case it is quite allowable that the translator should adopt his own views—he alone is accountable. But where he is translating a standard of divine faith—particularly if he translate, as every Protestant does, for those who are to form their own religious creed, and whose principles do not permit them to rest upon his authority—he is strictly obliged never to give his own opinions instead of the original text; and where there is an ambiguous expression in the original, his version, to be consistent with his own principles, must either preserve the ambiguity, or, by apprising the reader of the true state of the case, enable him to form his own judgment in his own proper person.

The few observations already made on the versions of Luther and Diodati will show the inconveniences to which this false impression has led. All the passages which were cited from the latter are equally open to objection, as they occur in Ostervald. We shall merely advert to one other passage, taken from the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, c. ii. v. 10.

Οἱ δὲ τι χαρίζεσθε καὶ ἐγώ· καὶ γὰρ ἐγώ, ἔτι τι κεχαρισμαί, ᾧ κεχαρισμαί, δι' ὑμᾶς, ἐν προσώπῳ χριστοῦ.

The Douay version literally renders it,—

"And to whom you have pardoned anything, I also. For what I have pardoned, if I have pardoned anything, for your sakes have I done it, in the person of Christ."

The Catholic believes that sins are forgiven in the sacrament of Penance, by virtue of the authority which our Redeemer committed to its ministers. He believes that this is done, not by any human authority, neither the individual power of the priest, or the bishop, or the pope, but that of Christ himself, communicated to, and exercised by, the minister of the sacrament, as his representative, and, as it were, *in his person*. The doctrine is abundantly proved by many independent arguments; but this text is naturally regarded as affording a confirmation to a certain extent. The French translators deemed otherwise.

"Celui donc à qui vous pardonnez, je lui pardonne ainsi, car, pour moi, si j'ai pardonné, je l'ai fait pour l'amour de vous, en la presence de Christ."

"I have done it for the love of you, in the *presence* of Christ."

The phrase "in the presence of," in the Greek both of the Old and New Testaments, is generally expressed by *ἐναντίον, κατεναντίον, ἐνώπιον, κατενώπιον*. The substantive *προσωπον* is sometimes used, generally with the preposition *κατα* (Maccab. i. 3, 22; Acts iii. 14; Luke ii. 31; 2 Cor. x. ver. 1 & 7.) sometimes, though rarely, with the preposition *εἰς* (Job i. 7; ii. 5.) But it appears quite inconsistent with the use, no less than the etymology of the word *προσωπον*, to translate the phrase by *ἐν προσωπῳ*. Among the six examples which Stephens gives of the use of the word in this signification, it is not once found with *ἐν* or any analogous preposition, and there is not a single clear instance in the entire Scripture. It occurs in the fifth and fourth chapters of this Epistle. In neither place does Erasmus translate it as here—in the fifth (ver. 12.); it is clearly unsusceptible of this signification; and in the fourth, the effort of the French translators, by distorting the text, and indeed rendering it absolute nonsense, to cover their translation of it in the passage before us, has been most signally unsuccessful. It is worthy of remark, that here also Luther agrees with the Vulgate, translating it *an Christi statt*, "in the place of Christ."

Instead of continuing farther the examination of this version, we think it better to devote the small space which remains, to a few observations on another version, the origin of which, like that of the two former, may be traced to the school of Geneva—we mean the Romaic of Maximus Calliergi. The same spirit pervades them all; but it is more clearly developed in the Romaic; because the close similarity between the ancient and modern Greek, which, by the way, Mr. Horne very much underrates, unmasks more completely the prejudiced and partial

views, which might escape notice under cover of a language less nearly allied to the original. Mr Horne's notice of it is as follows :—

“The Romaic is a corruption of the ancient Greek; so great indeed, that, compared with the latter, it may be pronounced a new language. It is at present in general use, both for writing and speaking, the ancient Greek being used solely for ecclesiastical affairs. Into this language the New Testament was translated by Maximus Calliergi, and was printed at Geneva in 1638, in one large 4to. volume, in two columns; one contains the ancient, the other the modern Greek. It was published at the expense of the then United Provinces, at the solicitation of Cornelius Haga, their ambassador at Constantinople. The Greeks, however, did not receive it with much favour. This translation was reprinted at London in 1703 (in one vol. 12mo.) by Seraphin, a monk of Mitylene, who prefixed to it a preface, which gave offence to the Greek Bishops, particularly the Patriarch of Constantinople. By his order it was committed to the flames. The edition of 1703 (which, in consequence of this suppression, had become extremely rare) was reprinted in 1705, and in that edition the objectionable passages in Seraphin's preface were omitted. A more correct edition of it was printed at Halle, in Saxony, in 1710, in one volume, 12mo., under the patronage, and at the expense of Sophia Louisa, Queen of Prussia. From this last edition was printed the impression executed at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in one thick vol. 12mo., Chelsea, 1810 (the ancient and modern Greek being in parallel columns.) To this edition the Patriarch of Constantinople gave his unqualified approbation.”—pp. 97, 98.

Let us have a specimen of the Patriarch's judgment. That there may be a better opportunity of comparing, we begin with the passage which we have just noticed, as it occurs in the French text of Ostervald.—2 Cor. ii. 10.

Ὅτι δὲ τί χαρίζεσθε, καὶ ἐγὼ καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ, εἴ τι κεχάρισμαι, ὃ κεχάρισμαι, δι' ὑμᾶς ἐν προσώπῳ Χριστοῦ.

Καὶ ἐκεῖνι ὅπως ἔσεως συγχωρεῖτε τιποτες καὶ ἐγὼ (τῷ συγχωρῶ)· διότι ἐγὼ, ἐὰν ἐχαρίσα τιποτες, ἐκεῖνι ὅπως τι ἐχαρίσα, διὰ λογιῶντας τὸ ἐχαρίσα ἐνώπιον τοῦ Χριστοῦ.

“I have forgiven it for your sake, in the presence of Christ.”

The translation, it will be seen, is the same as Ostervald's—but it betrays the *animus* of the author much more clearly. In Romaic, the phrases εἰς τὸ πρόσωπον, and ἐνώπιον are synonymous. What, therefore, could have been more simple than to have rendered it here εἰς τὸ πρόσωπον, the very phrase which he commonly uses to express “in the presence of,” (Acts iii. 14; Luke ii. 31; Gal. ii. 11.) Oh! but this would also mean *in the person*; this would leave the translation, like the text, open to the Catholic interpretation. Surely it is an indication of any thing but good faith in the translator, thus to have left his way for the purpose

of misleading. With the same prejudices, he did not possess equal craft with the authors of the French Bible; and we are at a loss whether to wonder more at the prejudice which he manifests in this instance, or the blindness with which, in the fourth and fifth chapters of this same Epistle, he renders the self-same phrase *by the very words which he so studiously avoids here, εις το προσωπον.*

We can afford room only for one more.—Matt. xix.

‘Ο δε ειπεν αυτοις· ου παντες χωρησι τον λογον τωτον· αλλ’ ος ειδοται.

Και αυτος της ειπεν· ετατον τον λογον ολοι δεν ημπορουν να τον χωρουν· αλλα εκεινοι εις της υπομως εδοθη.

“All cannot receive this saying, but they to whom it was granted.”

Like all the other Calvinist translators, he renders the old Greek ου χωρησι, by δεν ημπορουν να χωρουν, “are not able to receive.” Will it be said in his defence, that the Romaic verb χωρειω has a different meaning from the same verb in the ancient Greek? Let himself answer in the following verse:

ο δυναμενος χωρειν χωρειτω ου ημπορει να χωρησθι ας χωρησθι.

where he twice considers them as synonymous words.

If the limits of this article permitted us to follow up the comparison, the common disposition of all these translators to accommodate the words of Scripture to their own principles would become still more apparent. In every instance, even down to the most contemptible of the quibbles of Beza, they all exhibit the same disposition.

And these are the translations, to circulate which, without note or comment, such unwearied exertions have been made. The opinion may startle some of our zealous Biblical friends, but we have ever held it as certain, that no Protestant, consistently with his principles, can read the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue without note or comment; nay, without the most copious notes, indicating, in all important passages, the various readings with the authority of each—the various translations, with the reasons for and against that which he finds before him. Without these precautions, he never can form his own judgment; without these, he is exposed to frequent and gross deception. Let any educated man compare with the original the passages which we have cited—and some of them are of considerable importance—we defy him to pronounce that they present—we do not say an accurate translation—but even a fair medium through which he could himself investigate the meaning. That such interpretations, limiting the sense as they do, should be advanced in the pulpit, or explained in the private lecture—that they should even be set down in the

version, with a due notice of the other interpretations which are possible, or at least have a degree of probability—this may be tolerated. Because there is the remedy—there they have no undue weight—we know their author, and the principles on which they are founded. But that they be given to the simple people, unnoticed and unexplained—mixed up with, and, as far as possible, assimilated to, the undoubted word of God: it is this we condemn; it is of this the thinking Protestant has a right to complain. It is the union of light and darkness—the admixture of doubt and certainty; it is the placing of the feet of clay under the statue of Nabuchadonosor's vision—the statue of gold, and silver, and iron, and brass, “and a stone hewn from the mountain without hands, struck the statue upon the feet thereof. Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold broken to pieces together; and they became like the chaff of a summer's thrashing floor, and were carried away by the wind, and there was no place found for them.”* No, he must examine for himself—at least he must have the means of examination in his own hands. Like the Queen of Saba he must refuse credit to those who tell him, “until he come and his own eyes have seen.” Happy, if, like her, he find, that “the report was true which he heard in his own country!”

We waive for the present the perplexing question, whether he be not bound on his own principles, to read the Scriptures in the original language.—We do not press upon his mind the harassing doubt as to the purity of the text, at the present day—a doubt which the critical researches of modern Rationalists, exercising the free principles of Protestantism, have increased for him to an alarming degree.—But we do say, that of the many inconsistencies which those principles have induced, there is scarce one so great—not one, certainly, which of latter years has been made so prominent, as the dissemination and the use of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, without any commentary annexed. The Protestant is thus compelled, in despite of himself, to take upon authority—the authority of a translator—the very foundation of all his faith. And if he find—as he must find, that he cannot make even the first step in religion, without the assistance of authority, will it not be more consistent, as well as more secure, to follow that authority—the authority of the Catholic Church—which, even considered on motives merely human, must ever, in the mind of a thinking man, rank far above all others—which unites the vigour of youth, with the majesty of age—which knows no change, and disregards, in conscious superiority, every effort that would seek its overthrow.

* Daniel ii. 32, 35.

- ART. V.—1. *Hella, and other Poems.* By Mrs. George Lenox-Conyngham, author of "The Dream." 8vo. London. 1836.
2. *The Visionary; a fragment, with other Poems.* By Lady E. S. Wortley. 8vo. London. 1836.
3. *The Birthday; a Poem in three parts: to which are added, Occasional Verses.* By Caroline Bowles, author of "Ellen Fitzarthur," &c. 12mo. London. 1836.
4. *The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems.* By Richard Chenevix Trench, Perpetual Curate of Curdridge Chapel, Hants. 12mo. London. 1835.
5. *Ion; a Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By Thomas Noon Talfourd. 8vo. London. 1836.

IF we might judge from the quantity of verse which the literary market still continues to produce from season to season, we should conclude that the general taste for poetry is quite as active as it ever had been at any former period of our literary annals. But we must take leave to say, that it is a taste very easily pleased. Few books wear a more attractive appearance than those fresh looking, elegantly printed, hot-pressed volumes, duly arranged in booksellers' windows, and usually containing one long metrical romance, with an appendix of sonnets, and occasional verses. It is not until we pass the ivory folder through the leaves, and familiarize ourselves with their contents, that we are enabled to appreciate all the value of external decoration. We too often find, beneath this show of beautiful binding and gilt-edged pages, a wonderful poverty of thought, and a most courageous contempt for the most ordinary rules of composition. The candidates for poetic fame seem to have altogether forgotten the art of blotting. They write with fine steel pens, upon enamelled paper, and they fancy that lines containing a certain number of syllables—eight is still the favourite number—commencing with capital letters, and terminating in rhyme, must of necessity be poetry. The album, in which they are preserved, is shown about among friends. The verses are praised, and adjudged to be fully as deserving of publication as Miss Landon's, or Miss Brown's, or any of the other maiden authoresses, who have of late become so multitudinous. The criticism may not be unjust. The standard with which they are compared is one not difficult to be reached—and forth goes the volume, claiming the indulgence of the public, a partial hand being already retained to trumpet it forth in some of the literary newspapers as a production of extraordinary merit.

We are of opinion, that, if all the verses which have seen the light since the publication of the last Canto of Childe Harold

were consigned to the furnace for refinement, and all the beauties of thought and expression which they contain were fused into one volume, it would not extend beyond one hundred pages. Even this is a generous allowance, although it has been calculated that the "poetry" issued since that period covers as much paper, as, if pasted together, would form a tolerably wide girdle for the planet on which we breathe.

The causes of this intrepid fertility of production are sufficiently obvious. The classic school of English poetry has been long superseded by a host of "annuals," the offspring of a new trade, which dealt in the sale of engravings of very moderate pretensions to excellence, illustrated by writers of the lowest order in literature, employed for that special purpose. The sketch to be explained, of course, suggested the thought which the manufacturer was to turn into verse. In this way millions of stanzas have been created, which otherwise would have had no existence. They found an introduction to our drawing-rooms and boudoirs by reason of the very splendid style in which the works containing them were finished; and they very naturally excited amongst those who happened to possess a facility for composition, an emulation of having *their* poetical bantlings decked out in similar "tinsel and brocade." The trading speculators were without difficulty prevailed upon to accept the gratuitous services of these bands of volunteers of both sexes. No model was looked to higher than the original publications of this class. Milton, Pope, and Dryden, Gray, and even Thomson, were considered as antiquated—at least they were neglected—and a slipshod style of writing became, and still continues, in consequence, so prevalent, that we almost despair of seeing the evil redressed within the age to which we belong.

A retrospective review of the compositions which have appeared under a poetical form, since the commencement of the present century, is a work much to be desired. We well remember having been ourselves among the idolators of quartos, the reciters of passages selected from new poems, which we cannot now read again without being astonished at the total want of good taste which we then displayed. In justice to ourselves, however, we must throw all the blame upon the critics of the time, who, whether from the spirit of political partizanship, or the habits of private friendship, or the influence of particular circles ruling the fashion of the hour, raised up more than one reputation to the height of greatness, which already totters to its fall. It might be deemed invidious, if not schismatical, in us, to mention names from which the gloss of fame has been brushed away by the mere lapse of years. Most persons can discover these "paling" stars

by a very little research. They have merely to go to the book-stalls, and examine for a moment some of those verses, which, when they first came out, were mouthed in every direction, but of which, even an *annualist* would now be ashamed.

For our parts, we entertain rather high notions of the office and dignity of poetry, although we are aware that a school exists which questions its utility. It is quite true that fields might be ploughed, and trees planted, and ships constructed, and power-looms invented, and steam be taught to work its prodigies, if Homer, and Dante, and Milton, had never seen the light. Nevertheless, we labour under a prejudice, perhaps an unfounded one, that it is difficult to think of the men whom we have just named, without looking upon them as beings of an order very much superior to the creatures who fill up the denser ranks of life. The knowledge that such men have been, the possibility that such men may be again, give us an exalted opinion of the human race. The magnet is supposed to obey some mysterious current, which, passing over all other objects with indifference, constantly directs that index to the pole. When we listen to the Chian bard, or to him who has sung of the battles of the heavenly hosts, might we not believe that the intellect is subject to some such analogous power—to some electric flow of thought, which, escaping from a purer sphere, touches a few favoured spirits, and impels them, for our guidance, towards that star which never sets, the type of that glory which is to know no decay? If poetry accomplished nothing more than this—if it be capable, as we think it is, of lending material assistance to religion in preparing man for nobler stages of existence, we should not hesitate to place it, in point of intellectual rank, above all the philosophy which the Benthamites and their disciples have yet attempted to force upon the public ear.

About what is, and what is not, true poetry, there can hardly ever be a controversy. It comes before us in a dialect peculiarly its own—a dialect, especially in the English language, remarkable for simplicity, tenderness, picturesque gracefulness, and energy that never fails—capable of sustaining thought in its flight through the loftiest regions of inspiration, and of arraying in bridal beauty even the most familiar conceptions. The doctrine is apocryphal which teaches, that, provided the idea be in itself poetical, the form of expression in which it is conveyed is a matter of secondary importance. Diction is as essential an ingredient in true poetry as fancy. We can only become acquainted with the idea of a writer through the medium which he employs to render it apparent. Our opinion of its worth depends almost entirely upon the terms in which it is presented to our notice. A member of par-

liament may be an excellent debater, without being an orator; for oratory has also its own dialect, when, in the natural course of emotion, it succeeds in producing an irresistible effect upon those who hear it. In like manner there have been myriads of good writers—aye, and of verse too—and even of tragic and epic compositions, who have no just claim to the title of poets. Their language may be very elaborate and intelligible: but, if it be destitute of that talismanic power which finds its way at once to the soul—if it be not in keeping with the thought, and in perfect unison with the chords which that thought has struck in the heart, it is no better than prose; no harmony of rhyme, no precision of measure, can convert it into poetry.

We fear that, with these somewhat unfashionable notions of what a strictly poetic composition ought to be, we shall not prove very acceptable critics to the authors of most of the works now upon our table. Of Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham we would wish to speak indulgently. She is the daughter, we believe the only child, of a gentleman, than whom the brilliant list of the Irish bar contains not one more respected by all parties—Mr. Holmes. She is the niece of the Emmets—those martyrs to the liberties of Ireland, whose memory is precious, and will be embalmed in the history of our country. The fervent aspirations of her genius have long overwhelmed her physical strength; and yet it is among the best consolations of her existence to be allowed to commit to verse the thoughts that are constantly pressing upon her for utterance. She appears to have charmed away from her couch many hours of suffering, by employing her mind in these compositions. It would be unfeeling to examine them too closely. They teem with beautiful visions, and give us occasionally glimpses of original thoughts which only require a more polished form of expression to entitle them to unqualified admiration. Under her circumstances the severe labour of revision was not to be expected. Should the assiduous and affectionate attentions of her family succeed in restoring her to health, it is to be hoped that she will look back upon some, at least, of these fine fragments of thought, and reconstruct them in a style more suitable to their character than that in which they now appear.

Of the longer poem, "Hella," we confess that we have not a favourable opinion. But among the verses by which it is accompanied, there are many well worth a greater degree of labour. The tale of the "Young Author," contains some excellent stanzas. That of the "Dumb Girl," exhibits also no common power of versification, and of feeling most sensitively alive to the inexhaustible charms of nature.

Her looks had language, and they could express,
 What words are poor to speak, the soul's deep sense
 Of intellectual life, and fathomless
 Resources and high powers, whose force intense
 They that have felt it not may never guess :
 Her lustrous eyes were fill'd with eloquence,—
 The eloquence of love that longs to bless
 All beings with a share of its own blessedness.

She noticed all,—the beast that treads the ground,
 The bird that skims the clouds ;—she could not hear
 The insect's hum, or river's murmuring sound,—
 The voice of nature thrilled not through her ear :
 But when she looked into her heart, she found
 Reflected there, as in a mirror clear,
 Nature's bright image ;—when she gazed around
 On Nature's works, she felt her faculties unbound.

Creation was her worship's temple. There,
 In things that breathe or bloom, she saw enshrined
 A token of their Maker : praise and prayer,
 We judged, were ever floating through her mind ;
 And she had signs acknowledging the care
 Of an Almighty : we could never find
 Whence she derived that consciousness, or where
 Its fountain lay ;—whether in earth, or sky, or air.

The peasants deemed her holy ; and they thought
 She held communion with some gentle race
 Of supernatural beings ; those who, taught
 By beauty's Spirit, leave their sportive trace
 Upon streaked flowers, when their tints seem caught
 From fitting sunbeams, or who bend in grace
 The flexile stalk ; or those by whom is wrought
 The rose's mossy couch, with richest odour fraught."—pp. 224, 5.

This last stanza appears to us remarkably beautiful ; it has all the essentials of poetry—melody and propriety of diction, and a fanciful conception, which renders the verse a kind of fairy picture.

" With winning gestures she would oft invite
 Her aged friend to some sequestered nook,
 Where they might sit together in delight,
 And in the landscape read, as in a book
 Of universal language. There, with bright,
 Inquiring, eager glances, she would look
 Into his face, demanding, if aright
 And fully he enjoyed the privilege of sight.

This lasted not,—for in the vale of years
 He long had journeyed ; and his changing health
 And wasted strength caused the first sorrowing tears
 The mute girl ever shed. She wept by stealth,
 That she might grieve him not. He had no fears
 At leaving her : he could not give her wealth ;
 But on life's verge earth's wealth as dross appears ;
 And well he knew she had the treasure which endears.”—p. 226.

Upon the death of her adopted father, the “Dumb Girl” is removed by some over-charitable folks, from the neighbours who would have taken care of her, to an institution where she was to be taught all manner of things.

“ She went to dwell within a city ;—she,
 Whose happiness had been through wood and glade
 To wander, hand in hand with Liberty,
 From morn's first blush, till even's deepening shade :
 Or, stretch'd at rest beneath some flowering tree,
 To watch the blossoms that with Zephyr played,
 Tossing their beauteous heads about in glee,
 And scattering precious fragrance forth exhaustlessly.

At first, they told us, like an untamed bird
 She pined and fretted ; but at length, they said,
 She grew resigned. That was a strange, cold word,
 And told her spirit's joyousness was fled.
 The thousand busy instincts that had stirred
 In her young buoyant breast were quieted :
 She noted not, as once, whate'er occurred :—
 No ! she appeared to see as little as she heard.

There is a sickness of the soul,—and Faith
 For those who sink beneath it can but pray ;
 There is a look, not ghastly, but which saith,
 That they who wear it soon shall pass away ;
 There is a gradual dropping into death,
 A waning of life's light, although decay
 Seems not to touch the body, while the breath,
 As gently as a morning vapour, vanisheth.

Such was her malady. Her eager mind
 Had now within its reach nought to supply
 Its natural cravings ; and to look behind,
 For ever, is not for youth's sanguine eye.
 They who have trafficked long with life, may find,
 That in the treasury of the present lie
 No joys so bright and pure as those consigned
 To the stern past, whose grasp man's force may not unbind.

But in our youth the heart is in its Spring;
 Future and present then alike are ours;
 Hope and Enjoyment both are on the wing;
 We think of fruit the while we gather flowers.
 Alas! that buds should e'er be withering
 'Mid vernal sunshine and refreshing showers!
 Woe be to them who o'er that glowing thing,
 A childish heart, the gloom of disappointment fling!
 Far from her mountain haunts—from all that best
 She loved in life—the dumb girl hath her tomb.
 There, by kind Memory's careful fondness drest,
 Her wild wood blossoms are not taught to bloom:
 The birds she sported with have not a nest
 About that spot: no violets perfume
 The turf.—Enough! her body is at rest:
 Her soul, which loathed earth's dulnesses, in Heaven is blest."

—pp. 229-31.

From the Greek and German mottoes which are prefixed to most of these poems, we conclude that Mrs. Lenox-Conyngham has made herself mistress of both those very difficult languages. Her industry, therefore, gives us the hope that should her health permit, she may yet present us with the effusions of her mind in a form more worthy of the poetic talents which she evidently possesses in a very high degree.

It will be readily believed that we can be actuated by no strong political bias in favour of the Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, when we state that she avails herself of every possible opportunity of displaying her political propensities, which are those of an ultra-Tory. She has addressed no fewer than sixteen sonnets to the Duke of Wellington, who seems to have been, at least in November 1834, when he appointed her father Lord Privy Seal, the peculiar object of her adoration. In one of these raving compositions she calls him a "rushing flame," whose

"Mind's lightnings through the darkness dart
 Of these vexed times."

Those who were in opposition to his Grace at that time—that is to say, the vast majority of the people of England, including the most intelligent classes of the community,—Lady Emmeline is pleased to designate as a faction: she tells her patron that he must

"Heed not the cry of faction's evil host,
 Their *vile flagitious* threats with scorn withstand."

Not content with calling on the dictator to close the yawning chasm of fierce destruction, her ladyship exalts him to the skies, and even canonizes him as a *saint*!

"Oh thou! for aye and evermore renowned—
Thy forehead all with wreaths of victory bound,
Spreads its own light along our shadowed sky!

* * * * *
Who would aspire with clear ambition just
To thee, oh! *happy, high and holy name!*"

Hitherto we had been under the impression that what is commonly called "Fame" was the great dispenser of celebrity. According to Lady Emmeline this is a mistake; for "Fame" we are to read in future her "Saint," Arthur, Duke of Wellington, who sheds glory from his own proper hand whenever he chooses so to do.

"Thou—that hast done deeds that *had given to fame*
An hundred thousand names!"

There is one confession in these sonnets for which we must give this poetical champion of the Peel administration due credit. Lady Emmeline seems to have been persuaded, in November, 1834, that the Duke had only to contend against a "vile" "flagitious" faction; but before the end of the year she seems to have discovered that his Grace had to battle with the whole country;

"Great leader! thou who, as the wide world knows,
Preserved our England in the troublous past.

* * * * *
To thee we turn—on thee, on thee we call:
Render the noblest service now of all—
Save her—oh! save her from *herself* at last!"

In the concluding sonnet of the sixteen, Lady Emmeline appears to have concentrated all her previous panegyrics, and to have exhausted all her power of—ribaldry, we were about to say, but we recall the word, leaving the reader to characterize, in such terms as he may deem fit, the following lines:—

"First, Noblest of this world's crowned men of Might!
Who hath spared more blood than Asia's Conqueror spilt—
Chief—Statesman—Counsellor—Patriot—what thou wilt—
For all of Good and Great thou towerest in sight
Of the Earth's thronged millions! *can the envenomed spite*
Of grovelling Caitiffs, urge them to the guilt
Of loading *thee*, whose stainless Fame is built
On sure foundations—Champion of the Right!
With their abhorred black calumnies."

We are not aware whether these sonnets were published at the period when they are said to have been written, or whether they were reserved for the Duke's private perusal, to cheer him under the difficulties in which he was involved when he bore the whole

burthen of the empire upon his own shoulders. We observe that there is a sonnet for every week during which the Tories were last in office, each more ardent, more angry, than the last, in proportion as the prospect of overthrow casts its darkening shadow upon the mind of our fair authoress. What a pity it is that so much labour was lost, and that it is not in the power of even a noble, and certainly a very sturdy sonneteer, to save a falling cabinet! If her father should again hold the Privy Seal, we would take the liberty to recommend Lady Emmeline to try her hand at street ballads. A wit once defined the government of France to be an absolute monarchy tempered by song. "Let me write the ballads of a nation," said another, "and I shall direct it as I choose." Sonnets seem to have no influence whatever upon the destinies of empires—otherwise assuredly Lord Wharncliffe would still have retained possession of the Privy Seal.

Vile, flagitious, caitiffs and traitors as we are in Lady Emmeline's opinion, we shall feel, however, no hesitation in doing justice to her pretensions as a poet; and we will say at once, that there is a more decided display of genius in her "Visionary," than in any metrical production which has fallen under our notice for many years. It is certainly a most unequal performance. At one moment her muse may be seen soaring among the stars, winging her way untired through the wonders of the universe; but while the eye is still dazzled in watching her glorious course, down she falls suddenly to the earth, to talk of some personal wrong, some dire oppression of which she is constantly complaining in and out of season. We are not sufficiently acquainted with her ladyship's private biography to be able to inform the reader as to the cause of all the mental distress which she appears to have suffered. If we were told that her heart had been engaged—that her hopes had been frustrated by the intrigues of some dowager or another—that she had endeavoured to resist them, but that she exerted herself on the occasion with so much earnestness, that it became necessary to shut her up in a castle for a while,—such a story would be in every way consistent with the account which she gives of herself. There are, indeed, some who, possessing all the means of happiness which this world can afford, nevertheless contrive with great ingenuity to surround themselves with imaginary woes—woes of all others the most wasting and incurable. Of this number Lady Emmeline may, perhaps, make one. Yet we shall have occasion to see that she is very circumstantial in her "visions" upon this subject, if visions they be.

Lord Byron has written nothing more pregnant with poetical conception, or more beautiful in expression, than the opening stanzas of this poem.

"In this cold hollow World how many live
 In a dream-wrought Creation of their own,
 And slight attention to its vexed scenes give
 Of strife and trouble—happier far alone,
 When thought doth take a more melodious tone,
 And outward things assume a lovelier guise,
 And more delightful grows the wind's low moan,
 And Earth seems nearer to the blessed skies,
 And they stand breathless, mute, as fixed in sweet surprise !

Oh ! the triumphal morning comes to such,
 For ever beautiful—for ever new,
 Dull worldly Care's benumbing cankering touch,
 Hath nothing with their waking hours to do ;
 They hear the birds' sweet matins—and they view
 Light's dawning glory—and no rankling thorn
 To pain converts their pleasure, pure and true—
 While thou, resplendent and rejoicing Morn,
 Art in a thousand ways—a thousand shapes new-born !

Or when on luminous occupation bent,
 The thrilling stars make night a glorious scene,
Like proud ambassadors from Heaven's court sent,
That speak to man in language most serene ;
 When wondrous Nature doth a holier mien
 Assume—and Thought, on strong wings passes on
 To that which shall be, even from what hath been—
 And Contemplation pure, and deep and lone,
 Seeks Worlds more blest, more bright, round the Creator's throne.

They're tranced and rocked then, on Night's mighty heart,
 And thence drink Inspiration—they are led
 By their own yearning thoughts to stray apart,
 And lonely paths they brightly musing tread—
 So deep grows their delight, it pants like dread.
 But *they* grow ever stronger to sustain,
 And revel in the gladness o'er them shed,
 Even though it almost quickens into pain ;
 And they would feel it still, again and oft again !

They hear a mighty music deep and clear,
 Where busy careful worldlings can hear nought ;
 Oh ! many a blessed thing they see and hear
 With truth and love, and power and feeling fraught,
 Because to Nature's altar they have brought
 A watchful spirit, and a quick sense borne,
 Most willing to be led, and to be taught—
 And farthest from their thoughts are doubt and scorn ;
 Thus doubly blessed to them, come night and joyous morn !"

—pp. 1-3.

It cannot be questioned that this is poetry of the highest order.
How natural—how sublime the idea that the stars are

“ Like proud ambassadors from Heaven’s court sent,
That speak to man in language most serene ! ”

The authoress doubts whether she is one of those enthusiasts, who keep these vigils fraught with the rapturous reveries which she has so well described. The following stanzas appear to us, however, to justify her claim to admission among that band of privileged spirits :—

“ Yet partly I do claim with those to feel ;
Mine is the prescient sense, the passionate dream,
*The ecstatic thrill that through the frame doth steal,
Mixed with a glow that we might almost deem
Was breathed in with a noon-sun’s molten beam !*
So warmly through the soul it seems to spread,
Till rosy runs life’s smoothly flowing stream ;
As though by highest, heavenliest springs ’twas fed,
As though undimmed ’twas poured from life’s great fountain head !

Mine is the passion, and at times the power,
And in a world of dreams I oftentimes stray ;
My path is strewn with many an amaranth flower,
For me ambrosial fruits load branch and spray ;
I go rejoicing on my haunted way,
And still to Nature lend an earnest ear,
For all is pure, all true, that she doth say ;
She draws all love, she banishes all fear,
’Tis well to cling to her, nearer and yet more near.

Hark—Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! saith the Morn,
With all her tones of music and of might !
And dare the sluggard sleep, the scoffer scorn,
While she so sweetly, brightly doth invite ?—
Dare they that high and happy summons slight,
To vigilant ears so palpable and plain ?
They lose they know not what of rare delight,
For Morn, emparadising Morn—doth reign ;
And splendours, witcheries, joys, shine in her shining train.

Hark—Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! saith the Morn,
And Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! doth reply
The awful Night, whom countless worlds adorn
That take up that dread chorus through the sky,
While all is power and love and harmony ;
And blest with noblest bliss—how truly blessed !
Are those who with Devotion’s rapturous sigh,
Join in the solemn strain with tranquil breast ;
Proud to confess the zeal—saints, angels have confessed !

List!—Holy! Holy! Holy! saith the Morn,
Hark! 'tis the lark's song! free and far he skims
Her paths of flame—on rapid pinions borne,
Till distance dwindles that slight form, and dims—
His song divine is like the Seraphims'—
A strain that's not of knowledge, but of love!
 And O! his joyous and exuberant hymns
 The bosom meltingly and sweetly move
 To join him in his rites, his tuneful rites above!"—pp. 4-6.

Had Lady Emmeline the tact which knows precisely where such a train of thought as this should stop with the greatest advantage—the point where the reader's imagination being fully excited ought to be left to itself—the stage beyond which he cannot be drawn without marring the effect already produced upon his feelings, her character as a poet would be at once established. Some friendly hand ought to have been near to check the exuberance—we may say the rhodomontade, into which she launches after the conclusion of the last stanza. She tells us of "sphering" and "unsphering" her thoughts; of drinking ambrosia prepared by "young Imagination" from an "enchanted cup;" of passing from one star to another in "Fancy's volant car;" of being wrapped in a sublime trance, and of doing many other prodigious things, which clearly shew that when once upon the wing she knows not where to suspend her flight. She might well have omitted all from the twelfth to the sixteenth stanza, the more especially as in the seventeenth she repeats all that she had just expressed, and in language, too, worthy of the loftiness of her theme.

"I sphered and I unsphered my thoughts at will—
 None that ne'er felt, e'er dreamt of such delight!
The soul mounts Nature like a throne; and still
Feels proud increase of joy and strength and might;
Still communing with the heavens, the winds, the night,
The world of worlds that lies spread proudly round,
While thus she bursts away on her far flight;
 While thus she soars where is no bar nor bound,
 And leaves fear, trouble, care, on their own earthly ground!"—p. 9.

After this we are doomed to wade through several pages of monotonous dissertation upon the question whether the "visionary," who feeds her soul upon such meditations as these, ought not to exchange them for employment of a more practical and useful character. She maintains that she ought not to do any such thing, because these reveries, or, as she calls them, "these wild hallucinations of the brain," are innocence itself compared with the projects which agitate the mind of the statesman, the

conqueror, the free-thinking philosopher, and even the lover. In these unfortunate pages Lady Emmeline sermonizes at a terrible rate, warning mankind

"To avoid the thousand rocks that lurking hide
Their pointed perils wheresoe'er they swell—
The human tides smoothed, but fatal, false, and fell."

Our authoress is fond of alliteration, and is sometimes lucky in the use of it. But this last line does not present us with a specimen of her good fortune in that respect. By way of illustrating the homily in which she is now engaged, after having reached her *fourthly* or *fifthly*, we forget which, she introduces Napoleon upon the scene, exclaiming in a similar strain against the world and all its transitory splendours. In her *sixthly*, she endeavours to shew that "society" is the most monstrous of all tyrannies—that it allows nobody to be happy in his own way—that it is a Juggernaut, nay a "treacherous Janus-Juggernaut," and that it holds every body to be mad, who is not wise by the pattern it chooses to lay down.

"'Tis not alone that"

proclaims our fair preacher; but instead of telling us what further evils we are to shun, she gives us four successive lines of good asterisks, thereby warning us that there was something very dreadful indeed in her mind which she would disclose against Janus-Juggernaut, but which she was afraid to mention, lest he should reach her with one of his hundred arms, and chastize her with his rod.

"All must endure the yoke—the rod must kiss."

This discourse ends in a very proper moral.

"Oh! very different would this World be found,
If men were bent each other still to assist,
In lieu of hindering ever—that on ground
Of vantage they themselves may high i' the list
Shine blazoned; as though each did but exist
For Self and Self-advancement—'t is even so
They gracious Nature's pure intentions twist,
But mixed together to work mutual woe;
Is this as it should be?—must it be thus below?"—p. 12.

One would expect after reading thus far, to hear the psalm given out, and the organ preluding. No doubt much that Lady Emmeline declares in her lecture is excellent and religious and sensible; but we may ask which of the Muses will take it under her protection? What has it to do with a poem in the Spenserian stanza? From these contemplations, which she acknowledges to be "fatiguing to the thoughts," she turns once more to nature,

with all the extacy of a bird let loose from its prison. "Fatiguing to the thoughts"! If her ladyship so felt them, may we enquire why she gave herself the further trouble of rhyming them? We could have spared them altogether, and in doing so should have felt that we were making a very slender sacrifice.

"Go forth! for Morning comes!—in all her pride,
And all her grace,—Go forth, for welcomed thou
Shalt be by Nature. Man's half Deified,
Who knows how to enjoy with fair-smoothed brow
And calmed heart such hours, she seems to avow
Her Lord! his Pageantry—his Festival
She makes her own, and while we onward plough
Our way, 't is well to listen to her call,
And drink that milk of love she gives instead of gall!

Ever I joyed to hold communion calm
With her—Yea! ever 't was my Soul's delight,
For still that Soul had need of her deep balm,
And I, her own, still kept her in my sight—
*I loved to watch the old solemn royal Night
That wraps her Purple round the Stars august,
As though she called them Children, and i' the might
Of love maternal far from these would thrust
All Evil—and still win, those treasures to her trust!*

I loved the Sea, whose every wave becomes
A mirror of the Firmament and Spheres;
Do ye, oh Stars! write there the impending dooms
Of men and nations—for that the unborn years
Glanced from your rays, the superstitious fears
And phantasies of dreaming Sages old
Taught them to think—and yet despite the sneers
Of reason more matured, can we behold
Your Godlike aspects bright, nor own an awe untold.

Say, were not that dread main a fitting page
For such divine transcription, such proud theme?
Unsullied and unchanged from age to age!
Doth it not almost seem itself to teem
With strange oracular hints, doth it not seem
With all its watery tongues to murmur deep
Warnings and prophecies?—but ah! ye dream
No more, ye Sages, wrapt in leaden sleep
And minds of sapience *now*, a different creed they keep.

Yet sometimes when our soaring spirits yearn
For nobler things—for loftier Destinies,
To ye—ye Commonwealth of Suns! we turn,
That look into our vision-haunted eyes

Almost a Commonwealth of Deities !
 Then the wish ushers in the fond belief,
 We dare to think in those World-peopled Skies
 Our fates, claims, triumphs, trials, joy or grief,
 Are cared for, nay that these are Heaven's first care and chief !

The very thought that what on Earth is done
 Can those high Worlds affect, must make us feel
 Our glorious Immortality begun ;
 What ! do those shape our destinies and seal,
 What ! are they conscious of our Woe and Weal,
 Those Heavens in Heaven ! those Giant hosts in space,
 Do those controul our Sympathies, and deal
 Our Fortunes and speak of us in their place,
 And shall we, can we, flag on Life's momentous race ?"—p. 20-23.

Severe criticism might censure several of the rhymes in these stanzas, and eliminate also some phrases, and even whole lines ; but such faults may be forgiven in a passage where the rush of thought is really so magnificent. We must add to these another stanza, full of the same poetic fire.

" Nothing, in Nature—Nothing—is alone,
One fine electric chain doth quickening run
Through all things—lengthening from the Eternal's throne,
All forms one mighty Whole—distinct are none—
Kindred are worm and world—the Mote and Sun,
 The least link lost might make Heaven's dread Worlds start
 Forth from their orbits—ruined and undone ;
 And man dreams all ev'n of himself a part,
Feeling the hidden God—that breathes about his heart."—p. 24.

The Sea is a fruitful theme of poetry. Lady Emmeline has devoted to it two or three stanzas, which, however, are by no means in her best style. Some reflections on a storm give rise to one of her too frequent moralizing digressions. The commonplace subjects of Fortune and her caprices, adversity and selfishness, occupy upwards of two hundred and thirty lines, the whole of which we would recommend her to expunge from her next edition. They are not merely in bad taste and wretchedly written, but they are for the most unfeminine, and we might even add unchristian. What qualifications does Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley derive from a peerage scarcely ten years old, which entitles her to speak of others in such language as the following, for instance ?

" Matter it is to make a Stoic laugh
 To watch those wretched puppets strut and prate,
Those things of dust and dress—and clay and chaff,
 Propped up by freakish Fortune and blind Fate !

*Lo Emptiness and Nothingness in State !
 These foist their dull opinions on the deep
 But misled mind of Man—that mind shall date—
 Evil—from the hour they caught it in its sleep—
 Aye matter 't is in sooth—to make Fiends laugh or weep !
 Look on them in their insignificance !
 Authority into their hands consigned—
 But a bald meanness in their sidelong glance,
 Fatuity and falsehood in their mind.”—p. 31.*

We are surprised to read such language as this, in the pages of a work professed to be written by a Gentlewoman, and brought up in a religion which certainly does not sanction the feelings expressed in these very objectionable lines. Indeed, throughout the whole of the stanzas, the suppression of which we have ventured to recommend, her ladyship seems to have descended to a most unfortunate vein of composition. Let the reader compare with the finer verses we have already quoted, the following discordant lines. They absolutely creak upon the ear like the ungreased axle of a German waggon.

“Not yet—not yet, Oh ! cruel World ! *hast forked*
 Thy deadly Lightnings through my soul—not yet,
 Hast in my Spirit Alteration *worked—*
Warped from what 't was, and 't would be ! may'st thou set,
 Star of my destiny ! without the let
 Of poisonous Exhalations *to obstruct,*
 Thy beams—though pale and few, they may forget
 Their early brightness—I *have willingly plucked*
 On earth but wholesome plants, and their pure nectar *sucked !*
 * * * * *
 Yes ! I have suffered—and let no man judge
 What others' griefs and trials may have been,
 Some *may be found to doubt, dodge, toil, and drudge*
In this dull drudging World.”—p. 42.

Those who may be curious about Lady Emmeline's personal history, will find some traces of it toward the end of the first canto. The tone in which she there reveals her inmost thoughts is too sincere, too deeply allied to the throb of a wounded heart, to have been assumed merely for the purpose of poetical effect. The same subject is also occasionally dwelt upon in the second canto ; and although repeated somewhat too often, we very much prefer the theme to the political topics, which she has so frequently introduced into that part of her poem. If we were to yield credence to her over-wrought representations, we should conclude that the whole fabric of society was about to be turned upside down—that our temples were about to be destroyed,—nay, that

the world itself was on the eve of dissolution ! All these things we suppose are to take place because Lord Wharnccliffe is no longer in the Cabinet. Her Ladyship indulges also in a very silly invective against the alliance now so happily subsisting between France and England. It is superfluous to observe, that the introduction of such topics as these into a poem is extremely injudicious, and that in the composition of a female writer they appear to the greatest possible disadvantage. From these animadversions we gladly turn to the stanzas which we have selected from the remaining portion of this canto, as entitled to unqualified praise.

“ And thou ! sweet Florence ! on thy smiling stream,
 Thy graceful Arno, thou hast many a claim
 To fondest admiration ! many a Dream
 Of joy arises at thy gentlest name—
 The Heavenly Venus of all beauteous fame
 With glorified enchantment on her brow,
 Whose sov’ran aspect might a Savage tame,
 And teach a dæmon, Love’s sweet charm to avow !
 And thou, rare pictured form—transcendant Sybil—thou !
 Looking on thee, what deep emotions dart
 Through the thrilled soul that yields to their soft might,
 What gentle throbbings heave the o’ermastered heart—
 While the air around thee grows one flood of light,
 What Spirit in thine eyes sits throned and bright ?
 We feel, we feel, from Earth’s gross bondage free,
 We rivet upon thee our raptured sight—
 ’T is rapture all ! for *thou* seem’st Heaven to see,
 And *we*, we are gazing thus, all breathlessly on thee !
 * * * * *
 Who would be happy must make others so,
 Or nobly work to that praiseworthy end—
 Must soothe the Sufferer’s pangs, the Wretch’s woe,
 And of the Friendless prove the unchanging friend ;
 Then, nor time nor fate from him shall rend
 The sweet calm sense of self-approval meek,
 Which shall with every hallowed feeling blend,
 And shed o’er every path—though rough and bleak,
 A glow more pure than e’er laughed o’er Aurora’s cheek.
 That Kindliness of feeling it shall prove
 Betwixt his heart, and light and common woes,
 A wall of Adamant—the Spirit of Love—
 A guardian Seraph dwells in the hearts of those
 Whose breast with blameless, pure Affection glows,
 The thought of Self not ever uppermost
 Reigns in their souls—and so they find repose—
 Not on the waves of cold Suspense still tost—
 But where shall these be found, on bleak Life’s sterile coast ? ”

—pp. 124, 146.

The romance of early life is well painted in the following glowing lines.

"Ah! when I loved thee deeply—but in vain,
If through the heavy darkness round me spread,
One gleam of hope shot kindling to my brain,
How seemed I then, on Air and Light to tread,
From hard reality—too dull and dead,
Snatched in a moment to the purple Land
Of laughing visions—and all gently led
Through paths of Gladness, by an unseen hand,
How did I feel my Soul, soar, quicken, and expand.

Now that calm reason and monotonous years,
Have ta'en away the point and edge of pain,
And dried the o'erflowing source of passionate tears,
Such moments come no more! though I would fain
Coin even my very vitals to regain—
Those dear-bought dreams—at times! So bright,
So glorious were they, without one dull stain
Of Earth to lessen their supreme delight,
Like those fair shadowless Worlds, that only shine at night.

Yes! willingly at times would I endure
Mine own most costly wretchedness once more!—
That lent me joys thus perfect and thus pure—
Could I but dream as I have dreamt before,
Could I but feel to the heart's quivering core
That flash of rapturous Extacy, that did mock
All common happiness—that lightened o'er
Mine inmost being—riving the dull rock
Of a chilled deadened heart, with its electric shock.

* * * * *

But if mysterious sorrows we endure—
Profound unearthly raptures thrill us too—
Etherial—servent—beatific—pure—
For ever welcome and for ever new,
And both proclaim the Soul is journeying through
An alien Country—a far foreign Land—
Where endless ills and miseries must pursue—
While still the glorious Traveller's oft-times fanned
By mighty Airs from Home—now keen—now heavenly bland.

Yea! verily we are mystically made—
How many a link and vein, and tint and tone—
How many a delicate trace and transient shade
Of thought and feeling do we wondering own,
Whose ends and sources are alike unknown;
Not to this World seem they to appertain,
Like precious seeds within our deep Souls sown,
Subject awhile to dull Corruption's stain,—
Till in Existence new—Mind bursts its wintery chain."

We have already expressed a high opinion of Lady Emmeline's powers; if she will be just to herself, she will continue to cultivate them: we entertain little doubt that they will repay her care, and place her not merely in the first rank, but at the head of the female poets of England. There is an originality and an audacity in her thoughts, which are among the surest tokens of genius. But she will accomplish nothing worthy of the rare and vigorous intellect with which she is endowed, unless she discard politics of every kind from her future productions; they do not become her; they would spoil the best poetry that ever was written; for besides being disagreeable to those who are not of her way of thinking, they are unmanageable and awkward in every kind of verse that is not intended to be ludicrous or satirical.

It will be necessary also for this young writer to attend more strictly to the style of her composition. The poetic form of expression flows even to redundancy from her pen; but we suspect that she wants a musical ear. We might cite from the two hundred and fifty stanzas, of which her poem consists, nearly half the number as most objectionable for their harshness. She frequently passes the usual bounds of poetic license, in clipping words in order to press them into her service. These unclassic liberties occur often in the same stanza, and more than twice even in the same line. Passages such as these should have been laboured until they came out perfectly polished; and if they were found intractable, they should have been rejected. There are, as we have shown, stanzas in the "Visionary" which are in themselves gems of the most brilliant order; but they are so overlaid with the gross matter which forms the mass of the poem, that they must participate in the doom of speedy oblivion which awaits it, unless Lady Emmeline shall interweave them in some happier creation of her genius.

Miss Bowles must be the most welcome of visitors to a crowded nursery; nobody can describe with more facility, cheerfulness, and affection, the joys, and amusements, and sorrows, of that noisy region. Her blank verse is not indeed always very distinguishable from prose; but it deals with matter which possesses many attractions, under whatever form it may be produced. The comfortable fire-side, the first attempts at landscape drawing, the triumphant display of a new doll, the delights of juvenile horticulture, the elysian enjoyments of the swing, the favorite spaniel and lamb, the mysteries of tea-drinking, these and an endless variety of other topics, suited to the taste of young maidens just half-way through their *teens*, are handled by Miss Bowles with wonderful dexterity in her "Birth-day." Several of her smaller poems are distinguished by a playful fancy, of which the following lines will afford agreeable evidence:—

TO MY LITTLE COUSIN, ON HER FIRST BONNET.

"FAIRIES! guard the baby's bonnet—
Set a special watch upon it:
Elfin people! to your care
I commit it, fresh and fair;
Neat as neatness, white as snow—
See you make it over so.

Watch and ward set all about,
Some within and some without;
Over it, with dainty hand,
One her kirtle green expand;
One take post at every ring;
One at each unwrinkled string;
Two or three about the bow
Vigilant concern bestow;
A score, at least, on either side,
'Gainst evil accident provide
(Jolt, or jar, or overlay);
And so the precious charge convey
Through all the dangers of the way.

But when those are battled through,
Faries! more remains to do.
Ye must gift, before ye go,
The bonnet and the Babe also—
Gift it to protect her well,
Fays! from all malignant spell,
Charms and seasons to defy,
Blighting winds and evil eye.

And the bonny Babe! on her
All your choicest gifts confer;—
Just as much of wit and sense
As may be hers without pretence—
Just as much of grace and beauty,
As shall not interfere with duty—
Just as much of sprightliness,
As may companion gentleness—
Just as much of firmness, too,
As with self-will hath nought to do—
Just as much light hearted cheer,
As may be melted to a tear—
By a word—a tone—a look—
Pity's touch, or Love's rebuke—
As much of frankness, sweetly free,
As may consort with modesty—
As much of feeling, as will bear
Of after life the wear and tear—

As much of life——But, Fairies! there
 Ye vanish into thinnest air;
 And with ye parts the playful vein
 That loved a light and trivial strain.
 Befits me better, Babe! for thee
 T' invoke Almighty agency—
 Almighty love—Almighty power—
 To nurture up the human flower,
 To cherish it with heavenly dew,
 Sustain with earthly blessings too;
 And when the ripe full time shall be,
 Engraft it on eternity."—pp. 247-250.

The Verses addressed to a River remind us of the meditative moralising character, which belongs generally to Spanish poetry.

THE RIVER.

RIVER! River! little River!
 Bright you sparkle on your way,
 O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
 Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
 Like a child at play.
 River! River! swelling River!
 On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
 Louder, faster, brawling, leaping
 Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
 Like impetuous youth.
 River! River! brimming River!
 Broad and deep and *still* as Time,
 Seeming *still*—yet still in motion,
 Tending onward to the ocean,
 Just like mortal prime.
 River! River! rapid River
 Swifter now you slip away;
 Swift and silent as an arrow,
 Through a channel dark and narrow,
 Like life's closing day.
 River! River! headlong River
 Down you dash into the sea;
 Sea, that line hath never sounded,
 Sea, that voyage had never rounded,
 Like Eternity."—pp. 284-5.

Mr. Trench's poems appear also to have been cast in the Spanish mould; he was for some time a resident in that country and in Italy, where he seems to have found abundant occupation suitable to the habits of a highly educated mind. Every line of

his compositions bespeaks an elegant taste, pervaded by a deep sense of religion, wholly free from bigotry. Though a clergyman of the Protestant church, he did not deem it to be his duty to enter the Catholic temples abroad, for the purpose of discovering in them, as too many of his brethren have done, objects for ridicule and misrepresentation. His heart found a resting-place wherever he mingled with members of the great human family, engaged in worshipping the God of all Christians.

The "Story of Justin Martyr" was suggested by the first dialogue of that celebrated saint with Trypho. It is the picture of a fine mind plunged into despair, so long as it failed to discover any permanent source of happiness within itself; but restored to peace the moment the great truth became apparent, that man was born for a higher destiny than he can fulfil in this stage of existence. The poem is very gracefully written. It is followed by a considerable number of sonnets, and other small pieces, which are characterised by a gentle amiable train of feeling, a spirit of freedom truly English, and an unaffected zeal for the propagation of christian principles. The reader cannot, we think, but admire the following lines, written at a village on the lake of Thrasymene, where the sanguinary battle between Hannibal and the Romans under Flaminius was fought about two thousand years ago. "The lake," says Eustace, "is a very noble expanse of water, about ten miles in length, and about seven in breadth; the banks ascend gradually, but in some places rapidly, from its marg in."

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE VILLAGE OF PASSIGNANO, ON THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE.

"The mountains stand about the quiet lake,
That not a breath its azure calm may break;
No leaf of these sere olive trees is stirred,
In the near silence far-off sounds are heard;
The tiny bat is flitting overhead,
The hawthorn doth its richest odours shed
Into the dewy air; and over all
Veil after veil the evening shadows fall,
And one by one withdraw each glimmering height,
The far, and then the nearer, from our sight—
No sign surviving in this tranquil scene;
That strife and savage tumult here have been.

But if the pilgrim to the latest plain
Of carnage, where the blood like summer rain
Fell but the other day; if in his mind
He marvels much and oftentimes to find
With what success has Nature each sad trace
Of man's red footmarks laboured to efface—

What wonder is it, if this spot appears
 Guiltless of strife, when now two thousand years
 Of daily reparation have gone by,
 Since it resumed its own tranquillity.
 This calm has nothing strange, yet not the less
 This holy evening's solemn quietness,
 The perfect beauty of this windless lake,
 This stillness which no harsher murmurs break
 Than the frogs croaking from the distant sedge,
 These vineyards drest unto the water's edge,
 This hind that homeward driving the slow steer,
 Tells that man's daily work goes forward here,
 Have each a power upon me, while I drink
 The influence of the placid time, and think
 How gladly that sweet Mother once again
 Resumes her sceptre and benignant reign,
 But for a few short instants scared away
 By the mad game, the cruel impious fray
 Of her distempered children—now comes back,
 And leads them in the customary track
 Of blessing once again ; to order brings
 Anew the dislocated frame of things,
 And covers up, and out of sight conceals,
 What they have wrought of ill, or gently heals.”—pp. 81-83.

We have classed “*Ion*” amongst the poetic rather than amongst the dramatic productions of the day, because, although in point of fact it has been represented three or four times on the stage, it has very little in it of the true dramatic character. The story which it tells is too simple and too brief to be rendered effective in a theatre. If we were indeed to believe all that the newspapers and play-bills have proclaimed about its success in that sphere, we should be bound to set it down as the most admirable acting tragedy that has been brought out in this country for many years. But several circumstances combined to give this work an interest, which, though exciting for the moment, was altogether of a transitory nature. It was, in the first place, avowed to be from the pen of a Sergeant learned in the law, in full practice at the bar, whose occupations it was thought were far from being favourable to the cultivation of a taste for the drama. It was printed originally by the author for private circulation, and while thus circulating privately, it found its way, by some accident we presume, to the hands of the editors of the *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews*, who rendered it as public as possible, by giving voluminous extracts from it in their respective journals, accompanied by commentaries teeming with eulogy. The public mind being thus prepared to receive it as a more than ordinary performance, it was announced

for the benefit of Mr. Macready, whose numerous friends and admirers assembled to applaud anything that would have been presented to them upon such an occasion. It was afterwards repeated twice or thrice "by permission of the author," and from the force of the examples already given, every body praised it, because it was the fashion. Persons however of sound judgment, who witnessed its representation, have reported the effect of it upon the stage to be languid in the extreme; nor can we imagine how it could have been otherwise, when we consider the object and structure of the composition itself, and the characters of which it is composed.

The great purpose which Mr. Talfourd seems to have had in view in writing this tragedy, was the development of a perfectly pure and amiable character, deriving all its motives of action from great elevation of mind, and an invariable benevolence of disposition. A creature of this species appears to have been long familiar to his dreams—it was the internal standard with which he evidently compared the virtues of his late friend and instructor, Mr. Valpy, while he was delineating them in the preface to his tragedy—it enters into all his notions of the beautiful and sublime—it gives a marked peculiarity to his style of writing on almost every subject, prompting those "fond" forms of expression which are more indicative of an over affectionate heart, than of a master mind. This kind of spiritual essence he has embodied in "Ion," whom he thus, through the mouth of Agenor, one of the sages of Argos, introduces to his audience:—

"Love, the germ

Of his mild nature, hath spread graces forth,
Expanding with its progress, as the store
Of rainbow colour which the seed conceals
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury,
To flush and circle in the flower. No tear
Hath fill'd his eye save that of thoughtful joy
When, in the evening stillness, lovely things
Press'd on his soul too busily: his voice,
If, in the earnestness of childish sports,
Raised to the tone of anger, check'd its force,
As if it fear'd to break its being's law,
And falter'd into music; when the forms
Of guilty passion have been made to live
In pictured speech, and others have wax'd loud
In righteous indignation, he hath heard
With sceptic smile, or from some slender vein
Of goodness, which surrounding gloom conceal'd,
Struck sunlight o'er it: so his life hath flow'd
From its mysterious urn a sacred stream,
In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure

Alone are mirror'd; which, though shapes of ill
May hover round its surface, glides in light,
And takes no shadow from them."—p. 6.

Now this is all very pretty—the language is smooth—if you will, poetical—but it is the language of a school that does not draw its inspiration from nature. A mere human being governed solely by the impulse of love, and enabled by the operation of that feeling to control all the other passions given to our species, never yet existed. Ion does not appertain to our world. He is a faultless creation fitted for some better planet, but we can have no sympathies with him. He does not love Clemanthe like a man—his dispositions in her favour are a great deal too angelical, and indeed such as no woman would receive in exchange for her own ardent and devoted attachment. The lot selects him to be the assassin of Adrastus. He accepts the office with a degree of fear, that is very right and proper in an innocent mind, but is not at all of that heroical character calculated to shine in tragedy. He reasons himself into a mere executioner of justice, and seeks to accomplish the task confided to him as nearly as possible according to the forms of law.

This mode of proceeding is undoubtedly very consistent with Ion's character; but all we can say is, that such a character is not a tragic character. It stirs up none of those storms of passion in the mind which it is the office of tragedy to excite. Hence, when Ion ultimately sacrifices himself, as the last of his house, in order to fulfil an oracle which foretold that until his race should be extinct, the plague would not cease in Argos, we feel no sorrow for his departure. He gives up Clemanthe without a pang—he puts the knife into his own heart without terror—he comes before us and passes away like a visionary thing, wholly exempt from the ordinary frailties and feelings of our nature, and consequently beyond the sphere either of our pity or our admiration. The heart of man is capable only of being touched by human woes or joys; we feel for each other because we might ourselves be placed in the same circumstances which demand our attention on the part of those who suffer around us. But we cannot hold communion with ideal creations which do not in any manner resemble ourselves, having neither our failing flesh, our rushing blood, our resolution, or our despair. In this respect "Ion" appears to us, as a tragedy, an entire failure. It wants a hero in whose proceedings we can hold an interest—the person intended to absorb all attention is a marble statue, wrought with great labour and some skill, but devoid of the "human face divine," which after all is to men the true bond of sympathy.

It has been objected to this production, as a vital error, that the

scene is laid in an age and a country governed by Pagan notions of religion; notions with which it can be hardly expected, that the great mass of those who now read tragedies or attend theatres shall entertain a community of sentiment. The objection seems to us of no weight. It matters little to what form of religion the persons of a drama belong, provided they be engaged in a course of action which awakens our attention, which resembles the current of human affairs, which is impelled by motives familiar to our own bosoms, vexed by our jealousies, illumined by our affections, controlled by the ambition of some master spirit, or hurrying before it rivalries, crimes, sorrows and hopes, like an irresistible tide. The battles of the Gods in the *Iliad* are as fraught with interest as those of the Greeks and Trojans, because the Gods of Homer are men who descended for the moment from Olympus. There are scenes in the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, the *Orestes* and the *Medea*, which will be read with delight as long as the heart of man shall remain constituted as it is.

It is a much greater defect in this tragedy that it has in fact no action at all. It is a poem replete with narrative, descriptions of feeling and scenery, with invectives against tyranny, and arguments in favour of liberty; but it wants the animation of deeds passing before our eyes. The scene opens in a temple built on a rock over Argos—the plague we are told is raging in the city below, but we perceive no symptoms of it; we learn something of it from the anger of an old man whom Ion prevented from exposing himself to its perils, and whom he reproves in the following characteristic terms:—

“And art thou tired of being? Has the grave
No terrors for thee? Hast thou sunder'd quite
Those thousand meshes which old custom weaves
To bind us earthward, and *gay fancy films*
With airy lustre various? Hast subdued
Those cleavings of the spirit to its prison,
Those *nice regards, dear habits, pensive memories,*
That change the valour of the thoughtful breast
To brave dissimulation of its fears?
Is hope quenched in thy bosom? Thou art free,
And in the simple dignity of man
Standest apart untempted:—do not lose
The great occasion thou hast pluck'd from misery,
Nor play the spendthrift with a *great despair,*
But use it nobly!”—pp. 10-11.

The phrases we have marked in Italics betray the Wordsworth school to which Mr. Talfourd is attached. And when we talk of the Wordsworth school, let us not be understood as wishing to underrate the merit of that distinguished poet. It is the misfor-

tune of all imitation that it catches rather the weaknesses than the perfections of the original; for this reason, that the latter would require in the copyist a genius equal to that of the master. Thus many phrases which Wordsworth was the first to use, and which in his works are redeemed by the thoughts that prompt them, have been adopted by his admirers and introduced into their own compositions, where there is not the same powerful inducement to make us pass them over with indulgence. "Pensive memories," "dear habits," "nice regards," "household thoughts," "household charities," and other fond and fanciful jargon of that description may be found abundantly strewed through the speeches, not only of Ion, but of almost every other character in this tragedy.

Adrastus had issued a decree forbidding on pain of death any person to seek his presence without being summoned for that purpose. The sages of the temple decided that it would be well to counsel him against the course of tyranny which he was pursuing, and several of them offer to go to his palace with that view. The following are the "loving" terms in which Ion solicits that office for himself.

"O Sages, do not think my prayer
Bespeaks unseemly forwardness—send me!
*The coarsest reed that trembles in the marsh,
If heaven select it for its instrument,
May shed celestial music on the breeze
As clearly as the pipe whose virgin gold
Befits the lip of Phœbus;—ye are wise,
And needed by your country; ye are fathers:
I am a lone stray thing, whose little life
By strangers' bounty cherish'd, like a wave
That from the summer sea a wanton breeze
Lifts for a moment's sparkle, will subside
Light as it rose, nor leave a sigh in breaking.*"—p. 14.

The idea of Heaven selecting a reed from a marsh to be its instrument is new. The comparison between a reed which befits the lip of Phœbus, with a devoted statesman resolved to stay the actions of a sanguinary tyrant by his wisdom, is also original. The poetical energy of the whole passage—the "little life" sparkling for a moment like a wave raised by a "wanton breeze" from the "summer sea," and "not sighing" even when it breaks, we leave to the judgment of the reader. The affection of Ion for Clemanthe must not have been overpowering; we should imagine, if it was never more naturally or ardently expressed than in the following scene. At this moment, it will be remembered, Ion was about to seek Adrastus—in other words to run the imminent hazard of never seeing the lady again.

ION.

How fares my pensive sister?

CLEMANTHE.

How should I fare but ill when the pale hand
 Draws the black foldings of the eternal curtain
 Closer and closer round us—Phocion absent—
 And thou, forsaking all within thy home,
 Wilt risk thy life with strangers, in whose aid
 Even thou canst do but little?

ION.

It is little:

But in these sharp extremes of fortune,
 The blessings which the weak and poor can scatter
 Have their own season. 'Tis a little thing
 To give a cup of water; yet its draught
 Of cool refreshment, drain'd by fever'd lips,
 May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
 More exquisite than when nectarean juice
 Renews the life of joy in happiest hours.
 It is a little thing to speak a phrase
 Of common comfort which by daily use
 Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
 Of him who thought to die unmourn'd, 'twill fall
 Like choicest music; fill the glazing eye
 With gentle tear; relax the knotted hand
 To know the bonds of fellowship again;
 And shed upon the departing soul a sense
 More precious than the benison of friends
 About the honor'd deathbed of the rich,
 To him who else were lonely, that another
 Of the great family is near and feels.

CLEMANTHE.

O thou canst never bear these mournful offices!
 So blythe, so merry once! Will not the sight
 Of frenzied agonies unfix thy reason,
 Or the dumb woe congeal thee?

ION,

No, Clemanthe:

They are the patient sorrows that touch nearest!
 If thou hadst seen the warrior when he writhed
 In the last grapple of his sinewy frame
 With conquering anguish, strive to cast a smile
 (And not in vain) upon his fragile wife,
 Waning beside him,—and, his limbs composed,
 The widow of the moment fix her gaze
 Of longing, speechless love, upon the babe,
 The only living thing which yet was hers,
 Spreading its arms for its own resting-place,
 Yet with attenuated hand wave off

The unstricken child, and so embraceless die,
 Stifling the mighty hunger of the heart;
 Thou couldst endure the sight of selfish grief
 In sullenness or frenzy;—but to-day
 Another lot falls on me.

CLEMANTHE.

Thou wilt leave us!

I read it plainly in thy alter'd mien;—
 Is it for ever?

ION.

That is with the gods!

I go but to the palace, urged by hope,
 Which from afar hath darted on my soul,
 That to the humbleness of one like me
 The haughty king may listen.

CLEMANTHE.

To the palace!

Knowest thou the peril—nay the certain issue
 That waits thee? Death!—The tyrant has decreed it,
 Confirmed it with an oath; and he has power
 To keep that oath; for, hated as he is,
 The reckless soldiers who partake his riot
 Are swift to do his bidding.

ION.

I know all;

But they who call me to the work can shield me,
 Or make me strong to suffer.

CLEMANTHE.

Then the sword

Falls on thy neck! O Gods! to think that thou,
 Who in the plenitude of youthful life
 Art now before me, ere the sun decline,
 Perhaps in one short hour shalt lie cold, cold,
 To speak, smile, bless no more!—Thou shalt not go!

ION.

Thou must not stay me, fair one; even thy father,
 Who (blessings on him!) loves me as his son,
 Yields to the will of Heaven.

CLEMANTHE.

And he can do this!

I shall not bear his presence if thou fallest
 By his consent; so shall I be alone.

ION.

Phocion will soon return, and juster thoughts
 Of thy admiring father close the gap
 Thy old companion left behind him.

CLEMANTHE.

Never!

What will to me be father, brother, friends,

When thou art gone—the light of our life quench'd—
 Haunting like spectres of departed joy
 The home where thou wert dearest?

ION.

Thrill me not

With words that, in their agony, suggest
 A hope too ravishing,—or my head will swim,
 And my heart faint within me.

CLEMANTHE.

Has my speech

Such blessed power? I will not mourn it then,
 Though it hath told a secret I had borne
 Till death in silence:—how affection grew
 To this, I know not;—day succeeded day,
 Each fraught with the same innocent delights,
 Without one shock to ruffle the disguise
 Of sisterly regard which veil'd it well,
 Till thy changed mien reveal'd it to my soul,
 And thy great peril makes me bold to tell it.
 Do not despise it in me!

ION.

With deep joy,

Thus I receive it. Trust me, it is long
 Since I have learned to tremble midst our pleasures,
 Lest I should break the golden dream around me
 With most ungrateful rashness. I should bless
 The sharp and perilous duty which hath press'd
 A life's deliciousness into these moments,—
 Which here must end. I came to say farewell,
 And the word must be said.

CLEMANTHE.

Thou canst not mean it!

Have I disclaim'd all maiden bashfulness
 To tell the cherish'd secret of my soul
 To my soul's master, and in rich return
 Obtain'd the dear assurance of his love,
 To hear him speak that miserable word,
 I cannot—will not echo?

ION.

Heaven has call'd me,

And I have pledged my honor. When thy heart
 Bestow'd its preference on a friendless boy,
 Thou didst not image him a recreant; nor
 Must he prove so, by thy election crown'd.
 Thou hast endow'd me with the right to claim
 Thy help through this our journey, be its course
 Lengthen'd to age, or in an hour to end,
 And now I ask it!—bid my courage hold,
 And with thy free approval send me forth
 In soul apparell'd for my office!

CLEMANTHE.

Go!

I would not have thee other than thou art,
Living or dying—and if thou shouldst fall—

ION.

Be sure I shall return.

CLEMANTHE.

If thou shouldst fall,

I shall be happier as the affianced bride
Of thy cold ashes, than in proudest fortunes—
Thine—ever thine—

[*she faints in his arms.*]ION. [*calls.*]Abra!—So best to part—[*Enter ABRA.*]

Let her have air; be near her through the day;

I know thy tenderness—should ill news come

Of any friend, she will require it all.”—pp. 17-23.

So he finds Clemanthe in a faint, and thinking that the best opportunity to be off, this ardent lover consigns his mistress to Abra, and *exit*. But look at the manner in which he has entertained her throughout. “*How fares my pensive sister?*” “How should I fare but ill?” she answers, “especially as you are going away.” Then he preaches to her about the importance of a cup of water to the thirsty, of pitying the distressed, of soothing the bed of death, of the “patient sorrows” of a warrior “*stifling the mighty hunger of his heart*,” and he winds up by saying, without even telling her of his love, if any he had for her, that he came to say farewell! “Oh” says she very naturally, “surely you can mean no such thing!”—“Indeed but I do,” he replies, “my *honor* is engaged—*my honor*.”—“Go,” exclaims Clemanthe, “I would not have thee other than thou art.” We beg Clemanthe’s pardon—we rather think she would have had him quite the reverse of what he then appeared to be. She talks of the happiness she would experience in becoming the affianced bride of his “cold ashes!” There never was such a parting scene as this before! We defy the most enthusiastic of Mr. Talfourd’s admirers to detect a single mark of natural feeling in the whole of the dialogue on either side, except the fainting fit, when she manages very adroitly to fall into his arms. Where was his cup of water then?

The interview between Adrastus and Ion is carried on, so far as Ion is concerned, in the same declamatory and puerile style. Ion, instead of addressing him in the language of a patriot and a man, whines about the period when the tyrant was a little baby himself, and was dandled on his mother’s knee! He next speaks to him of love:—

“ Think upon the time
 When the clear depths of thy yet lucid soul
 Were ruffled with the trappings of strange joy,
 As if some unseen visitant from heaven
 Touch'd the calm lake and wreath'd its images
 In sparkling waves;—recall the dallying hope
 That on the margin of assurance trembled,
 As loth to lose in certainty too bless'd
 Its happy being;—taste in thought again
 Of the stolen sweetness of those evening walks,
 When panted turf was air to winged feet,
 And circling forests by etherial touch
 Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,
 As if about to melt in golden light
 Shapes of one heavenly vision.”—pp. 32—33.

This passage reads very well, and sounds like poetry. It has been quoted by some of our contemporaries as a superior specimen of composition. Let us examine it a little. The soul of Adrastus is first compared to a lucid lake until it is disturbed by love, which, like an unseen visitant from heaven, touches the calm lake, and does what?—Wreathes its images in sparkling waves! What images? Assume an object to be reflected in the lake, and suppose the surface to be agitated into circles by the unseen visitant, the reflection will not be wreathed but broken, nor will the sparkle of the wave reach the image at all, which is below while the sparkle is above. The metaphor, therefore, is a mere conceit, which has no foundation in nature.

Again. The forests through which the lovers are imagined to be walking, are said to be enchanted by etherial touch, and then they wear “the livery of the sky, as if about to melt in golden light shapes of one heavenly vision.” Does the reader understand this? What is the livery of the sky? Azure most certainly. Therefore the forests are clothed in azure *as if* they were about to melt in golden light! And what then? Why, then the same forests become *shapes of one heavenly vision!*

Adrastus now becomes the hero for a scene or two, and while he relates his personal history, Ion sinks into insignificance—or rather, the effeminacy which pervades his character throughout, becomes more conspicuous when compared with the impetuous and manly bearing of the king. The story of his youth, of his secret marriage, of the loss of his son, is well told. It is disfigured by no “nice memories;” the narrative is rapid, pregnant, clear, and affecting. The resemblance of Ion to the mother of that child melts the tyrant's soul; he agrees to summon to his council the sages of Argos. Ion returns to the temple with a message to that effect. He meets Clemanthe, who presents him to the sages,

and in the enthusiasm of her joy asks them, "Why shout ye not his welcome?" whereupon her father observes—

"Dearest girl,
This is no scene for thee; go to thy chamber,
I'll come to thee ere long."
[Exit CLEMANTHE]

He then sends away his brother sages, and after pouring a little flattery into the ear of Ion, he tells him, what he knew before, that Clemanthe loves him. Ion treats the matter very coolly, and assures the father that he will not spurn her, but in words that we doubt much whether Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, with all his ingenuity, could found upon them an action for a breach of promise of marriage. In fact, Ion is the most frigid lover that ever appeared on or off the stage. After a long and tedious scene, in which Ctesiphon relates an insult offered to his father by Adrastus, and babbles much about revenge, which he was not able to accomplish, Ion attempts to palliate the deed, in a dissertation upon tyranny in general, which he shews to be the result rather of the vanity of the multitude, than of the vicious disposition of the ruler. The argument is curious, to say the least of it, and is rich in the jargon of the "nice memory" school:—

"If the rich pageantry of thoughts must fade
All unsubstantial as the regal hues
Of eve which purpled them, our cunning frailty
Must robe a living image with their pomp,
And wreath a diadem around its brow,
In which our *sunny fantasies may live*
Empearl'd, and gleam, in fatal splendor, far
On after ages. We must look within
For that which makes us slaves;—on *sympathies*
Which find no kindred objects in the plain
Of common life—*affections that aspire*
In air too thin—and fancy's dewy film
Floating for rest; for even such *delicate threads,*
Gather'd by fate's engrossing hand, supply
The eternal spindle whence she weaves the bond
Of cable strength in which our nature struggles!"—p. 48.

Sunny fantasies empearled and gleaming far on after ages, sympathies of an exalted kind, affections aspiring in air too thin, and fancy's dewy film floating about for rest, are all so many delicate threads gathered by the hand of fate, and these threads supply the spindle (we always thought it was the spindle that supplied the thread), whence she *weaves the bond of cable* in which our nature struggles! Wherefore it is demonstrated, that if an absolute monarch knocks an old man down, the son of the insulted

patriarch ought to forgive the crime! Ctesiphon very justly replies—

“Go talk to others if thou wilt.”

The council assembles. Agenor, in a long speech upon the plague, in which the effects of the pestilence are minutely described, calls upon the king to repent, and pray to the Gods for mercy. To this Adrastus replies in another harangue, in which he talks of many things—of grasping his sceptre more firmly than ever—of becoming more stern—of peopling the few hours of empire that still remain to him

“With more lustrous joys than flush’d
In the serene procession of its greatness,
Which look’d perpetual, as the flowing course
Of human things!”

He then breaks out into the following strain:—

“Have ye beheld a pine
That clasp’d the mountain summit with a root
As firm as its rough marble, and, apart
From the huge shade of undistinguish’d trees,
Lifted its head as in delight to share
The evening glories of the sky, and taste
The wanton dalliance of the heavenly breeze
That no ignoble vapour from the vale
Could mingle with—smit by the flaming marl,
And lighted for destruction? How it stood
One glorious moment, fringed and wreathed with fire
Which show’d the inward graces of its shape,
Uncumber’d now, and midst its topmost boughs
That young Ambition’s airy fancies made
Their giddy nest, leap’d sportive;—never clad
By liberal summer in a pomp so rich
As waited on its downfall, while it took
The storm-cloud roll’d behind it for a curtain
To gird its splendours round, and made the blast
Its minister to whirl its flashing shreds
Aloft towards heaven, or to the startled depths
Of forests that afar might share its doom!
So shall the royalty of Argos pass
In festal blaze to darkness!”—pp. 51, 52.

If Adrastus be admitted to have by this time become of unsound mind, the author, it cannot be denied, has put into his mouth language and ideas well suited to such a state of intellectual existence. If we can suppose the king to be still in his senses, then certainly the author raves in a flow of unmeaning bombast, which Rowe himself, had he been alive, would have in vain panted to imitate.

The oracle of Apollo is disclosed to the king by Phocion:—

“Argos ne’er shall find release
Till her monarch’s race shall cease.”

Adrastus bids them all defiance, and departs. The young men, Ctesiphon, Phocion, and Ion, agree to meet again in the evening, and the second act ends with a parody of the dagger scene in *Macbeth*. We naturally expect that the third act will open with the meeting of the parties who were resolved on the death of the tyrant. Instead of this, we have a scene between Ion and Clemanthe, in which the action of the piece, at its most interesting moment, is stayed by a series of speeches conceived in the worst taste, and clothed in language which might be cited as the very model of a false and vicious style. It is followed by a soliloquy of Ion in the same vein. The conspirators at length assemble—the lots are drawn—Ion is appointed by the fates to slay the king. Meantime a communication, made to Clemanthe’s father from a stranger, informs the audience that Ion is in truth the son of Adrastus. The remainder of the tale may be summed up in a sentence. There is a long and painful scene—painful for its excessive puerility, between the tyrant and his son; while the latter hesitates to strike the fatal blow, which the former invites and even implores, so well has he been schooled by one of Ion’s lectures, Medon rushes in to disclose to both their real relationship. Upon this they retire together: Ctesiphon pursues them, and the reeking dagger which he displays on his return, shews that the deed is done. The tragedy really ends here in the middle of the fourth act, with the death of Adrastus. The elevation of Ion to the throne, and his suicide, in order to accomplish the oracle, occupy the remaining scenes, and altogether destroy the unity of the composition. Thus, we have here a tragedy broken into two distinct stories—languid in action—inculcating no moral—exhibiting no leading hero or heroine—written in a style which good taste must severely condemn—fraught with poetical conceits of which a schoolboy ought to be ashamed; and yet most of our quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily critics, have lauded it to the skies—and four overflowing houses have applauded it to the echo!

These observations upon “*Ion*” have been wrung from us by an imperative sense of the duty which we owe to the literature of the age. Professing as we do to be ranked amongst its guardians, we could not silently admit such a work as this to be enrolled among the legitimate specimens of our drama, seeing that it possesses no merit to entitle it to any such distinction. On the contrary, we hold, and we fancy that we have fairly proved, it to be of a school of writing which is most objectionable in its character,

whether we look to its artificial train of thought, or to its conventional and diseased peculiarities of diction. For Mr. Talfourd personally we entertain the highest respect. He is one of the ornaments of a profession in which he has succeeded by the force of his talents, which are of a very distinguished order. His political sentiments accord entirely with our own, and if justice had allowed us to give his tragedy praise, we should have joined in the general chorus with unfeigned satisfaction. But the example set by his "Ion" to other writers—the view which it presented to foreign nations of our living drama—forbade us from withholding the opinions which we had formed upon it, and which we have expressed, we hope, without inflicting pain on a mind destined to triumphs much higher than those he could have expected in a theatre.

ART. VI. *De la Poésie chrétienne dans son Principe, dans sa Matière, et dans ses Formes*, par A. F. Rio.—*Forme de l'Art, seconde partie*. Paris. 1836.

ONE of the most remarkable features of the present age is the universal reaction of that spirit of scepticism, which characterised the principal productions of the eighteenth century, particularly in France. Out of the general chaos of its conflicting doctrines, Christianity rises, like the phoenix from its ashes, resplendent in the beauty of eternal youth. At the very moment its implacable enemies were preparing to celebrate its complete destruction, *Philosophy, History, and Science*, after having completed the vast circle of critical investigation, find themselves at the very point from which they started; after having painfully and laboriously threaded the complicated and interminable labyrinths of doubt, and after a vast expenditure of genius and erudition we are brought back to the humiliating conclusion of the wise man of old, "*that there is nothing new under the sun*." We are forced at last to acknowledge that the philosophy of the schools, although encumbered by certain verbal forms, was an engine of stupendous power in the analysis and synthesis of sciences, whereby we arrive at that sublime unity which governs and upholds things of themselves fluctuating and contingent. It is a circumstance not a little remarkable, that amongst the books belonging to Hume (the Aristotle of the sceptical philosophy) was found after his death a copy of the *Summa Theologiæ* of St. Thomas, filled with marginal notes, and bearing other marks of the profound attention with which he had explored this great arsenal of scholastic learning.

It by no means enters into our purpose at present to establish a parallel between the philosophy of the middle ages, and that of the nineteenth century, if indeed the nineteenth century can be said to possess a philosophy; for we scarcely dare apply so great a word to the sensualism of Edinburgh, the Eclecticism of the modern French school, or to the vapourish pantheism of Germany. We hesitate not however in avowing it as our opinion, that these three schools have arrived at the last phase of their respective doctrines, and that they have before them but one possible solution, the philosophy of Revelation. The school of Edinburgh has indeed ever been essentially Christian in its doctrines, but not so in its method; as for the French and German Philosophy, Cousin and Schelling who may be considered as its most illustrious representatives, if they are not Christians, the obstacle lies in their logic, and not in their principles.

In the department of *history*, the brilliant lessons of Guizot, and in Germany the more profound and dispassionate criticisms of several Protestant authors, such as Müller, Wilken, and Raumer, have dissipated for ever the foolish and malevolent calumnies which Voltaire and his proselytes heaped with bitter zeal upon the most eminent personages of the feudal ages, enveloping in one reprobation, their customs, their laws and their institutions.

Nor has *science* wanted a champion to break the thralldom under which she was so long weighed down. The immortal Cuvier, in his public lectures, rendered most honourable testimony to scholastic learning, hesitating not to attribute *all* the discoveries of modern science to the *method* which it adopted. To Cuvier belongs the honour of having in an age of materialism, spiritualized the natural sciences, by having proclaimed the supremacy of form over matter, establishing upon its real basis the philosophical doctrine of identity. The very important discoveries of this great naturalist, in geology and comparative anatomy, were made, as were the discoveries of Kepler, and of Newton (and in a word *all* the great discoveries of *all* great men) by a simultaneous employment of the analytical and synthetical methods. For, since by a law of the human mind, every experiment is made under the influence of some theory, or at least of a hypothesis, we may thereby learn how important it is to use with caution that high prerogative of the human mind, by which we apply to science the test of doubt, decomposing by a long patient analysis those compound formulas, by which we arrived rapidly at its theory. Even Bacon, who is justly considered as the father of experimental philosophy, was fully aware of the dangers of analysis; for in speaking of the extreme difficulty of his method, he gives as a reason, the great caution

necessary in putting to the test of experiment things even apparently fabulous; and he has moreover expressly asserted that science requires some regulating principle to preserve it from corruption, and that principle he hesitates not to seek in revelation. Although an avowed enemy to the scholastic philosophy, he was only an enemy to its abuses, which were certainly great in his day; for instead of a means it had become an end, and men no longer argued to establish truth, but to gain the idle triumph of a victory of words. It is then by no means wonderful that he should look down with pity upon the introduction of syllogism into the domain of natural science, since the office of a syllogism is by no means to *discover* truth, but to *teach it* by a shorter method, in starting from some admitted principle. The learned chancellor, in substituting experiment in the place of syllogism, as the great instrument of natural science, was far from declaring its omnipotence in the other departments of human knowledge; for he well knew that universal scepticism was the necessary consequence of such a principle, and no man had a greater horror of scepticism than Bacon.

Descartes stands exactly in the same relation to modern philosophy as his illustrious predecessor. His philosophical doubt, from the abuse of which so many grave errors have resulted, was a thing in itself extremely innocent, since he never confounded the domains of reason and of faith; and whilst he respected the dogma of Christianity, which he regarded as the revealed word of God, he exercised that undoubted prerogative which every man possesses, of investigating rational truth by the operations of human reason. Those men, therefore, who in later times have taken refuge under the names of Bacon and Descartes, to derive from a partial consideration of their methods the sceptical philosophy, have been either illogical or dishonest. For it is evident that both Bacon and Descartes admit in the moral universe two forces, the one expansive and the other repressive; as in the physical universe, we have two forces one of which is convergent and the other projectile. What should we say of the good faith of that man, who, treating Newton's theory of universal gravitation of matter, should establish as the logical consequence of that theory the rectilinear motion of the earth, and the final arrangement of all the heavenly bodies around the sun; because Newton does not repeat at each page, that the centripetal force is moderated by another force differing in its direction, and that from the harmony of the two, result the admirable movement of the solar system? Such, however, is the exact process of the modern school of sceptical philosophy. Take as an example, Mr. Hume examining the doctrine of causality,

and coming to the conclusion that the notion of causality is reducible to that of succession; and that, because Mr. Hume thought proper for the moment to forget this irresistible, self-evident truth, viz., that all secondary causes imply a primary efficient cause, as well as an end. Without stopping to examine into the origin of this truth, we may remark, that he is obliged to admit its tyrannical influence over all classes of men, even over philosophers, himself amongst the rest, for he avows that once fairly out of his cabinet he thinks and feels as other men. Happy had it been for him had he gone on to examine *why*?

We have been led into this rapid survey of the rise and condition of modern philosophical opinions, by the nature of the work which now lies open before us; M. Rio having done for art, what his illustrious contemporary and friend Cuvier had already done for science, and what Frederick Schlegel and Dr. Bonald had done for history and philosophy; by establishing the identity of that law which governs both mind and matter. In a former work, enjoying deservedly a high reputation in his native country and in Germany, entitled "*Essai sur l'histoire de l'Esprit humain dans l'Antiquité*," M. Rio had already laid the foundation of his present theory, by demonstrating the high mission of art even in that imperfect form of civilization offered by Athens, and the other states of ancient Greece, remarking, *that from the moment it ceased to be a vehicle of social progress, its vitality also ceased*; the course of its decay being in the same ratio as the decrease of public morals. The paintings of Polygnotes served as a text book for the moral lessons of the philosopher Chrysippus; and Aristotle remarks, that painting teaches the same precepts of moral conduct as philosophy, with this advantage, that it employs a shorter method. But the paintings of Apelles were no longer fitted to so high an end; the *beau idéal* of form and sentiment having given place to a less noble element, viz. a servile imitation of nature and a base adulation of the most depraved passions. In the age of Alexander the efforts of art were absorbed by the exigencies of private vanity, and that country which formerly refused a statue to Miltiades, saw her legislators and heroes confounded in the ignoble crowd of harlots and flute players, sophists and obscure poets, which disgraced her public streets. To one man alone, for an administration of no more than ten years, were voted no less than three hundred and sixty statues. Lysippus confining himself to the imitation of nature, the sublime types of ideal beauty called into being by the chisel of Phidias, became unintelligible; those magnificent productions of which Quintilian says, that they seemed to elevate the sentiments of popular religion by disengaging it from

the trammels of matter. Then, to adopt the expression of the elder Pliny, the mission of art was at an end: "*cessavit deinde ars.*"

The Mission of Christian art, from being more noble, inasmuch as it related to a form of civilization more perfect, was not exempt from the same condition of existence, but with this difference, that it was exposed to an additional danger. For as Grecian art had to avoid a too servile imitation of natural forms, Christian art had to avoid not only that, but also that very form of art which was its legitimate predecessor; thus adding to the rock of Scylla, the whirlpool of Charybdis. Such is the ingenious hypothesis by which our learned author resolves the difficult problem of the decay of Christian art at the very moment of its greatest apparent splendour: in the age of Raphael, of Michael Angelo, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Titian, Coreggio; in a word, in the age of all the great professors of modern art.

The character of Christian art is not only essentially different from, but even opposed to, that of ancient Greece; for Christianity, by displacing the centre of art, extended its circumference, and whilst the former had its origin bounded by time and by space, the latter, although equally limited in its *expression*, was in its *allusions* infinite. Pagan art, completely ignorant of the future destiny of man as of his real nature, was limited to the beauty and power of the human form, and to the expression of certain violent passions, and that indeed rarely attempted, and only in the decay of art; the general character of Grecian sculpture in its best days being a dignified repose and the total absence of all muscular effort. Thus, even in the Apollo, although in a state of action, the muscles are scarcely indicated. The Farnesian Hercules is indeed an exception which the very nature of the subject rendered necessary.—But Christian art, aware of the identity of nakedness and shame, hastened to conceal that form which sin had degraded, under those ample draperies which became one of its peculiarities, and at the same time one of its greatest charms, serving as a mystical veil, translucent, yet impenetrable, revealing all its motions, but hiding its form—ininitely more beautiful than the most perfect reality, inasmuch as the sign is surpassed by the thing signified; inasmuch as the ideal circle, circumscribed by a line without breadth or thickness, surpasses in perfection the rude diagram by which it is figured forth.

Another of the peculiarities of Christian art, is the beauty and eloquence of its expression, to which may be added the vastness and importance of its compositions, and their great moral influence as one of the forms of language, at a period when the lan-

guage of words was too imperfect for the purposes of subjects of high interest, such as the universal judgment, or of deep pathos, such as the death of our Redeemer.

Upon this important mission of Christian art, and upon the considerations which have guided him in tracing the history of its rise, its progress, and its decay, we shall allow the author to discourse for himself:—

“In speaking of the destinies of Painting, considering it as one of the forms of Christian poesy, we take up a position wholly different from that occupied in an ordinary history of the fine arts, a subject no doubt of considerable interest, but which, in the manner in which it has hitherto been treated, has afforded but vague and superficial results. If painting, as an art, consists merely in a more or less faithful imitation of natural objects, by means of lines and colours, what matters it, so far as the happiness or the dignity of the human race is concerned, that in one age this art was rude and uncultivated, and in another admirable?

“But, on the other hand, when we consider painting in its various phases, as a form of expression, imperfect, it is true, but progressive, to which modern nations were obliged to resort before their languages were constructed; when we farther observe that in those first rude efforts, before which the connoisseur passes with indifference, perhaps with disdain, are treasured up the richest and most pure emotions of the heart, and the most sublime efforts of the imagination; and when we reflect that these very monuments which we despise, were intended as eternal testimonials of our holy faith, we shall become less rigorous in insisting upon certain technical excellences which are perhaps necessary to constitute a masterpiece of art. Quitting for a moment the surface of things, we shall thus endeavour to penetrate into their more intimate essence. It is under this point of view, new probably to the greater number of my readers, that I intend to treat the subject.”—pp. 1-3.

It is evident from the whole tenor of this work, that our author belongs to that school of Mystical Philosophy, the geographical centre of which is Munich. Although the University of that city contains two chairs of Mystical Philosophy, one of which is occupied by the celebrated Görres, we know little of its doctrines in this country. His name alone, however, is a sufficient guarantee for their christian character. Görres is not only the most popular lecturer in Germany amongst thinking men, but is moreover a pious, prudent, clear-headed, matter-of-fact sort of person, as his political writings clearly prove. If then he has quitted the regions of time and space to occupy himself exclusively with the more sublime phenomena of mind, we suppose it is after a mature appreciation of the comparative advantages of mind and matter. We have seen Cuvier seeking the identity of things in their vital forms, and

the philosophy of Plato teaches us that the mind is the sole region of such forms. The Mystical Philosophy then, studying nature in her material forms by the physical sciences, passes from the contingent to the absolute, nor does she repose even there, for in transcendental science she seeks also a hidden sense; so that for her both physics and metaphysics are only forms by which are manifested the power, the glory, and above all the goodness of the Creator. In a word, if natural philosophy be conversant with secondary causes and their relations, the Mystical Philosophy studies the universe as well as that wonderful mirror in which it is reflected (the human mind), in reference solely to their own end, or final cause, which is God.

This leads us to remark that, as every order of things supposes an universal law, which is the very condition of its existence, (the physical universe being governed by the law of gravitation) the Mystical Philosophy is not wanting in that respect; and having taken its rise out of christianity, its vital principle is the same, viz. charity or love, in its natural form, as contradistinguished from that charity, which is a heavenly gift. All finite forms are in a certain sense manifestations of that supreme form from whence they are derived; therefore the essential quality of that primeval form being love, "*Deus amor est*," that element must necessarily subsist in all those secondary forms by which it is manifested in time and in space. These sublime and universal relations are the object of the mystical philosophy both in their objective and subjective being.

Having thus glanced at the mystical philosophy, we shall proceed to state in a few words the theory of our author as applied to the art of painting, that being the form of art to which he has first applied his doctrines. In it he distinguishes three principal elements; the first of which is the *mystical* element, which may be said to constitute its essence, corresponding with what the Platonic philosophy would call its idea. But an idea in its expression has certain necessary relations with time and space, whence proceed two other subservient elements, drawing and colour, which he terms the *geometrical* and *harmonious* elements. It is evident that from the coordination and subordination of these three elements the perfection of the painter's art arises.

M. Rio distinguishes moreover three forms of art: the first, the essential form of Christian art, or that in which the christian idea predominates, and absorbs into itself the inferior elements of drawing and colour. This he terms the Mystical school. By the side of that he places the pagan form and the natural form, or as he terms them, for brevity's sake, *Paganism* and *Naturalism*; the former of which seeks its inspirations in the remains of

Grecian art, and the latter in an exclusive study of nature, as the mystical school seeks her form of art in the human soul, vivified by the doctrines and traditions of christianity. When therefore Massaccio, and other painters of the christian school of the 15th century, dazzled by the success with which they imitated natural objects, filled their pictures with portraits and architecture, and began to neglect those sublime traditional types, in which was embodied the deep pathos of christian poesy, this setting up of natural forms as an end instead of a means, was the first indication of the decay of christian art; and when at a later period, the discovery of the remains of Grecian antiquity, which were assembled at Florence by the Medici, absorbed the admiration of both painters and amateurs, and gave a new direction to taste, this tendency to decay was confirmed. Florence became the great school of drawing, as Venice of colour, but this dismemberment of the unity of art proved fatal to its vital principle. In accordance with these premises, M. Rio proceeds to furnish us with a new historical survey of Christian art, marking the gradual developement of its technical resources, and at the same time indicating the simultaneous irruption of *Naturalism* and *Paganism*, at the very moment when drawing and colour had acquired that degree of cultivation which was necessary for its perfection.

From this moment the history of Christian art requires some other method than that which constitutes the ordinary basis of all history, namely, the succession of time. The chronological method, as applied to history in general, is subject to many grave objections, the least of which is, that it treats successively of things which existed simultaneously. But as that is a necessity imposed by the limited nature of our intelligence, we must accept it for general purposes, bearing always in mind, that, as every great historical event is prepared by a long succession of dependent circumstances, and followed by others, which are, as it were, its logical consequences, we may indeed mark exactly the place of any known event in the order of time, but it is utterly impossible to assign the limits of its influence. Thus, we know when the empire of Charlemagne was founded, and when it was dissolved, but no human sagacity can discover by what concatenation of events that stupendous power was prepared, and its influence perpetuated. In like manner, in the history of painting, at the beginning of the 16th century, the most celebrated painters of that golden age of art had lost sight of the idea which had called it into being. Instead of studying the intimate recesses of the human soul conjointly with those traditional types which time had handed down to them, they allowed themselves to be carried away by the newly discovered remains of Pagan art, which had

better have remained for ever buried in the bowels of the earth. On the other hand, portraits of men and women, even of harlots, as in the corrupt days of effeminate Athens, began to make their appearance in those sacred histories which were painted for the instruction and edification of the people; and from that moment the denunciation of the elder Pliny is applicable to Christian art, "*Cessavit deinde ars.*" It ceased—yet, like the expiring lamp, its bright flame danced with a fantastic brilliancy, from time to time, before it sunk into the deep night that followed.

Independent of the continuous efforts of the Umbrian School, even after its complete dissolution, by the death of Perugino, and the apostacy of Raphael, certain privileged beings (at the head of whom was Raphael himself), were still inspired by the spirit of the mystical school. For Raphael, dazzled as he was by the splendour of Grecian art, and corrupted by the most violent and most dangerous of human passions—a passion which led him to an early and untimely grave—Raphael, the meek and ingenuous pupil of the pious Perugino, at a less happy period recalled to memory those pure ideal forms with which he had been conversant in days of innocence and prayer. Other artists of transcendent talent, inspired by the works of their predecessors, or guided by the intuitions of genius, have furnished, from time to time, certain remarkable exceptions to the general law, amongst whom Titian and Paul Veronese stand pre-eminent. In fact, it is our opinion that few really great painters have traversed the field of art, without leaving, from time to time, an eloquent protest against its corrupt tendency, rising by the sole buoyancy of genius, into the pure regions of Christian poesy.

To seek an example in the works of a man, than whom few have been more guilty in the abuse of great talents, we mean Rubens, the founder of the modern Flemish school of painting, notwithstanding the pertinacity with which he has pourtrayed the voluminous and somewhat redundant charms of his fair countrywomen—even Rubens has frequently attained to the sublimest pathos. In colour, he ever stood, and ever will stand, pre-eminent; and this powerful charm almost reconciles us to the disgusting outline which he has adopted in the female form, more worthy of Silenus, than of that gentle sex. Yet even the women of Rubens, when veiled in the majestic folds of his ample draperies, are noble objects, though utterly wanting in the essential constituents of female beauty, delicacy of form, and modesty of expression. Two other painters of inferior merit, yet deservedly esteemed, Cigoli, and Carlo Dolci, seem to have been formed by nature for the mystical school; for, notwithstanding the impulse of the times, the former seems to have delighted in

multiplying the ideal images of the seraphic St. Francis, whilst the other adopted as the objects of his predilection, the Saviour of mankind and his Virgin Mother. We have at this moment before us a head of Christ by the latter, where that traditional form, which the decay of art never totally obscured, is combined with an intense expression of tender melancholy, the merit of which is exclusively his own.

M. Rio commences the history of Christian art at its first rude efforts in the catacombs of Rome, when the violence of persecution had chased into the most hidden recesses of the earth that little flock, which had already commenced the conquest of the world.

"The cradle of Christian art, as well for sculpture as for painting, is to be sought in the obscurity of the Catacombs; there, amidst the most sublime inspirations, the first Christian artists traced upon the walls of their subterranean chapels, or upon the tombs of their deceased brethren, those rude monuments, of which certain connoisseurs speak with so much disdain, but which will ever remain objects of profound veneration for those whose hearts are faithful to that ancient worship, of which these primitive productions are the simple expression, or rather the symbol.

"If the history of art were to be confined to the technical means employed, with more or less success, to arrive at the correct imitation of natural objects, we should feel it our duty to pass unnoticed the first few ages which succeeded the establishment of Christianity; at that period every thing in the Roman Empire was in a state of decomposition, the fine arts more particularly, as far as their vital element was concerned. The painter and the sculptor, it is true, still handed down, from generation to generation, the technical traditions of their respective arts; but the poet's power, the power of creation, was gone. They still modelled the inanimate clay, but they had lost the secret of breathing into it the breath of life.

"Christian art having then at its disposition no new technical resources, manifested, necessarily, for a certain time, the same exterior symptoms of decay, and the traditional forms of ancient art imposed upon it their unfavourable conditions. Hence arose a style which might justly be called *the Antique*, a term certainly more applicable to the works of the Christian, than to those of the Pagan artists of this period, if we use it according to its more legitimate meaning, as synonymous with *grandeur* and *simplicity*, qualities wholly wanting in the remains of Roman art during the first two centuries.

"In reading the history of the Emperors, we see the very abject part played by the artists of that period in those disgusting orgies which demoralized all the classes of that corrupt society. Voluptuousness and adulation appear to have been the sole motives of action; and the painter, in choosing his subjects from the national religion, seems always influenced by the one or the other.

"The paintings found in the Catacombs present a remarkable contrast, in this respect, both as to the choice of the subject, as to the manner of treating it; and if we continue the parallel to the period at which Christian art emerged from its subterranean refuge to unfold the triumphant banner of the Cross, how admirable its sublime tendency, its noble expression, its lofty style, as portrayed in these primitive productions, notwithstanding the evident marks of the fatal influence of universal decay, preparing insensibly the more glorious triumphs of the Middle Ages! For after all, these monuments, apparently so rude, are the most ancient patrimony handed down to us by our forefathers of the Christian faith; they are, as it were, so many permanent material acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity; there we find the fundamental ideas of Christianity reduced to their most simple expression, under forms the most touching, and the most heroic; Charity! Sacrifice! Redemption! Eternity!—Ideas that communicate their influence to all ages, and all places; potent alike to vivify the first efforts of art, or to regenerate its decay.

"In that period which preceded the reign of Constantine, the precarious position of the Christians in the Empire, constantly exposed to the most bitter persecution, deprived alike of the free exercise of their religion, as also of the faculty of exposing its sublime dogmas, had given rise, in the absence of more effectual means of disseminating the fundamental truths of Christianity, to a series of Allegories—biblical representations, relating principally to the fall and redemption of the human race, and the baptism, passion, and resurrection of our blessed Saviour.

"As the triumphal termination of the Christian's dolorous passage upon earth, the Resurrection was figured forth, by numerous allusions, taken principally from the Old or the New Testament, such as the histories of Jonah and Lazarus; the dove returning to the ark, bearing in his bill the symbolical olive branch; the water changed into wine; the last judgment; the phoenix rising from its ashes; the prophet Elijah in his fiery chariot. The good shepherd going after the stray sheep, and bearing it meekly on his shoulders back to the fold, seems also to have been a subject of particular predilection with the painters and sculptors of this period. It was the favourite parable, inasmuch as it is the most touching, and the most consoling. Where is the heart that can remain unmoved before this beautiful proof of Divine Love, where the Saviour, as it were, compels the sinner to accept the favours which he had spurned?

"In the days of trial and persecution, Art had another mission to fulfil, namely, to fortify its victims against the insolent threats of their destroyers, and against the fear of death. For this purpose were represented the sufferings and patience of Job, the three youths in the fiery furnace, Daniel in the den of lions, or, as a prophetic anticipation of the final triumph of Christianity, Pharaoh and his host overthrown in the Red Sea.

"In consulting the collections of Bosio and Bottari, one naturally expects to find something relating to the persecutions of the early Christians, or at least some allusion to the sufferings of the martyrs;

and it is only when that expectation is disappointed, that we begin to appreciate the sublimity of this omission in an age when the fervour of the primitive faith was so great, that, being absorbed in the contemplation of God's glory in the triumph of the cross, men had no time to waste upon their own sufferings, or upon the cruelties of their judges. They would have found in the commemorations of those astonishing victories which were obtained over their Pagan adversaries, something of human vanity, which might have diminished the glory of him in whose name, and by whose power, they triumphed."—pp. 3-8.

With the accession of Constantine, by whom Christianity was in a measure emancipated, the art of painting received a considerable development. The magnificent basilics erected at Rome, at Constantinople, and in the principal cities of the European and Asiatic provinces, offered to the pencil of the Christian artist considerable resources. In this second period of Christian art, the subjects are analogous to the circumstances in which the miraculous conversion of Constantine had placed the Christian church. The allegorical style was abandoned for that of jubilation and triumph. Already the image of the Divine Redeemer was placed above the sanctuary, in all the pomp of majesty, or engraved upon the current money, with the inscription, "KING OF KINGS," "LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

This Romano-Christian school, many of the productions of which still remain in Italy, maintained itself till the invasion of the barbarians, and even to a later period, with certain vicissitudes. One of the most remarkable circumstances which disturbed the peaceable progress of art, was the memorable dispute between the eastern and western churches, as to the personal appearance of Jesus Christ; the former maintaining, with St. Cyril and Tertullian, that the Redeemer, externally, was the most ignoble and abject of his race; notwithstanding the contrary opinion of some of the most celebrated doctors of both churches. The essential difference of the fundamental types of art in the eastern and western churches, may be regarded as the consequence of that lamentable separation, out of which have arisen so many evils. From this moment the Byzantine spirit may be signalized as the leprosy of art. Having failed in corrupting its types, it attempted the expedient of destruction; but as the efforts of the Arians had failed in destroying the fundamental truth of Christ's divinity, those of the Iconoclasts were equally inefficient to overthrow the ancient and salutary Catholic practice of venerating the images of the Redeemer, of his Virgin Mother, and of the Holy Saints. But this persecution had another influence upon art, which, although destitute of violence, was not less real. The Monks, who were driven out of Greece by the

Iconoclast persecution, were received by the Pope, who founded several vast monasteries for their reception; and being principally of the order of St. Basil, their technical skill as painters, enabled them to inundate the West with the frightful conceptions of Byzantine imagination.

This perverse tendency, traces of which, however, are to be found at a much later period, was stopped short by that general revolution, which precipitated into one common abyss, the accumulated efforts of so many ages; sweeping, as it were, from the face of the earth, all remains of art, of literature, and of science: and thus preparing one of those great catastrophes which seem a condition of progress in the moral, as well as in the physical world. The western nations, polluted by a long series of the most atrocious prevarications, like the Canaanites of old, required the awful lustration of fire and blood; and from the dense forests of the North poured forth those avenging hosts, to whom Heaven had reserved the sublime mission of purging them of the leaven of Paganism, and of constituting Christianity as the basis of civil power.

"About this period, Charlemagne was raised up by Divine Providence as a barrier against the remains of Paganism in the Western World. Then began in language and in art, the grand crisis of decomposition, without which the perfect fusion of so many heterogeneous elements would have been impossible. This work of transformation, which certain philosophers have thought proper to term *the long trance of the human mind*, is worthy of being closely observed, both in its progress and its vicissitudes. Establishing as an epoch the coronation of Charlemagne, from this period it is necessary to admit the intervention of a new element in art, exclusively *German*, which gave rise to a new school of painting, properly termed the Germano-Christian school. But, before I proceed farther on this subject, it may perhaps be expedient to cast a farewell glance upon the Romano-Christian school.

"The extensive repairs undertaken by Adrian I, and the no less extensive constructions of Leo III, were amongst the first advantages which arose out of the peace which Charlemagne had procured for the Church. At this period was executed in one of the halls of the Lateran palace, the large Mosaic, of which considerable remains still exist. It is easy to distinguish in the composition — in the figures of our Saviour, and in those of St. Peter and St. Paul — the traces of the primitive traditions of Christian Art. There is a certain purity of outline, accompanied by an effort at colour and *chiaro-scuro*: as to the portraits of Constantine and Charlemagne, it is evident that they are accessory to the allegory, which in this case speaks with all the clearness of an ordinary page of history.

"This monument, so precious in itself, is rendered much more so since the destruction of all the productions of the same nature, executed

during the pontificate of Leo III, in the chapel of his palace, under the portico of St. Susanna, and in the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, where they have been replaced by the admirable frescoes of Pinturicchio.

"To judge of the rapid decay of this school, it is necessary to visit the mosaics of the church of St. Praxedes, which, although posterior only by a few years, seem to announce the approaching obscurity of the three ensuing centuries. About the same period the works in the catacombs were abandoned, and the general apprehension of the end of the world which was expected to happen in the year *one thousand*, paralysing the imagination of the artist, as that awful expected catastrophe drew near, art made as it were a solemn pause till towards the end of the eleventh century. But it is evident that it was not to renew its power; for two manuscripts, one of which is preserved in the library of the Barberini Palace, and the other in the Vestry of the Cathedral of Pisa, are ornamented with imitations, that reveal the low ebb to which the painter's art had fallen: those which were executed a little later in a MS. poem upon the Countess Matilda, which is in the Vatican, are totally destitute of all pretensions, either as to drawing or *chiaro-scuro*. The works of larger dimensions, which are generally executed with greater care, being more especially destined to publicity, participate in the general decay, and in the interval of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the evil appears to have attained to its utmost limits. As an example it will suffice to mention the mosaics of the church of St. Francesca Romana, near the arch of Titus, and those of St. Lawrence, out of Rome, with the half-effaced paintings of its portico.

"The Romano-Christian school died a natural death, after having fulfilled its mission; that is to say, after having served as a connecting medium between the primitive inspirations of Christian art, and those more modern schools, which were destined to inherit and to cultivate that rich patrimony."—pp. 25-29.

M. Rio proceeds to prove that the Gauls had their own peculiar form of art, and he cites the persevering efforts made by Charlemagne in favour of Cisalpine art; no remains of which, unfortunately, have reached our days, unless we except certain miniatures, which are, however, more than sufficient to establish the fact. In one MS. in particular, which is preserved in the cloister of St. Calistus at Rome, executed by the orders of Charlemagne, the style, the character, the costume, (which are Frank) the very name of the artist, (Ingobert) all belong to the north. It is moreover evident that this important branch of Christian art flourished with no small splendour in England, in the tenth century, as may be seen by the celebrated Benedictional in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire;* the miniatures of which were executed by the elegant pencil of one Godeman, Chaplain to the Bishop of Winchester, from the year

963 to the year 984, and afterwards Abbot of Thornley. France and Switzerland were not behind-hand in this respect; and we find the highest dignitaries of the church, among whom were two celebrated abbots, and a holy bishop, afterwards a canonized saint, practising the painter's art with the greatest success.

To obviate the inconveniences of an unfavourable climate, the artists of the north seem to have turned to account the weaving of tapestry, and painting upon glass, from the latter of which ecclesiastical architecture has derived such an efficient aid, by giving to the very light of our cathedrals, as to all things else about them, a voice to proclaim the one great absorbing idea which they are destined to perpetuate—all—from their general form, which is a cross, testifying to that mysterious instrument, whose potent voice animates these vast labyrinths of stone, all,—proclaims the sublime unity of christianity, and its inexhaustible variety.

Guido of Siena, the first artist of that school, whose name has passed down to posterity, left a picture with the very early date of 1221, which is still preserved in the church of the Dominicans: and in 1355, the painters of that city were erected into a regular corporation. We may judge of the importance of their productions by the description which Ghiberti gives of a magnificent composition of Ambrosio di Lorenzo, which still existed in his time; and which represented, in various compartments upon the walls of a convent, the life and pious labours of a missionary. At the beginning was represented a young man, taking the religious habit; a little farther on he joins his supplications to those of several of his brethren, to obtain permission to visit Asia, in order to convert the Saracens; we next assist at their departure, and their arrival before the sultan, who orders them to be attached to stakes and to be scourged. All the details of this horrible scene were pourtrayed to the life—the executioners sinking under the fatigue of their cruel office, the astonished people listening to the admonitions of these new Apostles, even after the order of suspending them to a tree had been executed: ultimately the sultan orders them to be decapitated; after which a tempest, accompanied by thunder, lightning, and hail, adds to the horrors of an earthquake; trees bend under the violence of the storm, others are torn up by the roots, and the affrighted spectators cover themselves with their mantles, or with their shields.

M. Rio describes several other beautiful monuments of christian poesy, which he has discovered in the early productions of the schools of the middle ages. But from these we pass to the Florentine school, which took its rise about half a century later than

that of Siena. Cimabue, whose exaggerated reputation may perhaps be traced to the honourable mention which Dante makes of him in the *Divina Comedia*, is one of the first artists whose name has passed down to posterity: he was more successful in shaking off the trammels of the Byzantine style in the department of colour, than in that of drawing; but Giotto may be more justly regarded as the founder of the Florentine school, having rapidly eclipsed his predecessor, as we learn from the following lines of Dante.

"Credette Cimabue nella pittura
Tener lo campo ed ora ha Giotto il grido."

But with Giotto also appeared an element of decay; the fatal ravages of which we shall have farther occasion to notice, under the name of *Naturalism*. Like the idolatry of the ancient world, by attaching an undue importance to particulars, and by confounding the sign with the thing signified, through the insidious tendency of this error, men finished by quitting the substance and pursuing the shadow. It is therefore necessary, in speaking of the merit of Giotto, not to lose sight of that negative sign which must be inscribed by the side of it, in order to appreciate its real value in the high question of Christian art; for whilst, by his rare technical skill, he opened new resources unknown to former painters, imitating admirably all sorts of natural objects, and, if we may believe the testimony of Boccaccio,* to such a point, that the illusion was complete, yet we must not forget the important fact, that this trivial success was obtained at the expence of an irremediable sacrifice, viz. the progressive neglect of those traditional types, which constituted the essence of Christian art. M. Rio thus resumes his observations upon the first period of the Florentine school.

"In the first place the trammels of Byzantine tradition were for ever thrown off, and to preclude all possibility of return, art sought her inspiration principally in legends, comparatively modern, and exclusively current in the Western church. The crusades laid open all the imperfections of the Grecian character; and such was the effect of this antipathy between the East and the West, that the Fathers of the Greek and Latin churches are rarely met with in the same picture. St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Gregory the great, and St. Ambrose, were placed immediately after the four Evangelists; then came St. Francis, and his sanctuary of Assisium, the mystical centre of the inspiration and pilgrimages of the fourteenth century. There all the artists of a certain reputation have successively left the homage of their pencil, after having first meekly offered that of their prayers. The uncommon number of Franciscan convents founded throughout Italy, multiplied indefinitely the represen-

* *Decam. Giorn. vi. Nov. 5.*

tation of the same subject, with which both painters and monks, as also the people, became as familiar as with the passion of the Redeemer.

"The progress of the Florentine school was taken advantage of by the other Italian cities, which called to their aid Florentine artists, and also sent their youth to study the art under their direction. This interchange never ceased from the time of Giotto; and to confine our observations to the single family of the Gaddi, we find amongst the number of their pupils an Antonio from Venice, another pupil of the same name from Ferrara, and a Stefano from Verona. On the other hand, the high-road to St. Peter's was too much frequented for communication to fail in that direction. Naples as yet gave no sign of life; but Naples was a wreck of Byzantine civilization, which a handful of Norman adventurers succeeded in conquering, but which they were unable to regenerate.

"As for the matter upon which art was exercised, it was exclusively *Christian*, and it may be found in the litanies of that period, the favourite form of popular devotion. The artist, conscious of his high vocation, regarded himself as the auxiliary of the preacher, and in that constant struggle which man maintains against a corrupt nature, he ever took the side of virtue. This is not only evident from what remains of their productions, which are eminently religious, but we have a more direct proof in the words of Buffalmacco, one of the pupils of Giotto:—'*Non attendiamo mai ad altro che a far santi e sante per le mura e per le tavole, ed a far perciò con dispetto dei demonj gli uomini piu divoti e migliori.*'*

"It was the same spirit of mutual edification which presided at the foundation of the Sodality of Painters, under the protection of Saint Luke, in the year 1350. Their periodical meetings were not for the purpose of communicating to each other their discoveries, or of deliberating upon the adoption of new methods, but merely to sing the praises of the Almighty, and to offer to him the homage of their gratitude, (*per rendere lode e grazie a Dio.*)†

"In this manner the studio of the painter was transformed into an oratory; the practice was pursued in common by the sculptor, the musician, and the poet, at this period of marvellous unity, when every species of inspiration flowed from the same source and was directed to the same end. Hence resulted between the artist and the people a profound sympathy, which manifested itself occasionally so powerfully; as in the instance of the Madonna of Cimabue, and in a manner infinitely more touching in the case of the painter Barna, who was killed by a fall in the Church of San-Gimignano. The people daily covered his tomb with inscriptions, in Latin and Italian, as a mark of condolence and veneration."—pp. 85-89.

The second period of the Florentine school renders still more evident this double progression of perfection and decay, by which M. Rio explains the ruin of Christian art, notwithstanding the splendid productions of Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, Titian,

* Vasari Vita di Buffalmacco.

† Vasari Vita di Barna.

Correggio, and so many other painters of transcendent merit. In this division of his work the author passes in review the principal painters who have exercised a marked influence upon their art, and lays open to us the deadly strife of mind and matter, in which, unfortunately for humanity, the latter triumphed.

Nor was *Naturalism* alone the sole antagonist of Christian art; a more ancient and more insidious enemy came forth from his ill-closed tomb, in the form of *Paganism*. This hideous spectre, without which his sister would never have attained to mature perversity, made a simultaneous irruption into the domains of science, of literature, and of art. At the very moment that Paolo Uccello, who had particularly applied himself to the study of geometry, had reduced the principles of linear perspective to a science, and thus greatly facilitated the representation of natural objects, a most exaggerated admiration of the remains of Pagan art, of Pagan philosophy, and of Pagan literature, seems to have taken possession of all classes. But notwithstanding the conjoined efforts of *Naturalism* and of *Paganism*, Christian art found a refuge in the pure bosoms of certain holy men, who lived far from the tumult of the world, and whose eyes were constantly directed towards that heavenly rest which is the sole object of the Christian's hope. They still gravitated as it were round the tomb of the holy St. Francis, which served as a centre in time and in space for those transcendental emanations of mind, which relate to a superior order of things. Those holy relics which reposed upon the mountain, which his life and miracles had sanctified, served as a rallying point to Christian art; and the Umbrian school is, in some sort, its continuation, being formed upon the same principles, and governed by the same idea.

A circumstance which proves that Christian art had its own vital force, and that the condition of its progress was alike independent of *Naturalism* and of *Paganism*, is this, that certain artists who never submitted to their influence, were equally successful in shaking off the Byzantine yoke. An example of this will be found in the admirable frescoes of Angelico di Fiesoli in the Vatican. Even Vasari himself, carried away by a momentary enthusiasm in speaking of these productions, exclaims, "*none but a man of holy life could have painted thus.*" We cannot deprive ourselves of the pleasure of laying before the reader the very eloquent passage in which M. Rio pays a just and most touching tribute to the piety and splendid talent of this holy man.

"The compunction of the heart, its aspirations towards God, the raptures of extacy, the foretaste of the celestial beatitude, the whole of

that order of sublime emotions which no artist can render, without having first experienced them, constituted, as it were, the mystic circle in which Angelico loved to move, and which, when finished, he recommenced with increasing delight. In this style he appears to have exhausted every possible resource and every shade of difference, at least as far as the expression is conceived; and even in those pictures which at first sight appear fatiguing by their monotony, we find upon a closer examination a prodigious variety, embracing all the deep pathos of that poesy of which the human countenance is the object. It is more particularly in the subject of the triumph of the blessed Virgin, surrounded by the holy angels and all the celestial hierarchy, in the Last Judgment, (at least as far as regards the saints,) and in that of Paradise, the supreme limit of art, it is in these mystical subjects, so perfectly in harmony with his own presentiments, that he has displayed with profusion the inexhaustible riches of his imagination. With him the painter's art was a vehicle for the expression of the most fervent acts of *faith*, of *hope*, and of *charity*: and that his productions might not be unworthy of him for whose glory they were intended, he always began his labours by asking the blessing of heaven upon them. When the interior voice told him that his prayer was heard, he felt no longer at liberty to introduce any change into those compositions, for which he acknowledged himself indebted to a superior inspiration, persuaded that in that, as in all things else, he was but an humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty.* Each time that he represented the Divine Redeemer on the cross, the tears streamed from his eyes, as though he had been really present at that scene; and it is to that sympathy so real, so profound, that we must attribute the pathetic impression which he has given to the persons present at the Crucifixion, as also to the no less touching subjects of the Descent from the Cross, and the Entombing of Christ."—pp. 193-194.

Angelico di Fiesoli, and his pupil, Gentil di Fabriano, having founded the mystical or Umbrian school, which counts amongst its most distinguished ornaments Perugino and his admirable pupil, Raphael, it continued its course with increasing splendour, till the apostacy of the latter gave a new and fatal direction to his art. After having devoted a chapter of his work (the seventh) to this subject, in the succeeding one M. Rio lays before the reader the highly interesting efforts of that most extraordinary man, Savonarola, a simple Dominican friar, who undertook, at the peril of his life, to stem the torrent of Paganism which then threatened to overwhelm not only art, but also literature, philosophy, and religion.

"The name of Savonarola has become popular amongst the partisans of republican ideas, and amongst the adversaries of the Catholic hierarchy; and whenever that name is pronounced in our days, it seems exclusively to call to mind the remembrance of an ignominious death

* Vasari.

inflicted upon one of the most energetic advocates of civil and religious liberty. What has particularly contributed to perpetuate this error, is the importance that has been attached to two facts, by which certain writers characterise the political career of Savonarola.

"No man can deny that Savonarola was a powerful dialectician, an accomplished orator, and a profound theologian: not to recognize in him the man of rare genius, the universal philosopher, or rather the competent judge in matters of philosophy, would be to enter into direct conflict with the general testimony of his contemporaries. We might, however, be tempted to question how far in the arts of the imagination, he had the sentiment of the *beautiful*, which is not always the privilege of genius; and as it supposes a peculiar sensibility of the soul and a corresponding delicacy in the organization of the body, things rarely met with in one devoted to the solitude and the mortifications of a cloister, we have a right to be surprised at finding these conditions in Savonarola in a very high degree.

"At his entrance into the monastic life, he imposed upon himself the obligation of sacrificing what might become the object of too vivid an attachment, and this sacrifice was never more painful, than when it became necessary to part with some favourite picture of a saint, or a book of piety, ornamented with miniatures. In the convent which he proposed to establish as a model at Florence (an Utopia which had taken possession of both his imagination and his heart,) the lay brothers were particularly to occupy themselves in sculpture and in painting; placed thus near the sanctuary, at the very source of the most pure inspirations, they were to do that for art, which the vestals of old did for the sacred fire. He well knew by experience, how far the pencil of the truly Christian artist aided the soul in shaking off its largour, and raised it towards heavenly things; for he was often seen passing whole hours in prayer before a representation of the Crucifixion in the church of Orsanmichele. We may go farther, and safely affirm, that his *Theory of Beauty*, as it may be collected from different fragments of his sermons, surpasses in originality as well as in profound thinking, all that the writers of his own times have said on that subject, in repeating the trivialities of Aristotle, and Quintilian. In a sermon preached on the Friday after the third Sunday in Lent, we find the following passage: 'Your notions are affected by the most gross materialism. Beauty in compound objects results from the proportion of their parts, or the harmony of colour; but in that which is simple it is a sort of transfiguration; it may be compared to light; it is therefore beyond the region of things visible that we must seek the essence of supreme beauty. The more the creature approaches the beauty of the Creator, in the same degree it is really beautiful, as the beauty of the body is a reflection of the beauty of the soul; for were you to choose amongst you two women equally beautiful as to the body, she who was the more holy would not fail to excite the greatest admiration, and that even amongst men governed by the senses.'

"Nor was he less alive to the beauty of inanimate nature. No man better understood these words of St. Paul, *Tam multa genera lingu-*

arum sunt in hoc mundo et nihil sine voce est. During a short stay which he made in Lombardy, Brother James of Sicily, who had the good fortune to accompany him in almost all his excursions, was frequently carried away by the enthusiasm which Savonarola experienced while contemplating the magnificent and varied beauties of that country. They then selected some solitary picturesque spot, and having seated themselves upon the shady grass, they sought out in the book of psalms some text in harmony with the rich landscape, where the mountain and valley with their soundless voices uttered forth the silent praises of their Creator."—pp. 335-339.

Savonarola, however, notwithstanding all the splendid qualities of his mind, notwithstanding all his energy, failed in the noble attempt of re-establishing the reign of Christ in the domains of literature, of science, and of art, although he sealed the sincerity of his opinions by laying down his life in defence of them.

What then was the moral state of that society in which the decay of art originated? This question is at once answered by a comparison of the lives and principles of those men who corrupted it, with the lives and principles of the founders of the mystical school. If Christian Art be, as we believe it is, one of the various forms of that universal language, by which the modifications of mind are communicated, it follows that the mystical element must necessarily, as the very condition of its vitality, prevail over the inferior elements of drawing and colour, as well as the imitation of natural objects, which are all but means to an end. The renovation therefore of art depends upon the renovation of that religious unity, that vigour of faith which distinguished the Middle Ages, and characterised all its institutions; as doubt and its offspring, indifference, characterise those of our days. Whether such a regulation will ever take place, and what will be its form, are questions upon which various opinions may be entertained. No one will suspect that our admiration of the Middle Ages would induce us to adopt them as standards of perfection. Each form of civilization has its time, and when once past, can never be reinstated. We do not expect ever again to behold the magnificent spectacle of the holy empire, with the sword of justice received at the hands of Christ's vicegerent upon earth; but we feel no doubt that the unity of Christendom will be restored.

It may perhaps be asked whether we intend to include in one general proscription all the productions of modern art? By no means. We, as other men, have spent many delightful hours in the galleries of Dresden, Paris, and Vienna. We have paused with admiration in the tribune of Florence, and passed whole

days in private collections of Rome, as in those of our own country. We are perhaps as intensely alive to the beautiful colouring and the *morbidezza* of Correggio, to the exquisite outline of the Carracci, to the suavity of Guido, as many others who indulge in high-flown raptures; but the question lies not there. The real question is this; what would these men have been, what would Raphael have been, had they remained faithful to the vital principle of Christian art? That is to say, had drawing and colour been employed as a *means* and not as an *end*; in a word, had the mystical element of art preserved its vivifying supremacy, and resisted the encroachments of *Naturalism* and of *Paganism*. Painting, as an art, is subject to that primary law of vitality which physiologists term assimilation: and when the elements on which it lives are more potent than the assimilating power, death is the inevitable consequence: not indeed immediate death, but a lingering dissolution which is not less certain, because it is preceded by an agony of continued decay. We may triumphantly appeal to experience in proof of our theory by interrogating the productions of our own days, and by asking why, in the interminable catalogues of our modern exhibitions, we find no traces of Christian art? Why Boucher's nymphs and goddesses gave way to David's coloured basso-relievos, and why they, in their turn, have given way to the extravagant vagaries of the romantic school? We speak not of the productions of modern Italy, which are valueless, nor of our own country, where the success of the painter's art is confined to the landscape and portrait, and to what the French call *genre*, and for which we have no name, although we have the thing in a high degree of perfection, in the admirable pictures of Wilkie and others. But where are the pictures which purify and exalt the soul, and raise it above the ephemeral conditions of time and space, into the eternal regions of real being? Where are the pictures which embody the sublime emotions of Christianity, and open to us the celestial city? Where are the Madonnas which call forth the tribute of prayer, or which affect us as those of the fifteenth century, which softened to tears men like ourselves? Where is the man who shall paint the martyrdom of St. Stephen, anticipating the beatific vision in the agonies of death, or St. Andrew contemplating with rapture the long desired instrument of his martyrdom? Who shall now pourtray the seraphic countenance of St. Francis receiving the visible impress of his Saviour's passion! Such things are impossible in our days,—and why? Because the vitality of Christian art is gone; and we have substituted in its place a servile imitation of natural forms, or of the splendid remains of Grecian art. We

have taken to measuring statues, and spending whole years in drawing from the living model. Milton and Dante were, we doubt not, sufficiently well acquainted with the rules of syntax and orthography: but the *Paradise Lost* and the *Divina Comedia* owed their being to something superior to either the one or the other.

We must not, however, be too sweeping in our denunciations; for there is one school at least which tries to raise its conceptions to the old Christian standard, and yearns and strives after the restoration of sacred art. We observed that M. Rio belonged, in philosophy, to the school of Munich, and this city has also the boast of encouraging the regeneration of representative art, which must accompany the attempt to reproduce a Christian philosophy. This modern Athens is indeed the favoured spot where its choicest specimens, grown to maturity, are likely to be preserved; but Rome is, and always must be, the nursery in which they are cultivated and trained. A few years back, a knot of German artists, congenial in mind and heart, had the courage to admire, to study, and to imitate, the earlier specimens of reviving art: and, before dispersing, left in Rome a monument of their spirit. Three rooms in the Villa Massimo were allotted to the exercise of their powers by its liberal proprietor, and scenes from the three great epics of Italy, Dante, Ariosto and Tasso, were the subjects chosen for their decoration. Overbeck, Cornelius and Weith divided the task, and covered the walls and ceilings with frescoes, such as few other modern palaces can boast. The friends are now separated, and may be considered as forming three focuses of new Christian schools. Cornelius, known perhaps to some of our readers by his beautiful etchings from Dante, holds his court at Munich, preparing magnificent cartoons for twelve paintings of vast magnitude, representing the articles of the Creed, and destined to cover the walls of a stately church there in process of erection. From time to time, when some subject of deeper pathos or sublimer idea comes before him, he instinctively quits the tumult of a profane capital, and retires to Rome, where his mind is soon attuned to the harmonious feelings necessary for his task. It was there that we saw his splendid drawing for the 'Crucifixion;' and, not two years ago, his heavenly cartoon of the 'Last Judgment.' Never were sin and despair, as they will be indelibly stamped upon every feature and limb of the wicked raised to life, represented in a more appalling manner; never were delineated lovelier wreaths of blessed souls floating on the air, as they rise from earth to heaven. And when we saw the artist's mind divided between his work and the painful duty of attending to the dying moments of a wife and sister, and when we found him sketching those beautiful forms of

ascending spirits, after having, within one week, closed the eyes of both, we could not but feel that the affections of the man were more than ever hallowed by the calmer inspirations of the Christian spirit. With him must be joined Zimmerman, Hesse, and others employed upon the great works at Munich. One of these is decorating the ceilings of the new picture gallery with the History of Art, where we were delighted to find the progressive epochs marked by such men as Beato Angelico and Leonardo, and to see the first compartment dedicated to the representation of art paying fealty to religion, and receiving its consecration from her. The other is painting the History of Religion on the ceiling of the new Byzantine church in the palace, and has so arranged his subject, as to produce, according to Fuseli's description of the *Camere di Raffaello*, a magnificent painted epic poem, exhibiting the history of God's dispensation in man's favour.

Weith is, we believe, Director of the Academy of Frankfort. We have not seen so much of his performances as we have of the others', but the little which has fallen under our observation, proves how earnestly his soul has communed with the chaste spirit of ancient Christian art. It is for this academy that Overbeck is painting a picture of marvellous grandeur and beauty; representing the arts deriving encouragement and impulse from religion. The *School of Athens*, sanctified by the feeling of the *Dispute on the Sacrament*, seems to us best to convey the idea of this beautiful performance. But this is not Overbeck's first great work: a few years ago, he painted in fresco the exterior of the Portiuncula, or little church of St. Francis, which is over-canopied by the splendid basilica of the Madonna degli Angioli, near Assisi. It was a work of pure devotion; the cartoons were prepared with a care which proved the undertaking to be a labour of love; when they were ready, the pious artist refused every other commission, and retired into the convent attached to the church, where he lived with the humble brotherhood till his task was finished. He sought no remuneration, beyond the satisfaction of having decorated the sanctuary of one, whose life and character represent the purest type of the mystical and contemplative school.

Overbeck, who never has abandoned Rome, is a convert, gained doubtless in a great measure by the evidences of his own art; for we have understood him to say, that till the great change took place, he never could paint a Madonna that satisfied his idea: the devotional feeling was necessary for the true conception of his subject. That feeling is the living soul of his style and character. It breathes in the countenance of all his figures, it sheds a mild solemnity over all his compositions; aided by a purity of outline and simplicity of arrangement, little known in modern

works. It gives a cast of holiness to all that comes from his pencil, which draws you, without knowing him, to revere and love the artist, after your eyes have unfastened themselves from the fascination of his picture. Overbeck never represents the most trite subject without changing its usual disposition, and yet you are always satisfied that his is the true conception, and that it springs from an unceasing application of the mind to holy thoughts. His *Sposalizio*, in which all the usual crowd of gossips and friends are excluded, and none but angels are admitted as witnesses of the chaste contract; his 'Children coming to Christ,' where instead of two or three unconscious infants receiving a caress from his sacred hand, you see a group of innocent little ones of various ages, expressing in their modest countenances, reverence contending in vain with the more congenial feelings of confidence and love; in fine his 'Christ in the Temple,' where we have not a grown boy installed on a throne, and dogmatizing to his elders, but a modest child seated on a few books on the floor, while the sages are gazing upon him in silent respect and admiration;* these, and many others which we could enumerate, are specimens of the originality of thought with which Overbeck's pure, ethereal, Catholic spirit invests his works. There are others in the same city worthy of mention, as those of Rettig, likewise a convert, and the two Rippenhausens, who, in brotherly affection worked on the same canvass, till death cast upon one the double labour, increased to tenfold weight by the affliction of his soul. Death too has lately deprived Christian Sculpture of its brightest ornament in the amiable Kessels, whose loss will not be easily repaired. We have met with a few among our own countrymen, who, by a residence abroad, have drunk at the more sacred springs of art, and acquired some of their wholesome virtue; but in general their efforts have been paralyzed by the cold, chilling influence of modern *taste*. The admirable production of Carew's chisel, over the altar of our church at Brighton,

* We borrow the following beautiful sonnet, descriptive of this picture, from a friend's album :—

"A little child is seated on the ground,
On two large books; whose brow, and parted hair,
And mild blue eyes, such winning graces wear,
That ye may marvel not, how those around
Unto his lips by golden links are bound.
For grave and aged men, are standing there,
And bending towards that child, as if to hear
The earthly echo of some heavenly sound.
What blessed words he spake the sacred page
Hath not enrolled, nor could the painter's art
Have well expressed; but in the hoary sage
I see the law, where rigour had chief part,
Yielding to that which biddeth every age,
Play still the child in love and guileless heart."

is an exception, and a proof of what Catholic art would do here, did it receive becoming encouragement. But look for a moment at this year's exhibition, and say from what corner of its covered walls do you see a faint dawn of a better morning shed a beam,—nay a grey indication of twilight, which may promise even a later dawn? But we are returning to reflections already made, and should be sorry to depart from our reader in despondency, after having for a few minutes endeavoured to cheer him by example into some hope. The Christian school of Germany has persevered, and is prevailing, in spite of Göthe's powerful fulminations, and we hope to see its influence cross the channel, and find in our national frame of mind a tenement equally well fitted for its earthly dwelling place.

ART. VII.—1. *Records of a Route through France and Italy; with Sketches of Catholicism.* By William Rae Wilson, F.A.S. A.S.R. London. 1835.

2. *Rom, wie es in Wahrheit ist, aus den Briefen eines dort lebenden Landsmannes.* Von J. Görres. *Rome as it is in Reality, from the Letter of a German, resident there.* By J. Görres. Strasburg. 1826.

MR. RAE WILSON belongs to a numerous class of travellers in Italy, who learn their topography from their book of posts, their local knowledge from Quadri or Vasi, or other published *ciceroni*; their acquaintance with the morals and manners of the people, from their dealings with couriers and inn-keepers; and their anecdotes and history, from their Italian masters. We know the race well: they may be seen, with pencil in hand, minuting down their slender observations upon the objects of trite curiosity, hanging on the skirts of groups that inspect the galleries with some intelligent guide, or extracting information from artists engaged in copying the master-works of antiquity. And woe to you, if you happen to tell within their hearing some amusing or interesting anecdote; an introduction and the task of repeating your tale, with the spelling of the proper names, is the smallest infliction you must expect. Much learning is not required; guide books supply the classical quotations,* preceding

* We must beware, however, how we rob the school-Horace of its merits. Tibur and Algidus, and the *hospitium modicum* of Aricia, form favourite points for the publishing tourist. The author of the "Records" seems hardly aware of this notoriety. For, when at Rome, describing, on a certain occasion, his tour to Naples, as though it were an unknown land, he observed, "I first went to a place called Albano, and after that I got to another called La Riccia."

travellers the feelings, and national partialities the critical remarks. When a sufficient accumulation of notes has thus been made upon the covers of letters, and the blank leaves of books, the precious embryo is either hatched into maturity by the fond assiduity of the parent, or placed in the hands of some man of letters, by whom "gentlemen's own materials are made up," and so elaborated into goodly tomes for the spring consumption of literary England.

All this is well enough; there may be something new in the heap of dulness, or many may have no objection to read the old tale once more. But there is one topic, which will secure the patronage of a party at least. What reader of advertisements understands not the catching words on Mr. Wilson's title-page, "with Sketches of Catholicism?" Who, that has attuned his ear to the war-whoop of recent itinerants, promises not to himself, on catching this prelude, a pleasing music? Who does not at once foresee that these "Sketches," though as much out of drawing as the engraved ones which embellish the work, are intended to be its great recommendation with a certain class of readers? But if it were known that, while the author was employed in writing these illiberal pages, he was affecting a kind and friendly feeling towards those whom he so unsparingly vilifies; that while he was calling the community of his catholic fellow-countrymen "the company of a muzzled hyæna," he was enjoying their unsuspecting hospitality, and courting their unmerited attentions; that, while he was traducing their religion, as "an idolatrous simulation of Christianity,"* he was marked in his attention to some of the very ministers of that worship, and was eager to secure their co-operation on some points; we cannot but flatter ourselves that they too will fling by the volume with loathing distrust, and sigh over the deluding spirit which can cloak, under a fancied zeal for religion, such dishonourable behaviour.

But we must not fall into the offence which we are thus publicly indicting, nor accuse Mr. Wilson of belonging to the class of superficial observers which we have described, without sufficient evidence. We will take an illustration at random: thus he writes:—

"Although now dedicated to the Virgin, the interior of the Pantheon looks quite as much like a museum as a church, being decorated with a series of busts—not of saints, but of distinguished artists—painters, musicians, fiddlers, engravers, &c."—p. 328.

Were we not right in saying, that Mr. Wilson is one of those who gathers his information from his guide-book, and that too

from an antiquated edition? For it is upwards of fifteen years since every one of these busts was taken from the Pantheon by Pius VII. and deposited in a new gallery, called the *Pinacoteca*, prepared for that purpose in the Capitol, and much augmented by the great Canova. The Rotunda or Pantheon was the church in which a confraternity or society of artists met for their devotions, and there they naturally erected memorials to men celebrated in art.* As there are busts in museums, we must suppose that a church with such monuments must look like a museum; but has Mr. Wilson ever been in Westminster Abbey? or in St. Paul's? And was his wrath moved by seeing busts of poets, and those not the most moral, appropriating to themselves a portion of the former? or did he think lieutenant-colonels and lexicographers, less "odd associates" with the Deity there worshipped, than artists are, to use his own phrase, with the Blessed Virgin in that temple? But with such reflections we deal not at present; our quotation is only to shew our readers, how Mr. Rae Wilson, and other such tourists, see what they describe. He speaks of the Pantheon as it was fifteen years ago, as though it were still precisely the same two or three winters back. One of two conclusions we must respectfully request Mr. Wilson's leave to draw; either he never went into the church which he describes, and wrote from books, or else, that when in it, he saw what is no longer there. We will not suggest a third; that he writes here, as often, without caring much for the truth of what he states.

But we must allow a better artist than ourselves to sketch, in a light *croquis*, the little race of tourists which we have attempted to describe. First, however, we will introduce him to our readers. The German pamphlet, which we have almost degraded by the company in which we have placed it at the head of our article, is in fact anonymous, but is edited by one whose name and character receive the homage of respect and admiration from the learned of every persuasion on the Continent. Of Görres we have had occasion to say a few words in another article;† we have only to

* The founder of this confraternity of St. Joseph, a clever and pious ecclesiastic, has long received a homage not intended for him. It was his skull which was preserved in the Academy of St. Luke's as that of Raffaello, with Bembo's celebrated distich on it:—

"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, quo moriente mori."

Rendered so beautifully into Italian:—

"Questi è quel Raffael, cui vivo vinta
Esser temea la natura, cui morto estinta."

The discovery of the real remains of "the divine painter," has rescued phrenologists from embarrassment, as they had pronounced the old skull to shew no symptoms of artistic skill, but rather of cleverness in business.

† See p. 440.

add, that his talents, as a profound Christian philosopher, as a learned historian, and as a most powerful writer, are but secondary qualities when compared to the charming simplicity and unaffected virtue, which render himself and his family circle the delight of all who know them. The author of the letter has looked upon Rome, with a mind full of amiable enthusiasm, with a devotedness of affection and a warmth of admiration, which few can appreciate. In a style truly German, he overlooks many of those objects of attraction on which travellers usually dwell, and seems to delight in tracing the beautiful characteristics of the Queen-city through its most neglected parts, and finding, in the poverty of its lanes, and even in the instincts of its brute population, the impress of her peculiar features.

In a postscript to this interesting letter, Görres, in a vein of sharp yet playful criticism, compares the accounts given by German, French, and English travellers of modern Rome. His introduction admirably describes the tourists of Mr. Wilson's mental stature:—

“When the mistress of the seven hills ruled the world, first with the temporal, and afterwards with the spiritual sword, the hosts of many nations crossed the mountains, to chastise her daring, or to lose their own; and more than once she was taken by storm. This always indicated error and confusion in the republic of Europe; but, at least, they were only the strong who then girded themselves to march in war towards Rome; for the Empress knew well how to defend herself, and to resist hostile aggression. But since Typhon (the genius of evil) has robbed the Capitoline Jove of his thunderbolts, and buried them deep in the caverns of earth, the race of dwarfs have taken heart; they put their luck-penny into their travelling purse, grasp their little canes in their hands, and march resolutely in troops like mice; and, when they have stood before the ancient abode of the mighty, and been courteously allowed to enter, they tramp through all the streets, they creep into every little corner, and sniff up at every object which is too great for their little eyes to take in. When they return home, they are not silent, as that quiet tribe usually is; but they tell wonders about the cave of Cacus* which they visited, and how they found there some of the bones of the stolen oxen, and smelt the smoke of the flames and lightning which he hurled, and found Hercules's club in one corner. Such mean stuff does each book-fair in Germany bring us; for these little folk are very industrious, and keep their journals with great care.”

Mr. Wilson's ideas of Christianity and religion are wonderfully comprehensive; all faith, morals, virtue and piety, depend, in his system, on one only point—the observance of the Sabbath. Paris

* The spot where this cavern was, under the Aventine, is one of the show-places of valets-de-place. Of course not a trace of it now exists.

and Toulon, Rome and Naples, are respectively sentenced upon this head alone; they do not observe Sunday as Mr. Rae Wilson would desire, and therefore they are little better than heathen cities. It is singular enough that throughout the New Testament our Saviour should never speak of the observance of the Sabbath, except to reprove the severity introduced by the Jews in its regard. He cures on that day, on purpose to break through their prejudices, and rebuts their murmurs in consequence; he allows his disciples to do what the Pharisees deemed it unlawful to do on that day, and boldly defends their conduct.* It is strange, then, that men who reprove the Catholic church for a leaning towards the ceremonial law, should place the essence of religion in the observance of that day, according to a Judaic form reprobated in the New Testament.

That one, so narrow-minded as this author shews himself in every page, should judge in this manner, cannot surprise us. But it is the fault of almost every tourist whom we have ever read, to mistake thoroughly, from first to last, the moral and intellectual character of the Italians. How should it be otherwise? Skimming over the surface of fashionable society, ignorant of the language, jealously excluded from the sanctuary of native domestic life, coming in contact with classes of persons who have shaped their manners so as best to please such strangers, remaining stationary but a few months in any place, hedged round with a prickly array of self-sufficient prejudices, possessing no sympathies of religion or feeling with those whom they observe, how can they pry into the soul and heart of a people, who, ardent and enthusiastic, yield indeed much to impulse, but reserve often a depth of secret intelligence and worth, which a passing stranger will not discover. If the traveller meet with a native on his journey, and receive from him, as infallibly he will, unsolicited courtesy, and, if required, disinterested kindness, he perhaps admires that frankness which waits for no formality of introduction, or perhaps notes it as a defect of character, as a mark of volubility and dangerous want of caution. But when he finds, as we have experienced, that such casual and apparently transient offices of kindness are sure to lead, if opportunity be given for cultivation, to a steady attachment, and perhaps a warm and faithful friendship, the readiness to join the hand will be naturally attributed to a deeper and better feeling than mere good nature, or easiness of disposition. We believe no English family have resided in Italy for a sufficient time, to allow their thorough acquaintance with the Italian character, as seen apart

* Mat. xii. 1-12; Mark ii. 23-28; Jo. v. 9-18, vii. 9-16.

from the gay scenes of public society, without its rising in their estimation, or without their discovering how much it has been maligned.

Travellers go forth with a standard formed in their mind upon models at home. The religion of England is the religion of one day in the week; the church is but a useless building on the other six; its bells are silent, and its portals closed; and the religious spirit, whether pent up, or suffered to evaporate during that period, is concentrated upon this one; the thoughtlessness of the week changes, by a convulsive reaction, into a melancholy gravity, and the want of all worship on those days is thought to be compensated by the denial of every recreation and occupation, however innocent, on that day. Well, be it so. But go into a country where every day summons the people to do public service to God, where religion necessarily mingles with the daily duties of life, where its institutions so surround them as habitually to bring it into their thoughts, and, at the same time, provide wholesome checks for total forgetfulness; where the hand of God has planted in their bosoms a heart as cheerful and smiling as their skies, and where education has taught them to feel that hilarity and joy are the best manifestations of a peaceful conscience; and will you not be unreasonable to expect that one day should repress such innocent feelings, and make men violate all truth of character, or imagine that God is to be honoured on it with a different soul and spirit from those wherewith they have served him on the other six? Go any morning into the villages of Italy, and see, before the sun has risen, the entire population crowded in the church, and kneeling during the same liturgy as forms the Sunday service, and hear them raise their clear and cheering voices in a choral litany; then watch them, as they depart from calling down the blessing of heaven on their daily labour, dispersing in merry groups down the hill, to dress the vine, joining with the lark in their shrill *ritornello*; the little ones tripping, in joyous haste, before the sober elders, in their picturesque costumes, till they vanish through the side-scenes of mingled vines and olives, to toil through the sultry day. Then when the evening bell tolls, an hour before sunset, and the labour ceases, see them return, fatigued yet cheerful, to enjoy—perhaps some rest at home? No, not till they have once more met before God's altar, to praise him for his daily blessing! And when you have every day witnessed this scene, tell them, who have daily stood before God, and therefore been joyful while the sun played fiercely upon them, and the blight nipped their crops, and poverty and want afflicted their bodies, tell them that to-day they must look sad and freeze all innocent joy in

their souls, and repress all mirthful expression, because forsooth it is the day of the Lord's rest ! They, whom prayer has made cheerful in toil and fatigue, must look, and be, gloomy when it brings them exemption from their yoke !

Or visit one of those beautiful villages on its special festival. In the morning you are aroused from your slumber by the loud peal of the church-bells, and the discharge of a hundred small mortars, to which the surrounding hills reply by their successive echos, as if to accept on behalf of their inhabitants the joyful invitation which their summons conveys. With no fear that any interruption will come from the weather in that delicious climate, you wander forth, through a pure and fragrant air, and admire the preparation of days, on which all the resources of natural taste and practised ingenuity have been expended. The triumphal arch, erected at the gate, in proportions that gratify an artist's eye, covered and festooned with evergreens, so well selected as to imitate the architectural members and ornaments of a more solid building ; the draperied inscription, which tells, in a latinity that would shame that of English cathedrals, of the glories of the saint, and the piety of his votaries ; the neatly-printed sonnets, warm from the pen of village poets, which are affixed to the door-posts of the church ; the band, probably composed of inhabitants, parading in their rich uniform ; the little knots of peasants who arrive from the neighbourhood, or issue from their houses, in all the bravery of their elegant and rich costumes ; the constant stream which flows from every side into the open doors of the church,—all this, seen under the cloudless canopy of a summer sky, with a back-ground of chesnut woods, and a horizon of bold mountains just catching the rising sun, will make you feel that the religion of these simple rustics is where it ever should be, deep in the heart, yet overflowing, from its full capacity, into their looks and actions, mingled inseparably with the best and purest of natural feelings ; that it must manifest itself towards God as filial love does towards man, and express itself towards the All-powerful and All-wise, even as their own little ones' affections do to them whom they deem able to help and to direct them, And these feelings will go on increasing with the day ; as you witness the church tapestried and lighted at their willing cost, the most solemn music which the nearest towns can afford, the procession with the several confraternities arrayed in flowing robes, with their banners and crosses, the evening litany, in which the organ is powerless amidst the choral shout of thousands ringing against the lofty vault ; in short, the arrangement, conduct, and feeling of the entire scene, will satisfy you that religion humanizes, refines, and, to use a stronger word, ennobles the minds of that

peasantry, down to a rank which, in other countries is rude, churlish, and nearly brutal. The municipal character of the Italian villages, the right of local administration which they all possess, seems to localize the attachments of their inhabitants; and they know not how better to announce these feelings than by displaying their superior taste in all the concerns of their little commonweal;—and religion, in a Catholic country, is necessarily the channel through which such a disposition will best be manifested. Those who have witnessed the dignity with which the notables of the place take the lead in all church ceremonies and processions, the good order and respectable demeanor of the poorer peasantry who swell them with their numbers, and the edifying deportment of the poor but pious clergy who officiate;—those who have witnessed the one, harmonious, feeling of brotherhood which binds together the entire population on such occasions, and through their influence at all times; they who have heard with what true discrimination the harmonies of the church-chaunt are caught up by the old and young without dissonance or timidity, will acknowledge that they have felt themselves drawn like ourselves into the swell of feeling which heaved around them; yea, and thought that they were raised above the dull level of daily emotions, by finding themselves associated in voice and heart with the vine-dresser and the mountaineer. And when thus overpowered for a season by the might of virtuous sympathy, and feeling the practical effects of the great catholic principle, which causes the individual to be absorbed in the harmonious unison of the multitude, had any traveller of the Rae Wilson cast whispered to us about “the buffoonery” of such religious exhibitions, and “despised us in his heart,” as Michol did David, when he allowed the joy of his soul to break forth in signs of extravagant gladness before the people, we should have been satisfied to give that monarch’s reply, “Before the Lord . . . I will both play and make myself meaner than I have done, and will be little in mine own eyes:”* and to stand by the award of that authority which adds, that “therefore Michol, the daughter of Saul, had no child to the day of her death.”

But on the character which religion gives to the Italian peasantry, especially in the neighbourhood of Rome, we must let our German speak.

“This feeling of propriety, which restrains their natural vivacity within the bounds of decorum, renders intercourse with the most uncultivated classes agreeable. The ingenuous and open character of the peasantry has a most becoming exterior, and elevates them far above

* 2 Sam. vi. 21.

the rustic manners and uncouthness of the corresponding class in other countries. Their strong natural sense renders them so accurate in their judgment, and so just in their principles, that, if we abstract positive scientific knowledge, which they cannot be supposed to possess, and look only to the relations of society, little more would be necessary to transform them into noblemen, than to change their outward garb."—p. 3.

Again, speaking of the pilgrims who flock to Rome from more distant parts of Italy:—

"You must not imagine to yourself the vulgar gait and demeanor of a motley crowd of rustics. No, truly; a more natural, yet more stately and nobler tread, a more elegant yet majestic mien in every attitude, could not be given by the most able artist to a picture of a patriarchal scene. But what is still more interesting with respect to them is, that the minds of these men are not at variance with their outward appearance; as all confess who converse with them here, and still more in their native country. How could it be otherwise than that the striking expression of a piety so earnest yet so mild, bearing the stamp of the most simple-hearted honesty, the most unaffected disposition, and of the most unprejudiced faith, should be founded on a child-like innocence and truth; for it fails not to affect the soul of any one who attentively observes their behaviour in devotion. You should see a company of these delightful men, when, after a long and fatiguing journey from their mountains, they first enter the longed-for holy city."—p. 21.

We will not give the author's description: we will only send our readers to Mr. Eastlake's charming picture of the scene, in the exhibition of this year, with the commentary, that it is but a correct, unexaggerated representation of the reality.

We have wandered, perhaps too freely, in the rural districts of Italy, recording impressions which can never be plucked from our hearts, and which the narrow-minded misrepresentations of travellers can only restore to fresh vividness and beauty. These are but as the acid poured upon the pages of a faded scroll, which, instead of cancelling what remains, brings back the traces that time and neglect had apparently consumed.

If we enter the precincts of the Eternal City, the power of religion, associated as she ever should be with the beautiful and the amiable, lays hold of our mind and heart, and encompasses us with an inspiring influence which denotes the presence of the Spirit of the place. A marvellous combination of splendid natural scenery, with grey and broken masses of ruins—the emblems of the enduring and of the perishable, of the works of God and of man,—encircles and adorns those sacred temples, which seem to partake of the properties of both—erected of the frail materials composing the latter, yet apparently endowed with the immortal and unfading newness which is the prerogative of

the former. Another may prefer to enter by the northern gate, and after journeying in meditative silence over the solemn Campagna, love to rush at once into the tumult of equipages, in the magnificent vestibule to the modern city;* though even there the twin-churches which claim his first salute, and the peerless dome on his right, will make him feel that he is already on hallowed ground. We should desire—after musing along the Appian way, in the tone of Sulpicius's beautiful letter to Cicero—after contemplating the total annihilation of worldly grandeur, which seemed necessary, to make a fitting pathway to the capital of spiritual Christianity—to enter by the southern gate; for there the combination we have mentioned bursts at once upon the eye. And if we could select our day, whereon to introduce a friend of kindred spirit, it should be the third of May. It is the festival of the Holy Cross; and though no holiday, it would present to him the scene which we shall endeavour rapidly to trace. The moment he enters the gate, the majestic front of the Lateran Basilica spreads before his eye, crowned with statues and adorned with stately pillars. On an ordinary occasion it looks down upon a green lawn, over which some few religious, clothed in white, and with book in hand, may perchance be straying. But on this day the prospect is very different. Standing on the steps which lead to its porch, you see stretching before you a triple avenue, skirted by the broken, picturesque city walls, and terminated by a noble church with a huge square belfry, which seems naturally to group with the surrounding aqueducts and towers of the imperial times. This is the great object of attraction; for it is the church which Constantine's mother raised to preserve the sacred relics of Calvary. Though the inhabited city is not even in sight, a countless flood of people, in their gayest attire, pours from every thoroughfare into the open space before you, and, after eddying within it for a time, as though it were its reservoir, flows on in a continuous stream, through the shady avenue, to the place of its pilgrimage. The sun, cloudless yet not oppressive, plays upon the variegated mass, with the richest diversity of gay lights and sober shadows, and now and then glances with a dazzling ray upon the carriage of the prelate or the prince. The left is closed in by the curious and precious triclinium of Leo III., glittering in golden mosaic; then by a bridge of aqueducts, striding over vineyards and their cottages. But on your right, what a view! Your eye leaps at once over the gate by which you have entered, skims over the suburbless plain which succeeds, and guided by the straight unbroken course of tombs or arches which traverse

* The Piazza del Popolo.

it, rests in calm delight upon the purple hills, dear to those who know them, as were Hermon and Carmel to the Jewish poet. Not sufficiently lofty to contend in majesty with the neighbouring Catillus or the Prenestine hills, yet nobly rising from the plain, they present so bold yet so rounded an outline, such a just proportion of crag, and forest, and cultivation, as allows you not to marvel at the towns and villages, convents and hermitages, which fleck their purple sides with their bright, clean buildings. Every one of these white groups has a name in story, and recalls the deeds of pagan heroism, or the chastest strains of Roman poesy.

This matchless union of objects, which, single, would form any other city's glory, necessarily works upon the mind of the natives, and must overpower the feelings of the observer. The seclusion of the most stately and venerable sanctuaries from the haunts of men, sheds around them a more soothing solemnity than the groves of old can have imparted to profane temples. There is no artifice, no trace of man's false hand in the austerity which engirds them: when to reach the Lateran church you have traversed the Forum, and passed under defaced triumphal arches, and heard your steps re-echoed from the tenantless seats of the Flavian amphitheatre, your mind has been sufficiently sobered, and your thoughts collected, to harmonize with the appealing Spirit that dwells within its majestic aisles. For, as the Tabernacle was separated from the camp of Israel which surrounded it, and the sanctuary was again alone in the midst thereof, so may Rome itself be considered as cut off from the ordinary dwellings of men by the band of solitude which surrounds her, and then as keeping her sacred places detached and secluded within herself.

But let us descend from this higher point of view, and join the throng. Dense as it appeared, you find it gentle, cheerful and sedate; no rudeness, no churlishness, no excitement; all seem as but one party, guided by one common feeling towards the same enjoyment. Here you behold the children sitting in a circle on the grass, plucking the wild flowers that grow around them, to deck the hair of the youngest and fairest of the company. There you follow a procession which slowly winds its way through the yielding crowd, to the music of a solemn plaintive chaunt. And perhaps you will ask what dignitary that is, who, in a simple cassock and scarlet cap, bears a plain black cross at the head of the pious fraternity, and you will be certainly told, for such things are not made matters of parade, that it is a near relative of the Emperor Napoleon, who never fails to lead those brethren on this occasion. And if you enquire who is the matron that, attired in black, heads the sisterhood that follows, you will possibly hear some name which once made the Saracen quail on

the plain of Damascus or in the Bay of Lepanto.* The nobleman and the peasant walk side by side, whether in the procession or among the spectators, without disdain on the one side or subserviency on the other; for in Rome, as our German observes, "an individual of the lowest class is more unembarrassed and at his ease, when speaking with a cardinal, or with the Pope himself, than he would be elsewhere in conversation with the secretary of an inferior man in office. The reason," he adds, "is principally their religion, which makes them all consider in one another only the Christian."—(p. 3.)

We have dwelt too long upon this scene, otherwise we should have wished to guide our reader with us into the church, which, however altered by ill-judged restorations, yet catches a venerable air of stateliness from the massive granite columns of its aisles, and possesses a matchless charm in the lovely paintings of Pinturicchio on its apsis, and an awful holiness in the treasure which it was erected to preserve. And we would bid him contrast the solemn and impressive devotion within it, with the cheerful enjoyment without, and see if there be not in the breast of the multitude a religious sense which can draw them to serious thoughts, without disturbing the play of natural dispositions. For our parts, we see much for other nations to envy, and much to admire, in this mingling of religion with the every day duties of ordinary life; we think this union of devotion and recreation, the walk to a sanctuary so situated in preference to a lounge in an insipid park, a proof not only that the people there are more thoroughly possessed of a religious character than their sabbath-preaching traducers, but that they understand more truly the spirit of Christianity; which Providence has blessed there, as nowhere else, with a power to influence the affections, through such monuments and such scenes.

But this reminds us that Mr. Rae Wilson is lying open on the table; and, though loath to turn to him again, we will try once more if we can find any matter for serious animadversion—topics for commendation we have quite despaired of discovering.

We have discovered him seeing in the Pantheon what does not exist there—we shall find him no less gifted with the power of hearing sounds not uttered. Holy Week is a favourite topic with your tourist. He will generally express some enthusiasm, real or pretended, in describing the splendid ceremonial, with its unrivalled accompaniments of music and the arts of design, which occupies the Papal chapel at that holy season. Not so Mr. Rae Wilson; he glories in having found it tedious, and in considering it only "inane pomp." Happy man! to be so elevated above the sphere

* The Colonnas and Dorias.

of other petty mortals, as to find the sublime strains of Palestrina and Albulensis "somewhat monotonous;" (p. 319) the procession of the Pope and his clergy "something ludicrous," (p. 320) and the *flabelle*, or fans made of plumes, which are borne beside him, "too singular to be passed over in silence!" (p. 322.) But what can you expect from one who gravely discovers that in Raffaello's 'Transfiguration,' Mount Thabor is like a hay-cock; (p. 311) "that St. Paul's (of London) is quite free either from the gaudiness of painting, or that of coloured marbles or gilding, so conspicuous in St. Peter's;" (p. 303) and more stupendous than all, that the "sole proof" on which Catholics can maintain transubstantiation is—the miracle of Bolsena! (p. 318.)

But as to the specimen of Mr. Wilson's hearing. Speaking of the functions in the Papal chapel on Palm Sunday, he says,

"As soon as his holiness had taken his seat on a sort of throne by the altar, a *band of instrumental music*, and a choir of singers, struck up."—(p. 319.)*

We thought every child who had been in Rome a month knew that in the Papal chapel no instrument, not even the organ, is permitted; and certainly Mr. Wilson's ears must be peculiar, to mistake the clear, unaccompanied sounds of the human voice, for a band of instruments. Once more, he either did not go to the chapel, or he is a precious observer. Such instances may appear trifling; but they are important to show what faith is to be put in such a traveller and others of his caste, when they even pretend to tell us what they themselves saw and heard. What then shall we say of their authority when they only give us, what forms the bulk of their narrative, stories, remarks and descriptions picked up from others? †

Were we to attempt the expression of those feelings which Mr. Wilson's remarks on Holy Week have excited in our minds, we could not keep this article within reasonable bounds. We do not think that any traveller has done justice to its sacred scenes; nor do we deem it possible for even a refined and cultivated mind to appreciate their grandeur, or fathom the depth of their pathos, on a first or second attendance on them. We shall refrain too, for the present, from touching on what forms

* As a specimen of Mr. W.'s accuracy, we shall only observe that the paragraph whence this extract is taken contains no fewer than three blunders. 1. There is no band; 2. the palms blessed in the Pope's chapel are not artificial but real; 3. the procession does not take place after, but before, mass. These are all in a few lines; and it only required common eyes, ears, and sense, to avoid them. Was Mr. Rae Wilson, who is so particular about sabbath observances, at his own place of worship, instead of the function which he describes as if present? If not, *why* not? For the two are at the same time.

† We happen to know the inventor of one or two of Mr. Wilson's *piquant* anecdotes.

the truest characteristic of vital Christianity, the institutions of benevolence and instruction with which Italy, beyond every other country, abounds. The evidence before the Irish Committee of Education, contains, we understand, details upon one part of this subject, which are calculated to surprise even many who fancy themselves well acquainted with that country. Of the charitable institutions we shall one day speak more at length; and we flatter ourselves that a brighter example of substantial, unostentatious charity cannot be found elsewhere, than what we shall endeavour to display. No dinners, no annual reports, no published lists of donations, no life-governors, or patrons, are necessary; it is a devotedness of soul as well as of influence, and a dedication of the person as well as of the purse, which constitute there the service of charity. We cannot understand how traveller should succeed traveller, and tour struggle in the press with tour for primogeniture of publication, and yet all should infallibly overlook this new and virgin field, which, to one acquainted with the country, forms its leading characteristic. After the beautiful eulogium of Burke upon Howard, we might have hoped that religious tourists, like Rae Wilson, would have wished to tread in the steps of that great man, and spend more time in probing the Christianity of foreign countries to the core, by seeing how that moral precept which forms its practical essence is best observed. Such an investigation would have spared him many violations of its injunctions. On the other hand, the man who, like him, observes nothing in our sublime Church services, but how often dresses are changed, and genuflexions made—and who judges of a nation's character by the observance of one legal precept—we know not unto whom to liken him, save to one who, standing in the Roman Forum, oppressed with the genius of the place, and finding his mind too full with so “prolific a theme for moralizing,” gives vent to his feelings and meditation, by the solemn assurance—that *Campo Vaccino* is a good name for it, because “it looks more suited for a cattle market than anything like what the (*his*) imagination is likely to conceive!” (p. 333).

We have confined ourselves only to shewing how the religious feeling harmonizes with the rest of the Italian character, and how foolish it is to judge of it on principles which would separate the two. It is, in fact, sectarianism which has soured the temper of the English people in religion, and led them to imagine that this cannot exist in the heart without a demure and formal exterior. Unity of belief and practice, on the contrary, has an aggregating, harmonizing influence, the natural consequences of which are, mutual confidence, cheerfulness, and joy. While each member of a family is reading his own book by his separate lamp, there

will be little appearance in it of either affection or pleasure, all will seem disunited, gloomy and demure; but when all are basking together under the same sun, and all attending to their respective occupations by the light of its universal ray, they will group together in closer union, there will be more warmth in their hearts, and a more blithesome glow on their countenances, and the reflection on each of the other's happiness, will multiply manifold the joyfulness of the beam.

To those who should desire to see the spirit of true meekness strongly contrasted with the unsparing harshness of English censure, we would recommend the perusal of a little work, which we are happy to see has been just translated into English. We allude to Manzoni's "*Vindication of Catholic Morality*;"* and we particularly direct the attention of our readers to the concluding chapter: "On the objections to Catholic morality, derived from the character of the Italians." In it will be found advice to that people, how to conduct themselves under the lash of bigoted reprovers, worthy of a Father of the ancient Church. We ask no better criterion of the practical Christianity of the two religions, than the comparison between the tone, style, sense, and feeling, to be found in the heavy octavo before us, and in the gentle and humble, and unpretending volume of Manzoni, every page of which is redolent of the purest and sweetest charity, meekness, and devotion.

ART. VIII.—*A few Plain Words to Sir Robert Peel.* 8vo. London, 1836.

AS far back as English history concerns itself about the affairs of Ireland, it gives our country and our people a bad name. Ireland is described as a soil in which the seeds of good government could never be made to strike root, or the fruits of peace to grow up to maturity. Fertile to prodigality in the gifts of nature, her moral fields are represented as incapable of good, and yielding no other return than a Cadmean crop, to the most assiduous cultivator. On other topics connected with our land, the British historians wrangle and tear each others' credit to tatters, with the fierceness of contending mastiffs. But there is a provoking unanimity, when they come to speak of the national character of the Irish; like the annalists of old Rome, they immolate the good name of all other nations to the glory of their own: and Ireland, as if she were really "alien in blood" and in interest, comes in

* Keating and Brown, 1836.

for an equal share of obloquy with France and Spain, the "natural enemies" of Great Britain.

Had our native historians been allowed a perfect freedom of reply, through the medium of the same press and the same language, which were used with so large a license for the purpose of traducing their country, doubtless they would have told the English reader and the world a different story. They saw their countrymen held up to scorn and abhorrence, as an inhuman, revengeful, and perfidious race, whom no ties could bind, no kindness soften. But for one instance of fierce vengeance on the part of the bondsmen, they could have cited ten of insolent and rapacious cruelty on the side of the taskmaster. They could have borne down the charge of violence with authenticated cases of oppression in the other scale; they might have balanced impatience with extortion, the disregard of treaties with a profligate contempt of justice and disobedience to laws; with proofs without end that the laws, both in spirit and in operation, were contrary to the will, as they were adverse to the happiness and the natural rights of the Irish people. "If lions were carvers," said the king of beasts, as he eyed a group of statuary which represented an animal of his own species prostrate and bestridden by a man, "these two figures should change places."

Master Vowel, alias John Hooker, whose history of Ireland, during the reigns of Edward VI, Mary and Elizabeth, is extant *Apud Raphael Hollinshead*, launches out against the character of this people in a strain that has continued in fashion down to the hour in which we write; for it is distinguished by the same spirit of malice and exaggeration, the same exalted pretence of piety, and the same exclusive assertion of loyalty, which we see exemplified in the writings and declamations of the most zealous Tories of the present day.

"Here may you see the nature and disposition of this wicked, effrenated, barbarous, and unfaithful nation; who, as Cambrensis writeth of them; 'they are a wicked and perverse generation, constant in that they be always inconstant, faithful in that they be always unfaithful, and trusty in that they be always treacherous and untrusty; they do nothing but imagine mischief, and have no delight in any good thing; they are always working wickedness against the good and such as be quiet in the land; their mouths are full of unrighteousness and their tongues speak nothing but cursedness; their feet swift to shed blood, and their hands imbrued in the blood of innocents; the ways of peace they know not, and in the paths of righteousness they walk not: God is not known in the land, neither is his name called rightly upon among them; their queen and sovereign they obey not, and her government they allow not, but as much as in them lieth, do resist her imperial estate, crown and dignity.'"

These are "bitter words," and in such modern taste and style, that a person hearing them read might suppose that they belonged to the leading article of *The Standard*, or had been ejaculated in a late debate by the Bishop of Exeter. But the writer, in the excess of splenetic zeal, lets out a little too much; for not content with libelling the country by a sweeping denunciation, he proceeds to establish his point by an example, and the case brought forward for that purpose is so perfect an illustration of the whole system by which Ireland has been "governed," that we could not desire a better excuse for the turbulent and unruly character attributed to her people.

"It was not much above a year past, that Captain Gilbert with the sword so persecuted them, and in justice so executed them, that then they in all humbleness submitted themselves, craved pardon, and swore to be for ever true and obedient; which so long as he mastered and kept them under, so long they performed it; but the cat was no sooner gone but the mice were at play; and he no sooner departed from them, but forthwith they skipped out and cast from themselves the obedience and dutifulness of true subjects. For such a perverse nature they are of, that they will be no longer honest and obedient than that they cannot be suffered to be rebels; such is their stubbornness and pride, that with a continual fear it must be bridled, and such is the hardness of their hearts, that with the rod it must be still chastised and subdued; for no longer fear—no longer obedience; and no longer than they be ruled with severity—no longer will they be dutiful and in subjection; but will be as before, false, truce breakers, and traitorous."

That same *Captain-Gilbert plan* has been too successful, we own, in perverting the disposition of a most noble and generous people. During nine successive reigns, not to speak of The Commonwealth, under which it was most rampant, it had its fair trial: the Irish having been persecuted without relaxation or remorse from the 16th to the latter end of the 18th century, and since then, with only occasional gleams of forbearance, up to the accession of the present ministry. Fear and severity, persecution and the sword, were the means employed during that dark and afflicting period of Ireland's history, to master her affections and win her to loyalty and obedience. What wonder if they failed? Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles; why then should they look for a return of gratitude and attachment to a long series of galling oppressions? The real matter of surprise is, that the Irish have not been rendered more wild, reckless, and vindictive, than even the hyperbolical malice and invention of their calumniators can paint them. For they are naturally high-minded and impatient, nor does their spirit tamely bend to a wanton wrong or an insult; yet are they found still frank and open-hearted, unsuspicious against the warnings of all experience,

generously oblivious upon the faintest show of kindness, and ready to grasp the hand, which may be half-extended to them in amity, with all the confiding ardour and hope of men who had never been deceived. *Give them Justice*; give them but a promise—such a promise as their sanguine and credulous hearts can rest upon—that they shall have justice; and at once their fierceness is turned to praise, the voice of complaint is heard no more in their streets, and a child may lead them.

This is no idle declamation. The state of Ireland, during the last year and at this moment, gives it the proof. Ireland now lives upon the hope of justice: her peace is sustained by it. Never before were the malignity and the ingenuity of her persecutors more ruthlessly active. Never did the *Captain Gilberts* of private life ply their task with a more pernicious energy. But those whom the people trust, have promised that they shall have justice; and in full reliance on that promise, in undoubting faith in the integrity of an administration which holds its authority by so noble a pledge, they give themselves up to the thousand harassing and vexatious practices which are employed to goad them to violence. They hold the warmest and holiest feelings of our common nature in restraint, and implicit subservience to the better hope which shines through their heaviest trials. On one side the Church scourges—on the other, the landlords exterminate them;

“Hæc rabiosa urget Canis—hæc lutulenta ruit Sus.”

But they resign themselves quietly to both. They submit to that absurd revival of feudal power, the Commissioner of Rebellion; and though a breath from their lips might scatter him to all the winds of heaven, they follow him submissively to prison. They take patiently the spoiling of their goods by the most exasperating of all oppressions, that of vindictive and excessive costs. They suffer themselves to be stripped and mulcted by vile attorneys, the very sweepings of the law courts, who pillage them at discretion. They submit to the heartless resentment of landlords, who visit them with confiscation and banishment for only daring to assert a constitutional right—a right as clear as that of any landlord to his estate. They look with wondrous calmness at their wives and helpless little ones driven from the shelter of a crib, which humanity would weep to see closed against a brute. Nor among the pitying bystanders who witness those scenes of barbarous devastation, does even one hearty, honest curse, such as “the recording angel” himself might not wish to blot, rise up to heaven against the authors of so much misery! The sentiment of commiseration absorbs all other feelings; and the whole neighbour-

hood bows in mute astonishment, as under the mysterious hand of Providence;—as if the ruin they contemplate were not man's work at all, but that

“Some fierce tide with more imperious sway
Swept the low hut and all its holds away,
When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
And begs a poor protection from the poor.”

There are indeed exceptions to this general rule of patient endurance. Some indignant spirits break out occasionally against persecution; and those wild combinations, which some years ago kept the whole community and the government in terror, can yet summon their scattered adherents to take vengeance for oppressions to which all feel that they are subject. There are also hovering about their former homes, or rather about the spots where once they stood, many hapless outcasts, with minds as desperate as their fortunes, eager to inspire others with those burning thoughts which form the wretched solace of their own dark and restless hours, and who are not unwilling to assist in executing the purposes which their counsels suggest. Whatever remains of agrarian outrage still survive in some few of the southern counties, proceed from the agency or the dictation of such “perturbed spirits.” But in comparison to the mass of suffering which is unsparingly inflicted, the state of popular feeling and action in Ireland is quiescence itself. The number of those who are at open war is utterly insignificant, when we calculate the tithe sales, the commissions of rebellion, the bills in exchequer, the wholesale ejections and depopulation of entire villages and tracts of country, which are perpetrated without cessation, and with every circumstance of aggravation and cruelty that unrelenting Toryism can devise. Compared to the provocations they receive, we say that the blood of Irishmen “is tame, is humble;” nor is there any other people in Europe who would so long have brooked the wrongs they have endured, and not risen up in a simultaneous effort to shake off the annoyance of such puny and contemptible oppressors.

That which gives the cold-blooded *Patricians* of Ireland so great an advantage over the peasantry, is the possession of the land. The poor Irishman has nothing to look to beyond his “bit of land.” He is rooted to the soil he grows upon; he knows no other means of living—has no resource whatever, no taste, no aspiration, unconnected with the culture of his “garden.” His children are not inured to any other species of industry. Drive them from the fields which their sturdy labour has been accustomed to subdue, and you render them totally helpless and destitute, without hope, without the opportunity, and without the

ability to acquire subsistence by any other art or occupation. Hence the lord of the soil has necessarily a *strong pulling hand* over them, nor can a heavier calamity befall them than the visitation of his displeasure. The Russian boors, who are transferred, like droves of cattle at the nod of their owners, from one province to another of that vast empire, are regarded all over Europe as degraded beings. But these at least, when they are removed from the spot where all their attachments are centred, are not wholly cast out. They are transplanted to new seats, as comfortable, and in every respect, save in mental association, as eligible, as those which they have been compelled to abandon. Far more bitter and more cheerless is the fate of the poor Irish serf, for whom, his door being once closed on him, no home like that shall smile any more. His removal is one of utter extirpation. His roof once pulled down, no friendly shelter receives him. The field that yielded its fruit to his arduous toil being interdicted, no vacant spot receives and repays the labour of his hands. He is wholly cast out and miserable.

"What is the wretched peasant to do?" indignantly exclaimed that upright and fearless friend of his country, Judge Fletcher, in denouncing the landlords, who, two-and-twenty years ago were pursuing this devastating course, impelled then by the cursed lust of gold as blindly as they are now carried along by the base and wicked thirst of vengeance;—"What is the wretched peasant to do? Chased from the spot where he had first drawn his breath—where he had first seen the light of heaven—incapable of procuring any other means of existence, can we be surprised that the peasant of unenlightened mind, of uneducated habits, should rush upon the perpetration of crimes, followed by the punishment of the rope and the gibbet? Nothing—so they probably imagine—remains for them, thus harassed, thus destitute, but with strong hand to deter the stranger from intruding upon their farms, and to extort from the weakness of their landlords, from whose gratitude and good feelings they have failed to win it, a kind of preference for their ancient tenantry."

Let any parent make it his own case; for this is the way to test it. When we are assembled at the domestic hearth, with our families around us, let us bring home to our bosoms the bare apprehension, that for exercising an undoubted privilege, not only recognized but actually enjoined by the constitution, it were in the power of some brutal tyrant, some abortive stunted upstart of yesterday, of whom gold, amassed by speculation and public plunder, is the sole nobility, to put out our fire and drive us away, far from that pleasant home: let us suppose him, by the word of his power, destroying our only means of providing for

that bright and joyous circle, and turning our children and ourselves adrift, to lead a vagrant, hopeless, scrambling life—disowned, rejected, persecuted, and maligned:—Could we bear it? Where is “the father’s heart” that would endure it? What reverence for the law, what sacredness of private property, what abstract right of men to do as they please with their own, would be of force to restrain our thoughts from dark imaginings, or our hands from giving them effect? We frankly avow that we would not submit to such treatment, but would take the law into our own hands, and, if possible, redress ourselves. Our children have a right divine to claim from us that protection, which may be denied to them elsewhere; and we cannot recognize any human obligation which should or could constrain us to reject such an appeal. No man owes a moral obedience to an exterminating decree. No man, pretending or deserving to be free, would pay it an outward homage, one moment longer than superior force compelled him to bow his neck under its intolerable yoke.

These are our deliberate sentiments,—the decisions of a mind, tutored, perhaps, by some small share of philosophy, and, at all events, not provoked to a passionate or hasty judgment by the sense of personal wrong. We have never felt what it is to be turned out upon the road-side, and insultingly told to “go to the priest”* for shelter. We have never passed by, under the pelting of the pitiless storm, and seen another man’s children playing about the hearth which had shone upon the gambols of our own little ones, now shivering in the blast. But we can feel for those who are placed in such a situation. We can sympathize with the sufferings, while we condemn the violence, of the peasant “of unenlightened mind, of uneducated habits,” by whom the reality, and worse than the reality, of all that we have ventured to take into our imaginary sketch, must be endured.

The persecutors and slanderers of this people talk of their untameable, fierce, and vindictive nature. But, if they believed what they say, would they dare to oppress and to harrass them as they do. Would they expel fathers, mothers, infants at the breast, and tottering age, if they really thought that blood alone could slake the burning heart of a ruined Irish peasant!—No. Too well we know that these domestic tyrants are inaccessible to pity. No sentiment of human kindness, no horror of the calamities meditated against fellow-creatures, fellow-countrymen, and fellow-christians, can make them relax their stern code of proscription. But they are not reckless of their own safety. Dogged and per-

* A common taunt, by which the expostulations of the poor victims of persecuting malice are answered, when they attempt to deprecate the heavy sentence awarded in Ireland against the assertion of political independence.

verse though they be, an unfeigned apprehension of consequences to themselves—consequences such as would seem to be inevitable, were the Irish peasant the tiger which their invention would paint him,—would restrain the arm which pity clasps in vain. Fear and prudence would operate, where nature is rudely thrust aside, and the intercessions of Christian charity, like its sacred Author, are mocked, reviled, and spat upon. But the persecution goes on. Never before was it more immitigably active; and yet its authors walk abroad, unhurt by any lash, unless conscience, unseen, and in its own secret hour, may apply its scorpions to their souls.

If there still survive any sparks of the incendiary fire which this incessant collision between the extremes of society has kindled, and continues to foment, surely they who have contributed so largely to maintain it, are not the persons to whom it belongs to raise an outcry about the barbarism of Ireland, or to call its people "*savages*."* If they felt as they ought, each recorded instance of agrarian violence should call a blush into their cheeks; for such are their own works, the fruits of that poisonous seed which their hands have planted, and which it is their policy still to water and propagate. But at every fresh proof of the tendency of this unnatural and life-destroying system, they turn round, with amazing coolness and effrontery, upon the government, which endeavours to check its growth, and they exclaim, "Behold the fruit of your mild and conciliating measures, the effect of your *compact with O'Connell*!" Thus, like the tyrant whose deformity of body was no unapt type of their crooked and contracted minds,

"They do the wrong, and first begin to brawl:

The secret mischief that they set abroad,

They lay unto the grievous charge of others;"

and then they call for the "*wholesome rigour* of the law," and appeal to the natural results of their own brutality as arguments for forging new fetters, or rivetting the old ones upon limbs that should, and, with the blessing of God, *shall, be free*.

Oh—it was soul-sickening to see, at an assize town, the pseudogentry of an Irish county gloating over the fore-doomed tenants of the dock, marking and singling them out, as the backers of the *Dog Billy* would review a lot of rats in a pit, and, "with hangmen's hands, clapping" the Singletons and Fitzgeralds† on the back, as one after another, the quick decisions of

* Colonel Bruen, whom a Committee of the House of Commons has elected to sit in that House for the County of Carlow, had lately the assurance thus to denominate his *quasi* constituents.

† Very famous Police Magistrates, who stand at the head of the *Classe Vidocque* in Ireland, by their eagerness to ferret out offenders, and bring them to justice, or, at

the petty jury bore testimony to the excellent getting up of their successive prosecutions. Whosoever has witnessed such scenes, must retain but a mean and contemptuous recollection of the creatures who arrogate to themselves the possession of all the virtue, the intelligence, and, what they call, the respectability, of the country.

The sort of justice which we have been accustomed to see administered, has always failed, as it always must fail, to produce obedience to the laws. For it is impossible that men should respect laws which afford them no protection against ruinous oppression; or rest satisfied with a system so grossly and avowedly corrupt. But the expectations of the Irish people are far from unreasonable. They seek not all that they perhaps have a strict right to require. Much less — provided it were conferred by a sincere and friendly hand, and not held over to be wrested from a reluctant one — would content them; nor amongst the nations of Europe is there one, which so small a measure of justice would satisfy. They do not even demand a

“Crust of bread and liberty.”

Strabo, in the days of the Roman Emperors, designated us “a nation of herb-eaters;” and now amidst the luxury and refinement of the nineteenth Century, we “seek no better name.” Our poor countrymen are content with a bare sufficiency of the roots of the earth. Leave them the shelter of the smoky roof, the light elastic turf under their feet, and the air of those hills and rocks which “lift them to the storms,” and they ask no more. They may squabble amongst themselves in absurd strife about the preeminence of this or the other giddy faction; and a head may occasionally be broken, in Irish duel, at a fair or a funeral, according to a “Code of Honour” which custom sanctions among them, and which you have taken little pains by education to abrogate. But property will be safe, and those who possess it, unmolested. The laws will maintain their sway; and reason, not force, continue — as thank God it has been up to this moment — the author and the agent of every political movement.

But their stubborn and indefatigable taskmasters will not concede even thus much. Equally heedless of their own security and of the calls of humanity and justice, they are determined to crush every sentiment of Independence and public virtue in the breasts of Irishmen, and bring back the state of vassalage which prevailed when Ireland existed only for the Beresfords and the Fosters. In reality and in sober sadness, they might just as well

least, to the gallows. Hence the name of the individual stands for the species; as men call a mighty hunter a Nimrod, so do we in Ireland call an eminent hunter of men a Singleton or a Fitzgerald.

apply their shoulders to the task of forcing the earth back into the shades of night an hour after the glorious Sun had lit up his torch in the East. But try it they will, apparently little dreaming of all that they may hazard by the experiment. Yet never was the Spanish proverb, "*Defienda mi, Dios, de mi,*" more applicable to the conduct or situation of any individuals, than it is at this moment to that of the Tory gentry of the now United Kingdom, and more especially of that portion of it which is called Ireland. It should be their prayer—be they lay or clerical—by day and night. For they are the most dangerous enemies with whom, in the present temper of the nation, Establishments have to contend: and unless the legislative power, guided by a rational and parental Government, shall speedily interpose to "save them from themselves," their occupation of many things which they are entitled to retain, may be as short-lived as their insolent encroachment upon rights which belong to others.

This is no threat, nor meant as such: it is a warning and a friendly one. But it will not be received as it is tendered, in a friendly spirit. The mildest whisper of danger to that demetate party, sounds in their ears like a revolutionary menace, and they toss the head at it in disdain. Their stand is taken upon the last ditch, and there they flourish the besom of antiquity, in utter ignorance of the crumbling ground that holds them up. That they have yet power enough left to keep the advancing swell of independence in check for a brief season, who is there so childish as to deny? They may repress the sentiment in places peculiarly obnoxious to their power, and overwhelm many a bold spirit whose impetuous virtue may urge him forward too rapidly. But the great and mighty current will still "keep due on"; and a long good night to *Dame Partington*, if in the end she shall find herself within its sweeping course.

We cannot expect that Ireland will be permitted to rest in peace, or that the abstract rights of the few will be held sacred and inviolable, while the many are abandoned and left without any rights at all. The mulish gentry of this country must be taught to distinguish between the free spirits of men and the inert clods of earth; and not to imagine or to call the *divinæ particulam auræ*, which informs other breasts, "their own." An efficient and comprehensive Poor-Law is the only argument which can penetrate such hearts. Such a Poor-Law we mean as shall compel a landlord to maintain, as paupers, those whom his vengeance may have ruined as tenants, and thus make it no indifferent matter to him to strip and turn them loose to prey upon society.

Until this be done, all that a Government can effect towards

the maintenance and preservation of public order, is to compel obedience to the Laws as they are, and administer them in a spirit of moderation, without respect of persons. Nor yet does it depend wholly upon the Government to provide for the perfect accomplishment of these objects. An avowed, unaffected, and practical love of justice on the part of the executive is indeed the principal thing; but it is far from being the only thing needful for its complete and substantial attainment. There are numerous subordinate agents — subordinate in degree, but exercising their several functions independently — whose cordial assistance towards that result must be obtained before the head can be held accountable for its success. That the Crown may be enabled to carry its just intentions into execution, it must have the effective cooperation of the judges and inferior magistrates, of sheriffs and jurors, of advocates and official underlings; without whose concurrence its most anxious and strenuous endeavours may be brought to nought. But most of these are independent agents; and when they happen to be openly arrayed against the Government, or privately hostile to its designs and wishes, it is often in their power to impede, or even to turn aside the course of justice out of the straight-forward direction. And notwithstanding such injurious obstructions, the Government may still be deserving of the highest praise. This is one of the few cases in which "good intentions," we mean such as are really good, are entitled to a full measure of popular confidence. For if persons, quite beyond its controul, come to the administration of the laws, with the same partial and jaundiced views which regulate the other movements of their lives, how can the executive oppose such perverseness, unless by the admonition and restraint of an upright example? Nor having the power to force those wayward tempers into the path in which it wishes them to move, it is not further responsible for failures which may occur through their faults and follies, than as it can (and will not) influence or counteract them.

But although it may not be possible to overcome the attachments and prejudices of persons who have been trained in a different system, (to which they perhaps owe all their worldly prosperity and consequence,) the Crown can do much to coerce the workings of the most reluctant instruments, so as to prevent them at least from openly thwarting its better purposes. It can keep a vigilant eye upon the magistrates, and check or punish their overt irregularities; it can attend to the appointment of Sheriffs, on whom the selection of juries so greatly depends; it can see that in the swearing in of juries, no undue preferences or exclusions take place, to defeat the ends of complete and impartial justice. It can insist that prosecutions advised by the Attor-

ney-general, shall be conducted with vigour and decision, with a zealous and irrespective determination to repress crime, yet with a tenderness for the life and a due regard to the rights and liberty of the subject. It can require that judicial proceedings instituted in the King's name, shall not be conducted with a view to obtain verdicts, apart from the more solemn and important object of such investigations; for the minister of justice should never permit himself to be carried away by feeling or temper, to forget what sacred and momentous interests are involved in the duty he is called upon to perform; he must still keep Wolsey's golden precept before his eyes, to

"Let all the ends he aims at be his country's,
His God's and truth's."

It is the part of the Crown to curb the ardour of policemen, (who have been too apt to intrude upon the office of the crown-solicitor,) and restrict their exertions within their own province and the useful functions which properly belong to it: it should instruct the lawyers, to whom the direction and conduct of its criminal proceedings are confided, not to surpass the bounds of temperance, or, in their zeal against a prisoner, to "turn advocates at large" against the whole people. In addition to all this, the government can, and should, revise decisions which may appear to have been formed without sufficient attention to the foregoing principles; and carry the just decrees of the law into effect, in the way which may best conduce to impress the community with a reverence for its power, and a reliance on its protection.

On all these points, the present government has uniformly and fearlessly endeavoured to do right. If justice halts in any of our courts, it is not for want of honest efforts on the part of the executive to propel it: if in others she runs breast-high with those who seek again to immerse, in blind submission to an effete and obsolete tyranny, souls upon which the light of knowledge and of freedom had begun to shine,—of any participation in so vain and so infatuated a hope, the executive is wholly guiltless. For since the department of justice was taken out of Mr. Blackburne's hands, there has not been a single vexatious or oppressive process instituted or enforced, with the consent or sanction of the law officers of the Crown; nor has that spirit of hostility to the lower classes, which too frequently poisoned even the wholesome proceedings of former governments, brought justice into disrepute, under the administration of Lord Mulgrave. Its corrections are dispensed with a parental hand; and the law is now seen armed, not with a sword only, but with a sword and shield.

It is wonderful how great a change may be wrought in the frame and temper of Society, and what important effects may be produced upon its general peace and security by the honesty of rulers. The criminal law of Ireland has not undergone any change,—the same terrors surround, the same sanctions confirm it. The machinery, by which its operations are conducted and its penalties put in force, is unaltered: the judges are the same, the jurors and official prosecutors nearly so; the magistrates and police are the very persons who were active instruments in maintaining a system, in which obstinate prejudice passed for integrity and cruelty for wisdom. But the controlling spirit is changed; and under its chastening influence, behold all things are become new. The spirit of British Law walks abroad in pure and genial splendour, grave but not severe—stern but not unfeeling; and the same words, the same sentences, which heretofore called forth expressions of rage from the lips, and left ashes of bitterness in the hearts, of the bystanders, are received with patient and acquiescent deference, because they are felt and acknowledged as the “faithful wounds of a friend.”

Hence the recent decisions of the tribunals have had a moral effect, which they never before were known to produce in this country. The common people are now persuaded of two facts very useful to be practically known amongst them; namely, that the law is too strong to be resisted with impunity; and that its protection, as far as it can yet be made to extend, is afforded equally and alike to all who need it. It is a new thing in Ireland to hear the country people, on their return home from the Assizes, acknowledging that every man has had justice—fair play for his life, and a fair trial for his liberty. Let those who have ever been deluded by the hypocritical cant of “measures not men,” consider what has been effected in so short a period here, by *men*, without any essential change of *measures*; and they must perceive their weakness in giving heed to so insidious, so dangerous a sophistry.

And what is it, that without an organic change in the law, has caused this great improvement in its actual administration, and this great change of public opinion and sentiment with regard to it? It is this—the sincerity of the Government. The Government is in earnest, and the public know it. “Men should be what they seem.” Previous dynasties had not been so; or, at least, they allowed conduct in their subordinates utterly at variance with the sentiments and resolutions professed by themselves. If they really loved impartial justice, they were sadly abused by those persons to whom they confided the task of giving effect to their good dispositions; for not only the sheriffs

and magistrates—who enjoyed a kind of charter to do as they pleased—but the police of all grades, and the crown officers, and (with reverence we would say it) the gentlemen of the long robe themselves, to whom it was specially entrusted to see equal justice done between the King and the subject, continued,—with some trifling exceptions—to stand upon the former ways; and the unfortunate peasants were, as before, worried into crime, entrapped into confessions, and pursued *per summum jus* to death or extermination.

The zeal of many of the magistrates, both among *the paid* and also among those who had expectations of being taken into regular employment, instead of being directed to the prevention of offences, stood on the slip, waiting until the perpetration of some enormous crime should give *éclat* to their exertions. They winked at the minor transgressions of Rockites and incendiaries, in the same way as squires preserve the foxes, to the great detriment of the neighbours' henroosts, in the hope of one day having a glorious run and coming in at the death. Hence the greatest difference was observable between their apathy to preserve the peace, and their burning eagerness to revenge the more gross violations of it. "Give them rope enough" was in more senses than one, the principle on which their system of pacification was founded. In short, they cared not for the peace or well-being of their country, which would have been nothing in their pockets, but, on the contrary, a great hindrance to their selfish speculations. They wished to trade upon the vice and misery of Ireland, and would not consume their staple before it was fit for such a market. Every facility was allowed by these guardians of society to those who wished to disturb it, and then no harsh or oppressive means of vindication were omitted which might excite the indignation of the population against the law; and in the same proportion, its sympathy towards the sufferers. Thus justice itself was rendered odious in the eyes of the country, and the moral effect, which should be the first object aimed at in all its proceedings, was converted into disaffection and impatience.

The method of impanneling juries was also a great source of mistrust and dissatisfaction. The construction of the panel, at least the order and collocation of the names upon it—which in a numerous array is virtually the same thing—depends upon the sheriff; and as he was almost invariably identified in feeling and opinion with the other country gentlemen, it was easily arranged, as often as political or other considerations rendered it peculiarly desirable to them, that the feelings and opinions of juries in criminal trials should tally with their own, to have a sufficient number of *sure names* clustered together at the head of the

panel; and thus to reduce the prisoner's right of challenge to a mere shadow. Nor have we known an instance of the legal representatives of former governments interposing, either in public or in private, to prevent so glaring a perversion of the most sacred right which the subject inherits from his brave and virtuous ancestors—that of trial by his peers. On the contrary, the case is too recent and too remarkable not to be remembered in a discussion on this subject, when the law officers of the Crown zealously defended this vicious practice, and by the warmth of their advocacy made it, in fact, an adopted child of the government.

We look no further back than to the special commission at the Queen's County in 1832, when all Catholic jurors of the county, save one, were called at the foot of the panel; and such numbers of Protestants—most of them Orangemen—placed above them, that on every trial of importance, the prisoners' challenges were exhausted, and a jury formed, before one of those persons in whom the people confided could be summoned into the box. Mr. James Charles Brady—a lawyer of high spirit and transcendent ability, whose mortal career was, alas! too short for his country, but quite long enough to establish his title to her undying love and veneration—challenged the array on that occasion; and Blackburne, *the attorney-general*, vigorously and successfully defended it. The argument, and, as we thought, the justice of the case, were on the side of Brady. But *Dis aliter visum*: the judges agreed with his Majesty's then attorney-general, and, with many an expression of dignified impatience, rejected the application.

The petty juries at that famous commission consisted principally of magistrates and half-pay officers. On one trial, eight "colonels and captains and knights in arms," were drawn up, shoulder to shoulder, in the jury box. On another, a father and son, both of them magistrates, "stood together to hear the evidence;" and in several instances, the magistrates on whose committal the prisoners at the bar had been sent to trial, were also among the jurors into whose hands the issue of the poor culprits' life or death was placed. To suppose that they could have come to such an investigation with minds perfectly free from prepossession, would betray a gross ignorance of human nature, and a lamentable unacquaintance with the spirit and dealings of Irish society. Well might the unhappy creatures in the dock exclaim in Sidney's words, when he protested against the judgment of the bloody Jeffereys—"My Lord, I humbly conceive I have had no trial. I was to be tried by my country. I did not find my country in the jury that tried me."

We mean not to say that those men were convicted and con-

demned contrary to evidence. Their guilt was too apparent not to have been established in the judgment of any twelve men who might have been selected to decide upon it. But the impression left on the minds of the populace, was against the character of public justice. They thought they saw—and we agreed with them in so thinking—an inclination on the part of their superiors to establish convictions *per fas aut nefas*, and bear down the defence of the accused by means at utter variance with the spirit of British law. Such an idea, not unfounded as it appeared, was calculated to inspire the commonalty with any other sentiment than that of reverence for the law, or confidence in its administration.

This, however, was the act of a sheriff. His was the first move in the arrangement; which could not have taken place at all without him. The government, by its confidential servants, *only* adopted it. But in other cases, and in other counties, where sheriffs have been more impartial or more cautious than to classify the panel in so *candid* a manner, the conduct of the Crown officers was *their own*; and they shewed, on many occasions, how cordially their feelings went along with the spirit which dictated that avowed picking and choosing. The power vested in the Crown of ordering a juror to “stand by,” was largely and unscrupulously had recourse to on almost every trial connected with agrarian outrage; and it was exercised in pointedly repelling from the jury-box individuals, however unexceptionable in character, who were known to entertain an opinion favourable to the rights, or a desire to redress the manifold sufferings and wrongs, of the poor peasants. So palpable was this practice of offensive exclusion, and the principle by which it was regulated, that we have known police constables to stand beside the Crown solicitor, instructing him, before the face of the judge, and apparently with his concurrence, whom he should put by, and in whom he might rely. In this way, a respectable magistrate was branded, at the nod of a policeman, as unworthy to be trusted upon the trial of a White-boy offence; and the Crown lawyers stood up boldly and justified the proceeding. In the same manner, upon a trial for murder at Naas, a brother of the late attorney-general, then Serjeant Perrin, was ordered to stand by, for no other assignable reason than because of his connexion with that eminent individual. These instances are enough to illustrate the spirit which dictated those exclusions, and the almost incredible lengths to which they were carried; and such a practice was not only connived at, but zealously defended, maintained and persisted in, by Mr. Blackburne. Is it any wonder that the people loved the law which was so administered? Is it any wonder that its dread

judgments produced no feeling but those of horror and execration; when they saw that merely to be known as their friend—to be noted as having evinced a sorrow for their sufferings, or a desire to improve their condition—was deemed sufficient ground to disqualify a man of unimpeached honour, veracity and intelligence, from serving on a jury in their cause?

The arrangement of the panel is still a discretionary matter with the sheriff; and generally speaking, the public has not now much reason to complain of the distribution of the names upon it. In a recent instance, indeed, suspicion was excited, of a design to *pack an array* in order to serve a particular purpose. But the names of those who are liable to serve on juries being ascertained by a provision of the law now in force, public opinion—if the want of a proper sense in the officer himself should render its aid necessary—would doubtless be found sufficiently restrictive to prevent any very glaring confusion of order and precedence on the list; at all events, nothing resembling the juratory vanguard at Maryborough, has ever been attempted since, nor probably ever will; but a decent distinction of rank and personal qualification is observed, under the correction of the public eye, and in some cases, under a due consciousness that the countenance of authority will not be given to any extraordinary deviations from the line of propriety.

The panel being thus fairly arranged, the Crown receives it from the hands of the sheriff, and in most cases where it is a prosecutor, goes to trial with the first twelve men whom the prisoner allows to remain unchallenged in the jury-box. There is no longer an open or secret understanding about the selection of a jury between the Crown solicitor and the county justice or constable, who happens to be the extra-official prosecutor under him; if the former see cause to order a juror to stand by, he does it on his own responsibility, and is obliged to render an account to the attorney general of the reasons which induced him to do so. Without substantial cause, therefore, this privilege of the Crown is never resorted to, and throughout the entire of the last spring assizes, not an instance we believe occurred of a juror having been set aside. During the circuits which are now out, some few objections have been made on behalf of the Crown, for which the officer will be required, as we doubt not he will be able, to give a satisfactory explanation; and we may venture to affirm that other grounds will appear for departing from the instructions of the attorney general, than that the party objected to was imbued with the milk of human kindness, or that he was distinguished by some mark which denoted him, either in interest or in sentiment, as the peer of the individual whom he had been called upon to try.

These and other mitigations of the stern aspect of justice have wrought a corresponding effect on the temper of the people. A persuasion is universal amongst them, that vindication, not blood, is the object sought by the executive in all its judicial proceedings, and that it visits wilful infractions of the law, not through a desire to inflict punishments, but from an earnest solicitude to correct and reform the habits of the community. Under the influence of such a sentiment, a healthier tone already begins to pervade the popular mind. Those who have till now been living like the children of Ishmael in their father-land, feel at length that they have a country, and that "laws were made for every degree."

The unexampled tranquillity of the country, and the bloodless course which justice is at this moment completing through its wildest districts, are among the fruits already visible of this happier and better mind.*

* The following *précis* of the charges delivered by the learned judges to the several grand juries, as far as they have been ascertained up to the moment of publication, will serve to show the unparalleled degree in which order reigns in Ireland.

At the *Drogheda Assizes*, Chief Justice Bushe stated that there was nothing on the calendar that required the least observation, except that he was glad to see it so light.

At the *Kildare Assizes*, Judge Johnson complimented the Grand Jury on the lightness of the calendar, there being but five or six capital offences for trial.

At the *Limerick Assizes*, Judge Perrin congratulated the county Grand Jury on the reduced state of the calendar since last assizes, which was evidence of the peaceable state of the county, and of the beneficial effects which good government is calculated to produce.

To the *City Grand Jury* Baron Foster made a similar observation, and stated that the crimes for trial were only of such a nature as may be found in every, even the best regulated, state of society.

At the *Wexford Assizes* Baron Pennefather expressed the pleasure which he felt at being able to inform the Grand Jury that little was to be done in the criminal department of their duties, and if the calendar faithfully represented the state of the county, it afforded him matter of congratulation, for it was really surprising to see a county of such extent so free from crime.

At *Maryborough Assizes* Judge Johnson said that he had cast his eye over the calendar and had to congratulate the county on its exceeding lightness. Some of the principal cases which appeared on it were adjourned from last assizes.

At *Louth Assizes* the Chief Baron said that it gave him great satisfaction to observe that the calendar at the present assizes was so very small, when compared with former years, the number of indictments being but twenty-three, and, with the exception of two of these, the crimes were not of that lawless character that tended to the disturbance of the peace of the county.

The *City of Waterford Assizes* occupied Baron Pennefather only two hours; and, but for the fiscal business of the county, the learned judge observed, there would be little occasion for his attendance.

To the *County Grand Jury* the Chief Justice observed, that the calendar was extremely light.

At the *Down Assizes* Chief Justice Bushe congratulated the Grand Jury on the extreme lightness of the calendar, which presented a subject of lively congratulation to all lovers of peace and good order.

A late number of the *Kilkenny Journal* stated, that out of a population of 25,000,

We have said that the law is now administered, as far as that administration depends on the government, with an earnest solicitude to correct and reform the habits of the community. Mildness and clemency are found to be not merely consistent with such an object, but essentially necessary to its accomplishment. The judgments of the tribunals are therefore executed with great forbearance and mercy, nor has the spirit of the vicious and the violent been thereby encouraged to beard the authority of the law, or defy its power; for it is well understood, that the clemency of the government is not a mere sentiment, but a principle, (though in the absence of the sentiment the principle would scarcely have suggested itself,) and that it regards as its end the protection of society, and the preservation of its peace. Accordingly, if severity is sometimes necessary, the sensibilities of the government are not of that morbid nature that it should shrink from the task which duty imposes. In its practice, "mercy seasons justice," but is far from neutralising it; a truth, of which the people are perfectly aware, so that in learning to love the law as a safeguard, they have not been led into the dangerous error of despising it as a monitor.

The repression of crime and outrage has been the constant aim of Lord Mulgrave's government, and in his endeavours to repress it, he set out by making war upon the serpent in the egg. The feuds and factions which so long characterised and disgraced our peasantry, have not attracted the attention of public men or of the legislature, in a degree proportioned to the influence which they exercise upon the whole frame and condition of society; yet it seems as clear as the derivation of the torrent from its tributary streams, that the quarrelsome and revengeful spirit engendered by those eternal conflicts, stimulates and excites to the commission of the grievous atrocities which have made us a bye-word among the nations; the source indeed lies much deeper, but these form the channel by which the mischief flows. The Tory method, however, of extinguishing a fire has ever been to let the smouldering sparks work out into a blaze, reserving the force and terror of their blood-charged engines against the great conflagration; it has ever been a favorite maxim amongst them, that the internal dissensions of the people are a great help to government and to the preservation of British influence and connexion; and such a

there were only five persons for trial at the approaching assizes for that city, four of whom were strangers.

On the opening of the *County Kilkenny Assizes*, Baron Pennefather congratulated the county Grand Jury on the lightness of the calendar, which, he observed, contrasted happily with former ones.

The *Kerry Evening Post*, a print of the "sort that is much wanted," informs us that "it is happy to say the calendar is unusually light."

notion, disgusting as it appears in persons calling themselves Irishmen, is certainly in perfect consistency with the principles of a party, which has always treated and regarded, and which still regards, and if they had the power would still treat Ireland, as an *Enemy's country*. Our divisions, in every degree and subordination, have ever been their strength; for six weary ages they divided us and ruled; it was their avowed policy from the earliest times,—

"Anno 1278," saith Hanmer in his entertaining chronicle, "there rose civil wars, no better than rebellion, between Mac Dermot de Moylargo and Cathgur O'Conoghur, King of Connaught, when there was great slaughter and bloodshed on both sides, and the King of Connaught slain. Raphael Hollinshed, in his Irish Collection, thinketh that there were slain at that time above two thousand persons; the King of England hearing thereof, was mightily displeased with the Lord Justice, and sent for him into England, to yield reason why he would permit such shameful enormities under his government. Robert Ufford substituted Robert Fulborne (as before,) satisfied the King that all was not true that he was charged withal, and for further contentment yielded this reason, that *in policy he thought it expedient to wink at one knave cutting off another, and that would save the King's coffers and purchase peace to the land. Whereat the King smiled and bid him return to Ireland.*"

Many a deputy and lord justice have won smiles from royalty by the same plea, and been commanded to "return to Ireland,"—hapless, distracted Ireland, which

"Never did nor ever can
Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror,
But when she first did help to wound herself."

Her intestine broils and dissensions have not only reduced and weakened her own energies, but raised a cloud between the justice of the English nation, and the flaws and vices of the various governments by which she has been afflicted. A tyrannical or dishonest government would never seriously set about reforming this weakness; Lord Mulgrave is the first who has taken effectual and decisive measures to eradicate it; he has not only mastered the Orange and the Ribbon factions, but has made the most strenuous exertions to put down those dangerous and barbarous conflicts, called faction-fights, of which the frequent occurrence has caused so much private misery and public disquietude.

To this end, the courts of quarter-sessions have been carefully re-modelled and improved, with a view to bring within the grasp of the law, without the power of evasion or compromise, every disturber of the public peace. Crown solicitors were appointed for each county, to prosecute the offenders in every instance of riot; and notwithstanding the difficulty of bringing parties, who

have been so long accustomed to settle all their differences "in the *tented field*," to beard each other in the halls of justice, the result of those prosecutions has uniformly been a complete vindication of the law. It is perfectly notorious, that outrages of this kind have greatly diminished in number and frequency within the last year; and yet the convictions at quarter-sessions within the same period, for such offences, are more numerous, as the punishments which follow conviction are certainly more exemplary, than they have been in any one year within our recollection. These facts exhibit the apathy and connivance of former governments and their servants, in a light as undeniable as it is discreditable to them. They "cared for none of these things." "Let them fight it out—while they quarrel among themselves, it is well for us—by winking at one knave cutting off another, we purchase peace to the land." Such were, or might have been, the doctrines of policy and expediency by which they excused to themselves and to their friends the neglect of those minor offences, which were the immediate parents of the greater.

Before the government took into its own hands the prosecution of rioters at quarter sessions, and appointed officers to conduct it, a system of compromise was openly practised and tolerated, which made it easy for the most violent ruffians in the country to insult their quiet neighbours, and afterwards laugh at the law and those who administered it. Mr. Howley, the assistant barrister of Tipperary, in an admirable charge to the quarter-sessions' grand jury at Neuagh, on the 8th of July (instant), stated, that it was, until lately, a common practice for the parties in those savage encounters, to patch up their quarrels in the presence and with the sanction of the grand jury, who were thus made a party in those scandalous evasions of justice.

"A system of compromise," says the learned gentleman, "was permitted from the first step of investigation at petty sessions, to the last stage of inquiry before this court; and no matter how deeply the public peace might have been violated, or personal injury inflicted, still the rule was applied indiscriminately to cases of this description with those of an ordinary and less aggravated character. It is true that in cases of common assaults, the policy of the law has been to allow parties to come together, and to make an amicable adjustment of the difference between them. This practice proceeds upon just and discriminating principles; it is considered that if there has been no open or flagrant violation of the peace, the personal injury is but small—frequently the result of some sudden heat, free from the aggravation of preconceived malice, often occurring between neighbours and previous friends, committed perhaps in private, and not involving third persons in inconvenience or danger. But how different are such cases from the class of aggravated assaults and riots which frequently come before you, where

grievous bodily harm is inflicted—where limbs are mutilated and life endangered—where parties lie in wait to meet their victim unawares, where weapons of a deadly nature are provided and made use of—and where the unhappy objects of these desperate attacks owe their lives rather to the interposition of a merciful Providence than to the hearts of those, who, though they may thus escape from the legal guilt of murder, are still murderers in morals, and felons in intention. Different also are the cases of factious meetings and riots, where so many hundred persons array themselves on each side, meeting by appointment at some fair or market, and enter into some deadly conflict, for no better reason than that one chooses to call himself a *Cummin* and another a *Darrig*, or that the appellations of Shanavest or Caravat, or a Magpie or a Blackhen, designate the opposing and contending parties. In cases such as I have now stated, I would particularly guard you against lending yourselves to any compromise, or reviving that old practice, which we have set aside, of permitting both parties to enter your room, and if they are willing to forgive and forget, then of jurors thus abdicating their office, the duties of which they had sworn strictly to discharge."

Compromises of another kind, but to the same effect, have not been unfrequent. We mean compacts between the government and the culprits, whereby the penalties due to the latter were avoided. A rather startling instance of this kind of justice we have just happened to light upon in the Annual Register for 1811, a period when England "lacked soldiers."

"On the 2d of March" in that year, "eleven men, convicted of a tumultuous assembly at Notsdown, near Cashel, were brought out to suffer *the first of their whippings!* when nine of them supplicated to commute their punishment for enlistment for general service; and, in conformity with a previous communication made to the magistrates from government, the offer was agreed to. *The other two received their whipping.*"

Now, what could the people, who witnessed that transaction, think, but that these two unsoldierly wights "received their whipping" for the crime of refusing to enlist; and that the other nine, who, to avoid the hangman's lash, fled to the drummer's cat-o'-nine-tails, had been condemned to so severe a punishment, not for the sake of repressing tumultuous assemblages, but in order to induce them to become the companions in arms of my Lord Wellington?

So marked is the improvement which has taken place in the conduct of the people, in consequence of the vigorous and impartial war which the lord-lieutenant has waged upon wanton violence, armed simply with the law, not strengthened by any insurrection acts or measures of unconstitutional coercion, that even the Tories are constrained to admit it. The Clonmel Advertiser, a journal of no great character certainly, but yet a credible because an unwilling witness on this point, thus bears testimony to the truth:—

"We are free to admit the fact, and happy in being able to do so, that we have learned from our various correspondents in this country, that party-fighting at fairs and markets has somewhat abated. This improvement in the habits and morals of the people we attribute to three causes:

"First, We owe a great deal to our assistant barrister, Mr. Howley, for his manifest determination to suppress those factious feuds, by visiting all such rioters when convicted before him.

"Secondly, We attribute the diminution of outrage to the employment of the peasantry and farmers, and the advance upon stock and all kinds of agricultural produce.

"Thirdly, We attribute and trace the latter cause principally to the agricultural banks.

"We, humble as we are in the provincial hemisphere, suggested to the Wellington and Peel government the utility of local crown solicitors for our Quarter Sessions, which was not attended to, but we find it adopted in the eleventh hour by the Whigs."

The attention of the government is still anxiously directed to this department of our criminal jurisprudence, which, though inferior in dignity to some others, is second to none in importance; and various legislative measures have been enacted, with a view to encrease its efficiency. The amended Petty Sessions Act which lately received the royal assent, contains some excellent provisions for the more severe enforcement of the law against outrage, and to prevent collusive evasions of it. There are also some clauses to the same effect in the Civil Bills Court Bill, introduced and passed through the House of Commons this session. But we have so far outrun the limits we had prescribed to ourselves at the commencement of this article, that we cannot trespass on our readers by entering upon an analysis of those measures. They were prepared for the purpose, which they appear extremely well calculated to serve, of extending the power, and increasing the obligations, of those who administer the law, to repress outrages which being left unpunished would lead to the commission of the deepest enormities:* and thus has the

* The principal improvements adopted with regard to Petty Sessions, are thus described by a Tory paper published in the south of Ireland:—

Petty Sessions Act.—A bill is either passed or about to be so, to amend the act already in force for regulating the business of Petty Sessions in Ireland. It is a short bill, containing but thirteen clauses, some of which are truly valuable improvements upon the existing law. Among these is a provision to authorise one magistrate to act in certain cases, when the attendance of others cannot be procured, which, as every one knows who has any practical familiarity with the affairs of Petty Sessions, is frequently the case. Great inconvenience has been occasioned to the public by repeated adjournments of the business of those courts, for want of the attendance of a second magistrate; whilst in a majority of the cases waiting to be heard, one would be quite competent to act, particularly when his decisions should be pronounced in open court.

"Another clause empowers the magistrate who signs a summons or warrant, at the

foundation been laid of a more ordered and safe frame of society, and of a general disposition and love for the arts of peace.

The tastes and passions of former rulers led them to attempt the same objects by insurrection acts, and similar unconstitutional and tyrannous measures of coercion. But the good genius of Ireland has taught Lord Mulgrave a more excellent way; namely, to secure obedience by inspiring confidence, and to reclaim the minds of the peasantry from fierce and barbarising contentions, by bringing home justice—not the severities of hasty and arbitrary enactments—not the terrors of the curfew, the nightly roll-call, and the summary condemnation and banishment—but the pure and equal justice of British law, to their doors. He has adopted the course—and praise can scarcely go higher than to say that he has cordially adopted it—which Fletcher recommends, in that charge wherein his memory is commended to the perpetual reverence of his country, as the fearless patriot, the wise lawgiver, and the uncorrupt judge.

“There is one remedy,” said that truly great and good man, “that would, in my estimation, more than any other especially contribute to soothe the minds of the discontented peasantry, and thereby enable them patiently to suffer the pressure of those burdens, which cannot, under existing circumstances, be effectually removed. I mean the equal and impartial administration of justice—that justice which the rich can pursue until it be attained, but which, that it may benefit the cottager, should be brought home to his door. Such an administration of justice would greatly reconcile the lower orders of the people with the government under which they live, and at no distant period, I hope, attach them to the law, by imparting its benefits and extending its protection to them in actual and uniform experience. Gentlemen, if you ask me, how may this be accomplished? I answer, by a vigilant superintendence of the administration of justice at Quarter Sessions, and an anxious observance of the conduct of all justices of peace.”

But whilst we give full credit to the wisdom, the integrity, and the unexampled success of the government, and to the just and constitutional method pursued by it for the maintenance of public

complaint of any person for an assault, to bind over the complainant to appear and prosecute. The compromises so usual between the issuing of the summons and the sitting of the court, may be, in a great degree, obviated by a discreet enforcement of this provision, and thus a greater security will be obtained for the maintenance of peace.

“A power is also given to the magistrates to compel the attendance of witnesses on all cases which come within their jurisdiction, and to punish them in case of disobedience. Heretofore, we believe, the authority vested in magistrates to enforce the attendance of witnesses was applicable only to cases of felony; but the extension of it to all matters subject to the jurisdiction of the court will much assist the investigation of the facts submitted to its decision, and thus promote the attainment of justice, and the consequent quiet and civilization of the country.”—*Waterford Mail*.

order and tranquillity, let us not withhold from the people—the slandered and suspected peasantry of Ireland—the praise which they have most richly merited. They have gone along with the government, *pari passu*, in this good work. From the moment that they saw that the intentions of their rulers were honest, and their measures of correction calculated, as unequivocally as they professed, to promote the welfare of all men alike, they assumed a character new to them, and became the supporters of the law. The institution of “*The Tipperary Society*,” is perhaps the most striking proof of popular reaction which the events of modern times supply. Lord Mulgrave, in his reply to the address of that county, called upon its “sturdy yeomanry to co-operate cordially with a government in which they professed deserved confidence, in removing from Tipperary the attempted stigma with which a few evil doers could yet afflict their thriving and beautiful county;” and the call was answered by the formation of societies throughout the county “for the suppression of outrage, and the maintenance of peace.” Thousands of the small farmers, who had been used to shelter and conceal from justice the nightly marauder and the Rockite, joined these societies, and pledged themselves by a solemn declaration to the performance of the following duties:—

“To discourage bad characters.

“To refuse to employ or keep such persons in their houses.

“To report to some one of the Committee the appearance of any bad character, or any person accused or suspected of crime in their neighbourhood.

“To communicate to a Magistrate, or one of the Committee, any facts likely to lead to the prevention of outrage.

“To give such assistance to the Committee as they may require from time to time.

“To attend all meetings of the Society convened by the Secretaries.

“To use every exertion to prevent fighting between factions at fairs, &c. &c.”

The haughty and mortified gentry stood aloof from such voluntary associations, disdaining all modes of pacification which threatened to clash with their early notions of vigorous retribution. But the people, nothing damped by the repulsive sneers of those jealous guardians of *peace*, took their tried friends and councillors, the Catholic Priests, as their leaders, advised by whom, and cheered on by some few magistrates of a better and more constitutional spirit, they have, in a great measure, conquered a peace within their borders. Colonel Prittie, a deputy-lieutenant of the county, and formerly a representative in many parliaments, who, with the Protestant and Catholic clergymen of the parish, joined

the society at Roscrea, lately stated as a fact which had come within his official cognizance, that crime had been greatly diminished since the establishment of that association. He was enabled to bear witness to this truth, because the government proclamations for the arrest of criminals passed through his hands to all parts of the extensive district of Lower Ormond, and their numbers were now less by one half. Mr. Howley, in his excellent address to the grand jury of Nenagh already adverted to, says, that "a great improvement appears in the official returns to have been brought about, in the last four months, during which the principal fairs of this county (Tipperary) have been held, and which formed heretofore the battle ground of the several factions." And he refers to the report of Captain Nangle, the chief magistrate of Cashel district, stating the unprecedented fact, that twenty-six fairs had taken place, from the 7th of January to the 26th of June, and no riots or fights occurred at them; and also to the report of Major Carter of the Nenagh district, who declares that nine principal fairs had passed over in that neighbourhood with the same happy result.

Such are thy triumphs, O Justice! Such fruits spring up in the hearts and conduct of an honest-minded, though sadly perverted people, under the earliest dawn of a kind, and equal, and pure administration of the laws. What will they be, when that, which scarcely yet appears more than a vision to their long-deferred, and often baffled hopes, shall have advanced, in bright and palpable reality, into "the perfect day?"

ART. IX.—*The Record*, No. 893. London. 18th July, 1836.

IT is already known to most of our readers, that a general meeting of the self-styled "Protestant Association" was held on Thursday, the 14th of July, at the Great Room, Exeter Hall, pursuant to an advertisement, which set forth that "the peculiar perils in which the Protestants in Ireland are involved, would be laid before the public;" it added, that "an appeal will be made, in the spirit of *candour* and *Christian charity*, to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects themselves, as well as to the British nation in general, on the principles from which these perils arise, and evidence brought forward on the subject of an *awfully interesting* nature, to which the earnest attention of all parties is entreated. *Incontrovertible statements* will be made by the Rev. Robert M'Ghee, relative to the persecuting principles inculcated

in the notes of the Rheinish Testament, and to certain proceedings connected with the *republication* of those sanguinary notes in Ireland, which it is of the *utmost importance* should be fully known." This summons was manifestly framed with a view to attract to the Hall as large a number of persons as that spacious area could well contain. Our Protestant brethren were called upon to hear communications, which seemed to affect not only their personal safety from some awful danger actually impending over them, but from some approaching catastrophe, which was to involve the Roman Catholics themselves, and all other parties, in one universal ruin.

Accordingly, a very numerous assemblage took place. The great room, which we believe is capable of containing from three to four thousand persons, was filled at an early hour of the day, and as two of our colleagues were present at the meeting, we can testify that it was generally composed of persons of great respectability. The chamber is remarkably well adapted for congregations of this description. The upper part of it is railed off, for the accommodation of those gentlemen and their friends who take a lead in the proceedings of the association; it is fitted up with benches, which are arranged on an inclined plane; while the greater space below, also up with benches on a level floor, is assigned to the audience. On this occasion we observed, that the latter consisted chiefly of the female sex—mothers and daughters, from twenty-five down to seven years of age, accompanied by groups of relatives, were seen constantly sympathizing with each other by looks of alarm or exultation, as the orator of the day chose to arouse their horror, or to assure them of triumph through all the perils by which they were surrounded. Several boys were among these families. George Finch, Esq. M.P. was in the chair. Seated near him were Lords Calthorpe and Powerscourt, the Hon. Fred. Calthorpe, the Hon. Captain Wellesley, R.N., the *celebrated* Mr. Hardy, Sir Andrew Agnew, The Chisholm, and other members of the House of Commons. Upon a table on the right of the chair were piled four or five thick quarto Bibles, behind which appeared the Rev. Robert M'Ghee. When the chairman arose to explain the object of the meeting, the scene looked, we must say, splendid and imposing. We have not the least doubt that the majority of those present came to hear, what they believed to be, truths of the utmost importance to their temporal and eternal welfare; and we further declare our conviction, that if they had been addressed in the spirit which the advertisement announced—in the spirit of "candour and Christian charity," there was never an assemblage in a better temper to reciprocate these dispositions.

Mr. O'Connell had been invited to attend the meeting. He declined doing so, for reasons which are already before the public. He considers that it is much the better course to let this association go on in its own way, until it shall convince the people of England of its real nature and object, which are the maintenance, (at the expense of truth, of candour and Christianity) of the temporal establishment of the Protestant Church, and of the minor establishment of salaried officers, printers, and others belonging to the association, not omitting the income which the proprietor of the Hall derives from the encouragement of fanaticism. The premises are rented by societies of various appellations, all of which have for their common object the diffusion of calumnies against the Catholic religion. Never did Mr. O'Connell utter a sentence more accurate in all its parts than when he said, that assemblages of this nature, instead of injuring, were highly beneficial to the Catholic Church. They call men's attention incessantly to the most important subject which can agitate our thoughts in this life; they cause a degree of excitement, which, in innumerable instances, leads to dissatisfaction with the principles upon which Protestantism is essentially founded; and the result is, that Catholicity is spreading like a flame throughout the whole country. That the meeting of the 14th of July, 1836, is eminently calculated to promote the manifest designs of Providence in this respect, no man can doubt who has reflected calmly upon the events by which that memorable day was characterized.

The chairman at once frankly confessed, that "no one should be allowed to address the meeting except the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee, or some member of the committee, because it was thought fit, as this was an attack on certain doctrines and principles of the Roman Catholics, to confine the speaking to the party bringing the charge." Mr. O'Connell, he added, had been invited to answer Mr. M'Ghee, but as that honourable and learned gentleman refused to come forward, no person of "second-rate talent" would be suffered to appear on the adverse side. It was understood that applications had been made by several Catholic gentlemen for permission to reply to Mr. M'Ghee's charges, and that such permission had been moved and supported by a respectable minority of the committee. But we by no means regret that it was not granted. It is much more conducive to the cause of truth, that these assemblages should be left to themselves; that their *ex parte* statements should go forth to the public; and that they should even produce a powerful impression on the mind of the country in the first instance. We very much mistake the character of the English people, if such a violent course of declamation as that in which Mr. M'Ghee is wont to indulge, do not

eventually cause a re-action in the public mind, which will insist on a hearing for the parties accused, and dispose all minds to do them and their cause ample justice. It was in this fair and truly English spirit of jurisprudence, that the mind of Mr. Finch recoiled from the prohibition which he had just pronounced; he felt all its iniquity, and yielding to the generous impulse of the moment, he gave out this caution:—"With respect to the charges which are about to be laid before the meeting, against the doctrines and discipline of the Church of Rome, we have earnestly to request you to adhere to the good old English rule, of holding the accused party innocent until he is fully and indubitably proved to be guilty. [*Applause*]. And even if the proofs of that guilt should be repeated *usque ad nauseam*, still, if you have any reasonable doubt of the proofs laid before you, you should give the benefit of these doubts to the accused [*Cheers*]." We have retained the expressions included in the brackets, because they shew that the sentiments of the meeting fully responded on this point to those of the chairman. We, therefore, cheerfully accept the issue, and now demand to be tried by our country.

The first charge upon which Mr. M'Ghee produced any evidence at the meeting, is declared in his second resolution:—

"Resolved—That from the facts and documents laid before this meeting, it is clearly established that the Bible containing the Rheimish notes, which had been published in Dublin in 1816, and which Protestants were led to believe was totally disclaimed by the Roman Catholic Bishops, was again reprinted at Cork, under their patronage, in 1818, and that it has for eighteen years been privately circulated among the Roman Catholics of Ireland; and that this Bible establishes the fact, that the doctrines of intolerance, and cruelty, and persecution, contained in Denny's Theology, so far from being obsolete, or the mere opinions of individuals, are not only held by the Roman Catholic bishops and priests in their private conferences, but that they have been by them propagated and inculcated on the Roman Catholic population, as the authoritative and infallible principles of their Church; and that these notes and principles, so taught to the people, are of themselves sufficient to account for all the convulsions and crimes that have disorganized the frame of society in Ireland."

More serious charges than those comprehended in this resolution, can scarcely be brought against any body of men in any nation whatsoever. If they be well founded, it would undoubtedly be incumbent upon his Majesty's attorney-general for Ireland to bring to the bar of justice, at least the leading members of the hierarchy in that country. The accusation is, that after having disclaimed and denounced publicly the Rheimish notes attached to the Dublin Bible of 1816, they allowed these notes to be reprinted under their sanction at Cork in 1818; that the Bible so

reprinted at Cork in 1818, has been ever since privately circulated amongst the Irish people, and that to the doctrines contained in these notes are to be traced all the crimes, the robberies, and murders, which have been perpetrated in Ireland during the last eighteen years. Therefore, the subscribers to the Bible of 1816 and 1818, amongst whom are several of the Catholic bishops and clergy, are guilty of all the iniquity that has been done, and of all the blood that has been shed, in that unhappy land, from the year 1816 down to the moment when these charges were pronounced. Mr. M'Ghee means nothing short of this. His avowed object is to shew, that the most venerated dignitaries of our Church are the deliberate instigators to every act, which the laws of God and man prohibit under the severest penalties; that the guides of our religion are the persons who most unblushingly violate its most essential precepts; and that they, whose duty it is, both by doctrine and example, to purify and elevate the human heart, occupy themselves only in schemes calculated to pollute and debase it. If these charges be unfounded, we will not say, let the ignominy of such false and unchristian accusations rebound upon the head of the "Christian minister" who has pronounced them. God forbid! He is manifestly acting under a degree of mental excitement, which deprives him of all power of deliberation. This is his best excuse. May it be available when he shall be required to justify these foul denunciations at the bar of that unearthly tribunal, before which he must soon appear!

We shall proceed step by step. A violent change was effected in the established religion of England soon after the accession of Elizabeth to the throne (1558). The Liturgy of Edward VI. was substituted, by the authority of parliament, for that of the Catholic Church; and laws were subsequently passed from time to time, framed expressly for the purpose of eradicating from the English community every principle and symbol of that faith. The Queen was constituted the spiritual head of the Church; all persons who refused to take the oath acknowledging that spiritual supremacy, were rendered liable to the punishment of death. The same penalty was inflicted upon those who persevered in believing that the Pope was the supreme spiritual head of the Catholic Church in these kingdoms. A general expulsion of the Catholic bishops from their sees, and of the Catholic clergy from their parishes and colleges, was effected. They were then exiled from their native land. Catholic clergymen who came into England, or remained there after the general sentence of exile was issued, were, if discovered, executed. Executed, too, as common murderers, were all persons who maintained, or in any way har-

boured or assisted, those ordained ministers of the Gospel. Persons who were reconciled themselves, or who reconciled others, to the Catholic Church, were condemned to death.

The number of individuals who suffered capitally under these laws, is calculated by Dodd, in his Church History (vol. i. pp. 321, 322, 323, and 329), at one hundred and ninety-one. Of these, he says, fifteen were condemned for denying the Queen's spiritual supremacy; one hundred and twenty-six for the exercise of priestly functions; and the remainder for being reconciled to the Catholic faith, or for harbouring or assisting priests. In this catalogue, no person is included who was executed for any plot, real or imaginary, except eleven, who were executed for the pretended Rheimish or Roman plot, as it was called—a fabrication so glaring, that even Camden admits the sufferers to have been political victims.

Will it be believed, that several of those who suffered death, or were imprisoned, because they dissented from the religion of the state, were, previously to their trials, subjected to various modes of torture?—to the *common rack*, by which their limbs were stretched beyond the natural measure of their frames—to the *scavenger's daughter*, a hoop, by which their bodies were bent until the head and feet met—to the *little ease*, a hole so small, that a person could neither stand, sit, nor lie straight in it—to the *iron gauntlet*, a screw, that squeezed the hands until the bones were crushed—to *needles*, which were thrust under the nails of the sufferers—to famine and privation of every kind? Will these things be believed? They cannot be denied. They are recorded in the crimson pages of our history.

We ask whether it is to be expected from human nature, that men scourged away from their altars and their homes by laws and penalties such as these, because they adhered to the faith of their fathers, should, in their places of exile, think very highly or very charitably of the authorities from whom that abominable code of legislation had emanated? Several of our clergy, who took refuge in the Netherlands, then part of the dominions of Philip II., the irreconcilable enemy of Elizabeth, opened a college at Douay, in the year 1568, under the presidency of Dr., afterwards Cardinal Allen. They were driven from that town at the instigation of the Huguenots, in 1576, but were afforded an asylum at Rheims, at a college belonging to the Cardinal of Lorraine. An English seminary was also founded at Rome about the same period; and it is unquestionable, as Hume remarks, that doctrines were maintained in all these colleges, and thence propagated in England, of a character most hostile to the queen. An English version of the New Testament, containing some of the notes in question,

was published at Rheims, in the year 1582, through the agency, chiefly, of Drs. Allen, Bristow, Sanders, and Reynolds, all distinguished for their animosity to Elizabeth. The residents of the Rheimish college were recalled by the magistrates to Douay, in the year 1593, and in 1609-10 appeared there, in two volumes, 4to. an English translation of the Old Testament, in which also several notes were inserted, breathing the same spirit of hatred to the religion and government then established in England.

The notes of the New Testament were undoubtedly intended to prepare the public mind for the invasion meditated by Philip II., when he projected the scheme of his Armada. They were in unison with the celebrated sentence and declaration of Pope Sixtus Quintus, which designated Elizabeth as an illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII., as an usurper and unjust ruler, who ought to be deposed, and as a heretic and schismatic, whom it was not only lawful but commendable to destroy. This document was circulated in England, accompanied by an admonition from Cardinal Allen to the same effect, addressed to the nobility and gentry. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that the notes had their origin in the political hatreds of those unhappy times, of which religion was made the degraded instrument on both sides. If we are to blush for the frenzy of priests, who contaminated the sacred word of God by their atrocious interpretations, must not the Protestants of our day blush also for the infamous laws which punished with torture and with death, men, whose only guilt originally, was, that they preserved the ancient religion of their country? Terrible crimes were perpetrated—unchristian doctrines were promulgated—by *both* the contending parties. This is a fact which admits of no dispute.

Now let us inquire for a moment what was the *practical* effect of the sentence and declaration of the Pope, and of Cardinal Allen's admonition, upon the Catholic nobility and gentry in England? "Some," says Hume, when the Armada was supposed to be approaching our shores, "equipped ships at their own charge, and gave the command of them to Protestants; others were active in animating their tenants, and their vassals and neighbours, in defence of their country." "Some," says an intercepted letter, preserved in the second volume of the Harleian Miscellany, p. 64, "by their letters to the council, signed with their own hands, offered that they would make adventures of their own lives in defence of the queen, whom they named their undoubted lady and queen, against all foreign foes, though they were sent by the Pope, or at his commandment; yea, some did offer that they would present their bodies in the foremost

ranks." It is stated in Osborn's *Secret History*, ed. 1811, p. 22, that Lord Montagu, a zealous Catholic, and the only temporal peer who ventured, in the first year of her reign, to oppose the act for the queen's supremacy, brought a band of horsemen to Tilbury, "commanded by himself and his son, and his grandson, thus *perilling his whole house* in the expected conflict."

Does any man in his senses imagine that in 1813, when the Rheimish notes were first circulated in Ireland, they had the power to deter even a single Irishman from enlisting in those glorious armies which were destined to overthrow the conqueror of Europe? Did they palsy one Irish or British Catholic arm raised amidst the "*heretical*" sabres at Salamanca, at Vittoria, at Toulouse, or Waterloo? *Heretical!* We use the word without difficulty. Every Protestant and dissenter from the Catholic Church is pronounced a "heretic," according to the theological doctrine of Mr. M'Ghee. We know of no such doctrine. We repudiate it as a calumny of the most malignant description. The Catholic Church agrees with St. Augustine, who declares, in his 162nd Epistle, that "those who earnestly seek the truth, and are ready on finding it to stand corrected, must by no means be reckoned among heretics." "In order to constitute a heretic," says Dr. Kelly, late Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, on his examination before a Committee of the House of Commons,* "*contumacy in error* concerning matters of faith is necessary. I think there are many who are invincibly ignorant of those articles of faith which we hold to be essential, and their being unacquainted with them, and having no opportunity of removing the error under which they labour, is a sufficient ground for not considering them as heretics. By *contumacy* I mean a refusal on the part of an individual to embrace doctrines necessary to salvation, after having had a sufficient opportunity of being convinced of their truth." If the reader will refer to pages 275-6 of the preceding number of this journal, they will find this doctrine fully confirmed by the declaration of the British Catholic bishops. How are we to know who is, or who is not, contumacious? Who of us has the power to dive into the heart of his fellow-man, to read his thoughts, to discover, whether if he sought and found what we believe to be the truth, he would obstinately reject it? Without this power, which belongs to God alone, no man who is not rendered vicious by an extraordinary degree of presumption, can venture to say of another—"that man is a heretic."

A sensible Catholic therefore of these days, or even of those times when the passions of men were heated to an extraordinary degree, reading in the Rheimish notes the following remark,

* Minutes of Evidence, 1825, vol. xii. pp. 343-4.

appended to the 13th chapter of St. Matthew, verse 29, ("*But he said, nay: lest while ye gather up the tares ye root up also the wheat with them.*")—"Lest, perhaps, the good must tolerate the evil, when it is so strong that it cannot be redressed without danger and disturbance of the whole Church: and commit the matter to God's judgment at the latter day; otherwise where ill men, be they *heretics* or other malefactors, may be punished or suppressed without disturbance or hazard of the good, they may and ought by public authority, spiritual or temporal, to be chastized and executed," would see in such a passage nothing more than a mere *brutum fulmen*—a species of admonition, which, even if he wished it, he could not, consistently with his religion, carry into effect. For how is he to determine who the heretic is? How is he to discover who is, or who is not, contumacious in his dissent from the Catholic Church?

The period when these notes were penned for hostile purposes had long passed away. They were circulated in England for upwards of two hundred and thirty years, without ever having been printed in Ireland. They were contemplated with utter indifference by the Catholic clergy and people, who had repeatedly declared and even sworn to principles wholly inconsistent with the doctrines contained in those compositions. The text, to which they were appended, has been uniformly received in England as the best Catholic version of the Holy Scriptures. The translation in common use in Ireland previous to the year 1813, was printed by Cross, under the sanction of the Catholic bishops. None of his editions, which amounted, we believe, to three or four, commencing in the year 1791, contained any of the Rheimish notes.

In the year 1813, a bookseller of the name of Macnamara, residing in Cork, conceived that it would be a good speculation to print and publish the Bible; having little or no capital, he proposed to publish it in parts, by subscription. He procured a considerable number of subscribers—among them most of the bishops, many of the clergy, and several respectable laymen living in the neighbourhood of Cork. Dr. Troy was then the Catholic Archbishop in Dublin. Mr. Cumming, a Protestant tradesman of great respectability in that city, undertook to print the work for Macnamara,—Cork, at that period, affording few facilities for the execution of so large an undertaking, upon the splendid scale which the projector had in view. Dr. Troy's approbation was solicited for this edition of the Scriptures, that it might go forth in an authentic form. His Grace gave it without hesitation, not imagining that it would be more than a handsome reprint of Cross's Bible, against which no

objection had ever been raised. In order, however, to guard the purity of the text, Dr. Troy conditioned that the proof sheets should be revised by a Catholic clergyman, Mr. Walsh, whom he named for that purpose. The Rheimish, or rather as it is now generally designated, the Douay interpretation, was adopted by Macnamara, as the best, as it undoubtedly is, and he thought that he greatly added to the value of his Bible, by copying also the whole of the annotations in question. On the covers of each part of the work were printed these words:—

“Now publishing, by M. Macnamara, the Catholic Bible....To render it the more complete, the *elegant, copious, and instructive Notes*, or Annotations, of the Rheimish Testament, will be inserted..... By permission of his Grace, Dr. Troy, Catholic Lord Primate of Ireland. This work is carefully revising by the Rev. P. A. Walsh, Denmark-street, Dublin. Printed by Cumming.”

The work might be had by any person, Protestant or Catholic, who chose to subscribe to it. It was announced to all the world upon the cover that it would comprehend the Rheimish notes; the work was printed by a Protestant tradesman; and yet Mr. McGhee told his audience at the Protestant Association, that “this Bible was not intended to be *published*, but only to be circulated privately among Roman Catholic subscribers!” If any such intention were entertained, would a Protestant have been employed to print it? What? circulate *privately* through all parts of Ireland a Bible which came out in numbers, once a fortnight, printed in the metropolis, under the immediate eye of a hostile government? Macnamara’s object was to make money of his speculation. Is it to be supposed that having a Protestant to print it for him, in a city where Catholic printers abounded, he would have refused to sell it to any person who was not a Catholic? A work so large and so expensive as the Bible, was not the kind of one in which a bookseller of very limited means would be likely to embark, if he could only look for a return to a successful propagation of it under the seal of the most inviolable secrecy. The assertion is unsupported by any evidence. It is contrary to all probability that Mr. Cumming would have engaged in a conspiracy against his fellow Protestants, his own family, and even himself, for the sake of what he was to gain by a speculation, which at best was a risk of doubtful issue in a pecuniary point of view.

“Whether it was found that this Protestant printer,” adds the rev. gentleman, “was not to be *trusted* to go through with the work, that he could not be depended upon to keep the *secret*, is a circumstance which cannot be ascertained.”

The fearlessness of this insinuation astonishes us. Mr. McGhee

immediately after states the real cause of the Bible having been discontinued for some time; viz., that *Macnamara became a bankrupt*. The fact was, the work did not sell. The speculation turned out to be a bad one, and in consequence of his losses by it, he was obliged to take refuge in the Gazette, which shows that he was declared bankrupt in December 1814, when the Bible had proceeded as far as the Epistle to the Romans.

Macnamara clearly intended no secrecy in the transaction. He could have had no object in it, as he knew of no harm in notes which he described as "elegant," "copious," and "instructive." We are willing to admit that Mr. Walsh, in suffering the whole of these notes to be published without alteration or qualification of any kind, failed to perform the duty which Dr. Troy had entrusted to him. But we have not the least doubt that he looked upon them as perfectly harmless, (as in truth they were,) the mere exploded notions of fanatical commentators, with which it was not worth his while to trouble himself. We admit again that he was wrong, even in that view of the subject; and that considering the circumstances of the times, as well as the character of our Church, he ought to have applied the pruning-knife to the notes with a sweeping hand.

Mr. Cumming having suffered severely by the bankruptcy of Macnamara, being his assignee, and having upon his hands many unsold copies of the numbers already printed, resolved, with the hope of recovering his losses, to complete the Bible, and to endeavour to dispose of the stock in his warehouse. Being, however, a Protestant tradesman, he deemed it necessary to publish it in the name of a Catholic bookseller, and he applied for that purpose to Mr. Coyne, who allowed his name to be printed on the title-page. The work was completed in 1816.

In the meantime Macnamara appears to have resumed his trade in Cork. His Bible speculation, notwithstanding its failure in the first instance, still engrossed his attention, and as his bankruptcy legally divested him of all interest in the publication printed by Cumming, he determined on printing an edition of his own, which should be an exact copy of the former work. Accordingly, he proceeded in 1817 to issue this new edition in numbers, on the covers of which he copied the list of bishops who had patronized his first undertaking, and also of those whose names he had subsequently procured. We learn from Mr. McGhee, that at least in one instance the new edition was issued bearing the cover of 1813.

"Having probably," says the reverend orator, "some advertisements of the former edition laying by him, he had put them into use on the cover of the present edition. On that cover it is stated, that 'one num-

ber of the Holy Catholic Bible would be published every fortnight, and sold, to subscribers only, at 1s. 8d. each."

Mr. M'Ghee exhibited to the meeting, with great dramatic effect, one of these covers, which he declared "had been *providentially preserved*," and which was found attached to a copy of the later edition. He then produced another cover, which he said he found on one of the copies of the later edition, "with the names of the same bishops upon it, as the patrons of the [second] publication." This latter cover had no date, but he proved that it was of a date posterior to April 1815, in this way. Upon the cover of 1813, to the name of Dr. Murphy was added the title of Archdeacon of Cork. Upon that of the later date, Dr. Murphy appeared as Bishop of Cork, to which see he was consecrated on the 23d of April, 1815. He might have added, that the names of several other prelates were printed on the second cover, which are not to be found on the first. We shall see presently the necessity of attending very strictly to *dates* in this discussion.

When a work is issued in numbers, every body knows that the title-page and prefatory matter, if any there be, are printed and delivered with the concluding number. It is in evidence, that the numbers of the second edition were to be delivered once a fortnight, which would give twenty-six numbers for a year. It would, therefore, take some time to complete a quarto Bible in this way. Looking to the price of the numbers in this instance, we cannot imagine that they exceeded three sheets or twenty-four pages each; and when we consider that a Bible printed in that size, in a large letter, cannot contain much less than twelve hundred pages, it follows that the work was printed in about fifty numbers, thus requiring very nearly two years for its completion. The title-page of the second edition bears the date of 1818. It was, consequently, completed in that year. Very little reflection would have shewn Mr. M'Ghee that the second edition must of necessity have been commenced in 1817, and even at an early part of that year. He himself read to the meeting the following advertisement of the edition of 1818, from the *Dublin Correspondent* :—

"Now publishing in numbers and parts, by Macnamara, Cork, a new, superb, and elegant edition of the Catholic Bible, containing the whole of the Books in the Sacred Scriptures, explained or illustrated with valuable Notes or Annotations, according to the interpretation of the Catholic Church, which is our infallible and unerring guide in reading the Holy Scriptures, and in leading us unto salvation. Patronised by His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Roman Catholic Lord Primate of all Ireland, and Archbishop of Armagh; His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Troy, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin; His Grace the Most

Rev. Dr. Murray, Roman Catholic Co.-ad. Archbishop of Dublin, and President of the Royal Catholic College of St. Patrick's, Maynooth; Right Rev. Dr. John Murphy, Catholic Bishop of Cork; Right Rev. Dr. Moylan, late Catholic Bishop of Cork; Right Rev. Dr. Coppinger, Bishop of Cloyne and Ross; Right Rev. Dr. Power, Bishop of Waterford; Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Ferns; Right Rev. Dr. Delany, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin; Right Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, Bishop of Kilmore; Right Rev. Dr. Marum, Bishop of Ossory; Right Rev. Dr. Tuohy, Bishop of Limerick; Most Rev. Dr. Bodkin, Roman Catholic Warden of Galway; and three hundred Roman Catholic Clergymen in different parts of Ireland."

Did Mr. M'Ghee state to the meeting the *date* of the *Correspondent* from which he read this advertisement? He did not. He carefully suppressed it. He cannot plead ignorance upon this point, because the date was given in the very work from which he acknowledges that he borrowed most of the materials of his speech, viz. *William Blair's Letters to Wilberforce on the revival of Popery*, which any body may see in the British Museum. This advertisement is found in page 219 of that work, and it is there stated that the *Correspondent* from which this advertisement was extracted, was dated the 3d of July, 1817. The edition of 1818 was therefore in progress in July, 1817. The reader will see presently that this solitary date, which Mr. M'Ghee carefully concealed from the knowledge of his audience, overthrows the whole of his argument against the prelates and clergy of Ireland.

It appears that a copy of the Bible which was published in Coyne's name by Cumming, and completed in 1816—published also by Keating and Brown in London, though intended for *private circulation* in Ireland,—fell into the hands of a Protestant individual, who wrote a strong article upon it in the "British Critic," towards the latter part of 1817. The reviewer extracted from the work several of the most objectionable of the Rheimish notes, and commented upon them in language which attracted to them general attention. The article, or at least an extract from it, was put into the hands of Dr. Troy, who immediately issued, through the *Freeman's Journal*, a document, of which the following is a copy:—

"Having seen a new edition of the Rheimish Testament, with annotations, published by Coyne, Dublin, and Keating, &c. London, 1816, said to be revised, corrected, and improved by me, I think it necessary to declare, that I never approved, nor meant to approve, of any edition of the Old or New Testament which was not entirely conformable, as well in the notes as in the text, to that which was edited by R. Cross, Dublin, 1791, containing the usual and prescribed formula of my approbation, and which has served as an exemplar to the several editions

that have since been published with my sanction. As in the said new edition, the notes vary essentially from those of the last-mentioned editions, which exclusively I have sanctioned for publication, I should think that circumstance alone fully sufficient to induce me to withhold every kind of approbation from it; but having read, and now for the first time considered these notes, I not only do not sanction them, but solemnly declare that I utterly reject them generally, as harsh and irritating in expression, some of them as false and absurd in reasoning, and many of them as uncharitable in sentiment. They farther appear to countenance opinions and doctrines which, *in common with the other Roman Catholics of the empire, I have solemnly disclaimed upon oath.*

"Under these circumstance, and with these impressions on my mind, I feel it an imperious duty to admonish that portion of the Catholic body which is entrusted to my charge, of the danger of reading or paying attention to the notes or comments of the said new edition of the Testament; and I enjoin the Roman Catholic clergy of this diocese, to discourage and prevent, by every means in their power, the circulation amongst Catholics of a work tending to lead the faithful astray, and much better fitted to engender and promote among Christians, hostility, bitterness, and strife, than (what should be the object of every such production,) to cultivate the genuine spirit of the Gospel, that is, the spirit of meekness, charity, and peace."

"Dublin, 24th October, 1817.

"J. T. TROY."

It will be necessary now to refer to the evidence of Dr. Murray, and of the late Dr. Doyle, upon this subject; that of Dr. Murray we shall give with Mr. Mc'Ghee's commentary upon it, as he read it to the Protestant Association. During the examination of the former prelate before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the 17th of May, 1825, he was asked:—

"Are you aware that an edition of the Testament, with notes, was published in Dublin in or about 1816, by Dr. Troy?—I am. That edition was published under a misconception. Dr. Troy had given his sanction to an edition of the Bible, supposing it to be the same that he had before sanctioned; but as soon as he found his mistake, he withdrew his approbation, and I do not find that the edition is in use among Roman Catholics.

"By what document can you show that Dr. Troy withdrew his sanction?—He wrote a letter to that effect, which was published at the time."

"It was published by misconception, was it? Dr. Murray confines this misconception to Dr. Troy: now here is the *advertisement* containing the names of Dr. O'Reilly, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Armagh, Dr. Troy, Dr. Murray himself, and also those of nine other bishops, who all gave their sanction to a work which I have shown you is identically the same as to the notes, as the publication of 1816. "I do not find that the edition is in use amongst the Roman Catholics," said Dr. Murray.—*I never said that it was.* Cumming published 500 copies; but when Dr. Troy's denunciation of the work came out, those

volumes remained unsold on his hands ; as his only chance of disposing of them, he sent them off to America, and, I believe, lost 500*l.* by the speculation. But when the other edition came out, it was circulated amongst Roman Catholics, and *has been, I believe*, in use amongst them ever since. Dr Murray was then asked,—

“ Were not those notes the usual notes in use among Roman Catholics? Were they not extracted literally from those to be found in the Douay version?—They were not used in Ireland before ; for there had not been in that country any previous edition of them.

“ Where were they obtained ; by the printer, or by whom were they furnished? They were furnished in an edition known in England, and which proceeded from certain exiles who left this country in very angry times, and carried a little of the spirit of the times along with them. It is a subject of regret to many sincere Catholics that too much of that spirit has been infused into these notes. They have, however, been gradually softened down, so that in the last edition, there are very few notes, and those very unobjectionable.

“ Were not those notes to the Scriptures, which have been considered as objectionable, published at Rheims in France, and are they not called the Rheinish notes?—They are : they were published by exiles who had been obliged, during the angry times of persecution, to forsake their native country.

“ Were they English or Irish exiles?—English.

“ The Douay version is one thing, and the Rheinish is another : are not editions of the Douay Bible published in Ireland without these notes?—The Rheinish notes were never published in Ireland, except on the occasion already alluded to, when they were published by mistake. They were called Rheinish, because the Testament was translated at the College of Rheims. The College was afterwards removed to Douay, and the remaining part of the Bible was translated at the latter place.

“ Have you conversed with Dr. Troy upon this subject?—I have.

“ Are you aware from those conversations, whether Dr. Troy was aware of the intention of republishing those Rheinish notes at the time his approbation was obtained?—I know he was not.

“ I know that he was not? *While his own name and those of nine other bishops were in the advertisement, recommending a publication essentially the same,—and yet he says he knows he wasnot.*”

He is next asked,—

“ Do you know whether Dr. Troy’s approval was withdrawn from the circulation of the Scriptures as soon as his attention was called to the objectionable character of those notes?—I know that to be the case, and in consequence of that the book was not circulated.

“ Do you believe the edition of the Scriptures, with those objectionable notes, is at the present moment circulated under the authority of any one individual of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland?—*My belief is, that it is not. I do not know of a single instance of it, nor did I ever happen to meet with a copy of it in circulation.*

"Was not publicity given, by publication in the papers, to Dr. Troy's disapprobation of those notes?—Certainly."

Let us now hear Dr. Doyle.

"Have the editions which have been circulated of the Douay or Rheims translations been accompanied with notes?—They have very short notes.

"You think it necessary that notes should accompany the Bible, for the purpose of explanation?—In our country, where religious controversy prevails to such an extent, I do think it necessary that short notes explanatory of the texts on which our differences turn, should be prefixed to the Bible.

"You consider yourselves pledged to all matter contained in these notes?—No, not by any means. On the contrary, there were notes affixed, I believe, to the Rheimish Testament, which were most objectionable; and on being presented to us, we caused them to be expunged. The notes carry, in our own edition of the Bible, no weight; for we do not know the writers of many of them; if we find them clear enough in the explanation of doctrine, we leave them there; but whenever we find any thing in them exceptionable, we put it out, as we have done in the case referred to.

"But these published with the objectionable notes were published by the authority of the Bishop?—The translation was made at Douay and Rheims, without our knowledge perhaps, and when we found it in circulation, and examined it, we found it to be correct, and then we approved of it; which approbation refers to the text, without the exceptionable notes, as stated in my last answer."—*Examination, Lords' Committee*, vol. xiv. p.p. 381-382.

"You stated that some notes to the Rheimish and Douay Testament had been expunged; do you recollect on what account they were expunged?—They were expunged on this account, that they seemed to favour a spirit of persecution in our church, of persons who differed from us in religious faith. All that I would ever wish to see in such notes is, that the note would state what we conceive to be the true meaning of the text, leaving every thing on the other side entirely out; for we do not wish so much to confute what we conceive to be the errors of others, as to inculcate our own doctrine."—*Ib.* p. 383.

The charge distinctly brought forward and argued by Mr. McGhee, against the Irish Prelates is, that *after* the edition of 1816 was publicly denounced by Dr. Troy, that is to say, after the 24th of October 1817, the date of his Grace's letter, a new edition of the very Bible thus denounced was published by Macnamara, not only with the sanction of Dr. Troy, and his then coadjutor Dr. Murray, but also with the knowledge, and under the patronage of several other of the Roman Catholic Bishops. The resolution asserts "that from the facts and documents laid before this meeting, it is clearly established that the Bible containing the Rheimish notes, which had been pub-

lished in Dublin in 1816, and which Protestants were led to believe was totally disclaimed by the Roman Catholic Bishops, was again reprinted at Cork, under their patronage, in 1818." Let us hear how earnestly he urges this point.

"I say, that at the very moment when Dr. Troy was publishing his disclaimer of these notes, in October 1817—at the very period when Mr. O'Connell was denouncing them in the Catholic Board, those very Rheimish notes were again in the press in Cork, under the patronage of the same Dr. Troy, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin; of Dr. Murray, the Roman Catholic coadjutor Archbishop of Dublin, and President of the Royal Catholic College of St. Patrick's, Maynooth; of Dr. O'Reilly, the Roman Catholic Lord Primate of all Ireland and Archbishop of Armagh, and of nine Roman Catholic bishops. (Hear and applause.) Here is the advertisement as it appeared in the *Dublin Correspondent*."

He then entered into a long argument to show, that of which nobody ever entertained a doubt, that the Bible of 1818 was in all respects a reprint of that of 1816. The dramatic manner, by the way, in which this argument was got up, was truly ludicrous to a Catholic observer. Four quarto Bibles were produced. One of these, of 1816, the orator appropriated to himself. Another, of 1816, was handed to a gentleman on his right; a third, of 1818, was deposited with a gentleman on the same side; and a fourth, of 1818, was held by a gentleman on the orator's left. It appears that after Dr. Troy's denunciation was issued, Macnamara cancelled some of the leaves in the Old Testament of 1818, containing the objectionable notes, in such of the copies as then remained unsold. This Bible, with the new leaves substituted for those which had been cancelled, was the copy last mentioned. When Mr. M'Ghee read a Rheimish note from his copy, the two gentlemen on the right rose with great solemnity to assure the audience that the same notes were contained in the copies under their inspection; if it happened to be a note that was cancelled in the remaining copy, the gentleman on the left rose with a self-complacent, smirking, smiling air, as if he were recounting some cunning trick which he had detected, to attest that from his copy the said note had vanished! This part of the exhibition was generally greeted with a laugh.

The very fact that a copy was discovered with cancelled leaves, ought to have suggested to Mr. M'Ghee some suspicion as to the basis of his whole argument. Had he told his audience, as he ought to have done, that the advertisement which he read to them was taken from the *Correspondent* of the 3rd of July, 1817, they could then have clearly understood the truth; viz., that the names of the bishops mentioned in that advertisement as the

patrons of Macnamara's second edition, must have been all obtained at least *four months before* the edition of 1816 had been denounced by Dr. Troy—that is to say, at a period when the attention of his Grace, or of the other bishops, or of the public, had not been called to the Rheimish notes. By the suppression of the date of the advertisement, Mr. M'Ghee presented to his audience an argument, apparently of the most triumphant character—one which was received with a degree of applause almost hysterical, accompanied with waving of handkerchiefs and shouts, nay with tears of absolute exultation. By supplying the date we have demonstrated the utter falsehood of that argument; we have shown that Mr. M'Ghee procured it to be affirmed by the meeting by concealing a date which he had, if not in his memory, certainly in Mr. Blair's book, from which he read the advertisement; and that by suggesting that which he knew to be untrue, he deliberately uttered and obtained the assent of the Protestant Association, to the foulest calumny ever spoken or written against the venerable Catholic prelacy of Ireland.

Now as to the part which the Catholic laity took upon the question of the Rheimish annotations. The Catholic Board was hastening rapidly towards its dissolution at the end of the year 1817. Great differences of opinion prevailed in the body at that period, on account of the celebrated proposition for giving to the Crown a veto upon the domestic nomination of Catholic bishops. Father Hayes had been sent by one party to Rome upon a mission appertaining to that matter, and the principal topic, which then engaged the attention of the Board, was the payment of his expenses. Upon this point the two parties were directly at issue, as it involved the principle of the veto. The topic of the Rheimish notes was incidentally brought under their consideration by Mr. O'Connell on the 3rd of December (1817), when he is reported by the *Dublin Evening Post* to have spoken of these compositions in the following terms:—

“He owed it to his religion, as a Catholic and a Christian—to his country, as an Irishman—to his feelings, as a human being,—to utterly denounce the damnable doctrines contained in the notes to the Rheimish Testament. He was a Catholic upon principle—a steadfast and sincere Catholic, from a conviction that it was the best form of religion; but he would not remain so one hour longer, if he thought it essential to the profession of the Catholic faith to believe that it was lawful to murder Protestants, or that faith might be innocently broken with heretics. Yet such were the doctrines laid down in the notes to the Rheimish Testament. Mr. O'Connell concluded an eloquent and sensible speech by moving, that a Committee of five be forthwith appointed to prepare a denunciation of the Rheimish notes. He said he would also move, that the denunciation so prepared should be transmitted to every mem-

ber of the House of Peers and Commons, to all the dignitaries of the Established Church, to the members of the Church of Scotland, and to the Synod of Ulster. It would be for the subsequent consideration of the Board, whether it might not be expedient to call an Aggregate Meeting, to which a recommendation should be made of pronouncing a similar denunciation."

These sentiments were shared by the whole meeting, and Mr. O'Connell's motion was unanimously carried. The Board met subsequently two or three times. At one of these meetings it was proposed that as the Rheimish notes had been already denounced officially by Dr. Troy, it might be more expedient, as well as more becoming in a lay body, to issue a statement of principles which should apply as well to the Rheimish notes as to other charges, brought against them by the active and virulent opponents of emancipation. A document of this description was produced by a member of the Committee. It was considered excellent in many respects, but too long. It covered upwards of thirty pages of foolscap. This was received as the groundwork of the address; but before it could be formally adopted the Board became extinct, in consequence of the dissensions which arose about the mission of Mr. Hayes. The address, however, was published in its original form. It will be found in *The Times* newspaper of the 12th of December, 1817, in which it occupies no less than three columns and a half in small type.

Observe how Mr. M'Ghee comments upon the history of these proceedings:

"Dec. 13,—*Dublin Evening Post*, Dec. 16.

"Mr. O'Connell stated, that the Committee appointed to prepare a disavowal of the Rheimish notes would be ready to make their Report on Thursday next. They would probably adopt a disclaimer of the Archbishop of Dublin, omitting, of course, the preliminary parts, with which they had no concern, for it was couched in language as strong and as general as could be desired."

"Here now all difficulties were removed; the Board was sitting, the Committee appointed, the Honourable Gentleman at its head; they had not only the sanction, but the example of their Archbishop; they had not only his example, but the very document which he had drawn up. They were prepared to adopt it, and Thursday next was the day; Thursday came, and what was the Report?"

"Dec. 18,—*Dublin Evening Post*.

"Mr. O'Connell moved that farther time be granted to the Committee appointed to prepare a disavowal of the Rheimish notes until Saturday se'nnight."

"What, another delay! ten days more!—Well, on Saturday next the denunciation must appear.—What appeared on Saturday?"

“*Dublin Evening Post*, January 18, 1818.

“The Catholic Board were to have met on Saturday week, for the purpose of devising means to remunerate Mr. Hayes, &c. &c. The Board, we have heard, is extinct.”

It is quite true, the Board was then extinct in consequence of the difficulties in which it was involved by the veto question; but Mr. M'Ghee could not permit his audience to arrive at any such conclusion.

“I now ask why, when Mr. O'Connell expressed his desire to denounce the Rheimish notes in 1817, is he unwilling to do so now, and why was the Catholic Board extinct, when the occasion of its meeting was for the denunciation of these notes? I say, that the reason of this was and is that *his bishops would not allow it*. [Here a person who had before attempted to address the meeting, renewed his efforts, amidst loud cries of ‘Turn him out.’] After a short time had elapsed,

“Mr. M'Ghee continued.—I now ask the question again, why is not Mr. O'Connell ready to carry his denunciation of the Rheimish notes into practical effect, and why was the Catholic Board allowed to be extinct at the very crisis when its purpose was the denunciation of these notes? I answer it by saying the reason is, *that his bishops would not permit him*.” (*Loud applause.*)

That is to say, the Bishops who had already publicly condemned these notes, and issued a solemn prohibition against their circulation, would not permit Mr. O'Connell to denounce them! Think of the front which the man must bear, who made this assertion within a few minutes after he had read to the meeting the very words in which Mr. O'Connell actually did denounce those notes at the Catholic Board—the words which we have already quoted. At one of the fullest meetings of that body which was ever held, (December 3rd) there was not an individual present who did not, either in speech or by vote, express his strong disapprobation of these productions. Mr. M'Ghee knew this well; he read a statement to that effect to the meeting; and yet he had the rashness to assure his audience that his Bishops would not allow Mr. O'Connell to denounce these notes! Was Mr. M'Ghee ignorant of the fact that the “Address and Appeal” drawn up by one of the members of the Committee, and which would most probably have been adopted in a more concise form, if the Board had not ceased to exist,—was published to the world, and was admitted, upon all hands, to speak the sentiments of the Catholic body on the subject? If he answer that he was ignorant of the existence of that document, we put it to the Protestant Association what sort of credit they are henceforth to yield to the statements of a historian, who stops short in the very middle of his researches, and shuns the

discovery of facts and documents which would have led him to the truth? If Mr. M'Ghee were conscious that such a document was published, and that it even gave rise to controversy in a paper which had at that time a larger circulation than any journal in Europe,—then the Association and the public have a right to know why he suppressed it.

“His Bishops would not permit him.” Why? They had already passed sentence upon the Rheimish notes. One would think, that instead of preventing Mr. O'Connell or the Board from cooperating with them upon that subject, they would rather, on the contrary, have been happy to receive such assistance. But it would not have served Mr. M'Ghee's purpose to allow any such opinion to be entertained. His argument was, that Dr. Troy's disclaimer was an act of hypocrisy; that its real object was to throw dust in the eyes of the Protestants; “Because,” said he, “*after* that disclaimer was issued in October, 1817, the same notes were republished in 1818, under the sanction of Dr. Troy, and other Catholic Prelates.” That was his point. And of the truth of that conclusion he convinced his audience, who showed their feelings, when they thought it established, by the “loudest applause.” Of its utter falsehood, we suppose there can now be no doubt, in the most prejudiced mind. The *Correspondent* of the 3rd of July, 1817, convicts Mr. M'Ghee of having deliberately concealed a fact, which displays his calumny to the country, in all the ignominy of indelible disgrace.

We have now disposed of the first part of his resolution. The second charge is couched in these terms: “And that it” (the Bible of 1816, reprinted in 1818) “has for eighteen years been privately circulated among the Roman Catholics of Ireland.” Has Mr. M'Ghee produced any evidence to sustain this allegation? If he did, our colleagues, who happened to be within a few yards of him, did not hear it. There is not a line, nor even a syllable of it, in the ample report of his speech now lying before us, in the *Record*,—a report which occupies above ten columns and a half of that journal. We have looked through all the other morning papers for this evidence, and we can nowhere trace even an assertion beyond this:

“That Bible” (of 1816) “was not intended to be published, but only to be circulated privately among Roman Catholic subscribers.” (*Hear, hear*) * * *

“When the other edition” (of 1818) “came out, it was circulated amongst Roman Catholics, and has been, *I believe*, in use amongst them ever since.”

This is absolutely the whole of the evidence which Mr. M'Ghee

produced, in order to establish the second charge; although he had promised to prove it by "authentic documents." Mr. M'Ghee appears to have been in communication with Mr. Cumming, the printer of the Bible of 1816. It was very easy for him to have procured an affidavit, or even a letter, or a statement in any way, from that gentleman, of the intention of the parties, one of whom he himself was, (he a *Protestant*!)—to circulate *privately* the Bible of 1816. No such affidavit, no such letter, no such statement, has been brought forward. The Bible of 1818 was advertised publicly in the *Correspondent*, a *Protestant* journal, conducted by writers bitterly hostile to Catholic emancipation. Can it be believed, that a Bible thus advertised in the face of the world, was intended to be *privately* circulated?

But though not *intended* to be privately circulated, was the Bible of 1816 so circulated in Ireland, in point of fact? Hear Mr. M'Ghee himself, upon that subject. When commenting upon Dr. Murray's evidence as to the Bible of 1816, he came to this passage: "I do not find," said Dr. Murray, "that the edition" (of 1816) "is in use amongst the Roman Catholics." "I never," adds Mr. M'Ghee, "*said that it was*. Cumming published five hundred copies; but when Dr. Troy's denunciation of the work came out, these volumes remained unsold on his hands; as his only chance of disposing of them, he sent them off to America, and, I believe, lost £500 by the speculation." So much for the Bible of 1816. With respect to the Bible of 1818, Dr. Murray was asked:

"Do you believe that the edition of the Scriptures, with those objectionable notes, is at the present moment circulated under the authority of any one individual of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland? My belief is, that it is not. I do not know of a single instance of it, nor did I ever happen to meet with a copy of it in circulation."

The condemnation of the Bible of 1816 applies with equal force to that of 1818. When it came out, it must have stopped the sale of the Cork edition, as it stopped that of the Dublin edition; and the proof of this is, that Macnamara endeavoured by the cancelling of some leaves to do away with the effect of the prohibition. There is no proof of the work having been circulated at all, publicly or privately, after that period, except the "I believe" of the Rev. Robert M'Ghee, who gives us no clue to his means of knowledge on the subject, and whose unsupported assertion is contradicted, not merely by the negative evidence of Dr. Murray, but by the advertisement in the *Correspondent* of the 3d of July, 1817.

Thus the first and second articles of impeachment drawn up by Mr. M'Ghee against the Catholic prelates of Ireland, fall to the

ground. Any court in England would here stop the case; any British jury would be indignant if it were allowed to proceed one step further. But we shall not stop it. We shall pursue this libeller of our faith and of our venerated and beloved prelates and clergy and people, through all his contortions, until we expose him in all his naked deformity before the empire.

The third charge is, that

"This Bible" (of 1818) "establishes the fact, that the doctrines of intolerance, and persecution, contained in *Dens's Theology*, so far from being obsolete, or the mere opinions of individuals, are not only held by the Roman Catholic bishops and priests in their private conferences, but that they have been by them propagated and inculcated on the Roman Catholic population as the authoritative and infallible principles of their Church; and that these notes and principles, so taught to the people, are of themselves sufficient to account for all the convulsions and crimes that have disorganized the frame of society in Ireland."

Where is the evidence in support of this abominable charge? We have shewn from Dr. Troy's letter, as well as from the evidence of Dr. Murray and Dr. Doyle, that the doctrines contained in the Rheimish notes, were not merely denounced in words, but actually disclaimed upon oath; we have shewn that they were indignantly disavowed by the Catholic Board; that the Bibles of 1816 and 1818, far from being propagated by the bishops, on the contrary, were by them prohibited to be used in Ireland; that this prohibition had the effect of compelling Cumming to send his remaining copies of the Bible of 1816 to America; that it compelled Macnamara to cancel some of the pages of the Bible of 1818; that even with these alterations, which the apprehension of further expense probably deterred him from completing, the book has never circulated since the prohibition was made known, as Mr. M'Ghee says it was "made known throughout all Ireland." The premises upon which Mr. M'Ghee's case rested having been thus destroyed, his infamous conclusions must share the same fate.

Every body, who is at all acquainted with the history of Ireland, must know, that but for the exertions of the Catholic prelates and clergy to restrain the peasantry from that course of crime, to which they have been frequently provoked by the conduct of the High Church faction in that country, by the unprecedented miseries in which they have been plunged by the cruelties of Orange landlords, and by the persecutions which they have undergone during six hundred years of the most tyrannical system of government that ever disgraced any nation in the world, the country would have been more fraught with danger to a civilized family, than the most savage of the populous villages in central Africa.

We shall state a few facts, which history has preserved, as if to confound such unblushing calumniators as Mr. M'Ghee. We quote from Dr. Murray's examination :—

" You are aware that there have been a variety of disturbances in Ireland, from the year 1784 to the present time, at different periods; a pastoral letter was addressed in the year 1784, by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory to his flock, in which he states :—' We are much concerned to observe riot and disorder pervading many of our communion in several parts of this county and diocese; they have presumed to administer oaths of combination, and proceeded to barbarous acts of outrage against the persons and property of several individuals; in a word, they notoriously violate the most sacred laws, and equally despise the injunctions of their spiritual and temporal rulers; we do hereby solemnly declare, in the name and by the authority of our holy mother the Church, that the association oaths usually taken by the misguided and unhappy wretches, called Whiteboys, are bonds of iniquity, and consequently unlawful, wicked, and damnable; they are not, therefore, binding in any manner whatsoever.' Do you know who was the Roman Catholic Bishop of Ossory at the time? *Dr. Troy.*"

Of the document so issued by Dr. Troy, before he was translated to the archiepiscopal see of Dublin, notice was taken by the government of that day; and the lord-lieutenant's thanks were conveyed to that estimable prelate in an official note, signed by Mr. Secretary Orde, of which the following is an extract :—

" I have his Excellency's commands to assure you of the great satisfaction he feels in the part you have taken for the preservation of peace, and preventing the unhappy consequences which must follow from these wicked and deluded people persisting in such outrageous violation of the law."

In 1786, Dr. Troy's pastoral letter was re-issued, and in 1791, when Archbishop of Dublin, he addressed the following instruction to the people within his jurisdiction :—

" Our religion strictly forbids riot of any kind, and prudence dictates the most zealous endeavour to prevent even the appearance of it. We have recently, in conjunction with some of our venerable brethren, expressed our conscientious abhorrence of the outrages committed in some counties of this kingdom by malicious or deluded persons of different religious persuasions, styling themselves Defenders. We now repeat the same, and conjure you to promote the public peace by every means in your power, and to guard against the artifices of intriguing men, desirous to involve you in sedition and tumult, in order to render our loyalty suspected, and our conduct odious to the best of kings and to both houses of parliament."

Even the Rev. Mortimer O'Sullivan, upon his examination, made the following statement as to the conduct of our clergy :—

" It is on record, that the priests met and pronounced an excommu-

nication against all who were concerned in the Whiteboy disturbances. I have not lately had an opportunity of reading this document, but I perfectly remember having read it. But, independently of this, I have reason to believe that the priests, with very few exceptions, exerted themselves to suppress the disturbances, or at least appeared to do so, zealously."—vol. xv. p. 931.

We might fill a volume with the admonitions of our clergy against crime of every species, during and subsequent to the rebellions. We must, however, content ourselves with a short extract from a document which obtained great celebrity at the time it was issued, and which was even reprinted and widely circulated by the officers of the government in Ireland—we mean the pastoral letter addressed to his flock by Dr. Doyle, in 1822, when Ribbonism much prevailed.

"For three years," says that eminent prelate, "we have not ceased, night and day, with tears, admonishing every one of you to desist from these illegal associations, which have already augmented the evils of our country, and now tend to bring disgrace upon our holy religion."

* * * * *

"We explained to you the impiety of the oath which connects them (associations) together; and the clergy in their respective parishes, have not ceased to labour with us in this sacred duty."

To this extract we shall add some passages from Dr. Doyle's evidence upon the subject.

"Did not you, in the commencement of the late disturbances (caused by the Ribbonmen), publish a pastoral letter, warning your flock from entering into any of the illegal confederacies of the day?—I did.

"Do you know whether that pastoral letter was reprinted and circulated by any, and what, of the public authorities of Ireland?—I have heard that it was, but I do not know it of my own knowledge: I heard, 'tis true, and in a kind of way in which I could not be deceived, that there was an edition of it published in Cork, by the gentleman who commanded His Majesty's troops in that quarter; I believe there was an edition of it also in Galway, by some of the public authorities in that town; whether there was one in Dublin I do not know; but I know that printers, for their own profit, did publish a great number of them.

"In the event of the introduction of any of those illegal conspiracies into any part of the country, was not one of the earliest signs of the existence of those disturbances, the absence of the peasantry concerned in them from confession?—Yes, it was: the persons who entered into conspiracies of that kind, uniformly absented themselves from confession. I should say, however, that the pastoral letter to which the committee allude, could not have had much effect, if it had not been sanctioned by the personal exertions of the clergy; it was not only by publishing that pastoral letter, that I endeavoured to check the evil which prevailed in that part of the country, but I also spent several weeks

going from parish to parish, and preaching to multitudes of people in the chapels, and sometimes by the way sides, against the society in which they were engaged; pointing out to them, as well as I could, the unlawful nature of it, its opposition to the law of God, and to the laws of the country, as well as the evil results with which it was fraught if persevered in.

"What Society do you allude to?—The Society of Ribbonmen.

He then mentions that a clergyman was put in peril of his life for following the same course; and that, in consequence of the exertions of the clergy, "there was scarcely a parish where there had been many seizures of arms, where such arms were not entirely, or in part, delivered up to the clergymen, and by him, or his direction, to the magistrate."—Vol. XII. p. 197.

We shall make no commentary upon these facts. They stand uncontradicted upon the page of history. And now we leave the reader to form his own opinion of the "Christian Minister," who, with all these documents accessible to him, got up in a Christian assembly, and uttered the following assertions:—

"I was found fault with by some, for having stated in this place, on a former occasion, that such crimes as midnight murders, assassinations, and burnings, were coolly discussed at the morning conferences of the priests. If I did say it, I here retract the sentiment, but I do so only to reiterate and affirm my conviction of its truth with double, treble, with tenfold force (*Applause.*) I assert, that these crimes of a poor deluded people are taught them, as having the sanction of the infallible Word of God (*Applause.*) I assert, that the oaths taken by the Whitefoot and the Ribbonman—the oaths to murder their Protestant fellow-subjects, and which, unhappily, make them too often victims to the justice of their country—I say, that those oaths are the practical effects of the infernal comment on that book on which they take them (*Applause.*) I contend then, that if it be a fact that this book with its notes has been published, as I have stated, and as I have irrefutably proved, there is not one man with any just feeling of conscience, with any sound judgment, but must admit with me, that it is cause enough to account for all the crimes with which the infatuated peasantry disturb and disorganize society in that country." (*Applause.*)

* * * *

"If ever truth was deduced from facts; if ever effect followed cause more fully or more plainly in one case than another, it is, I contend, in the inferences which I call on you to draw from the facts I have already stated. I have shown you the disorganization, the terrific crimes, which have resulted from the doctrines here laid down; but what, I ask, may we not expect to find whispered in the confessional, when we find principles such as these broadly set forth on paper?"

"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" That was indeed a heavenly orison, worthy of the Divine heart from which it proceeded, and of the great Being to whom it was addressed. Whether Mr. M'Ghee does or does not know what

he is doing we cannot pronounce—that God and himself can only determine. We however do sincerely pray that for these falsehoods he may not be brought to punishment. Us they pass by as the idle breeze, because we can appreciate the credit that is due to them. But the audience to whom they were addressed—the respectable matrons, the daughters, the youths of England, in whose presence they were spoken—how shall they ever learn to dismiss from their minds the deep impression which these most detestable invectives must have produced upon them?

There is one note in the edition of the Catholic Bible admitted to be now in general use, which stood in our earlier editions in a different form; we must say a word upon it, as Mr. M'Ghee considers it, even if all the other Rheimish notes were erased from the account, to be a sufficient ground-work for the whole of his argument. It is appended to Deuteronomy, xvii. verses 8-13.

"If thou perceive that there be among you a hard and doubtful matter in judgment between blood and blood, cause and cause, leprosy and leprosy; and thou see that the words of the judges within thy gates do vary; arise, and go up to the place, which the Lord shall choose.

"And thou shalt come to the priests of the Levitical race, and to the judge, that shall be at the time; and thou shalt ask of them, and they shall shew thee the truth of the judgment.

"And thou shalt do whatsoever they shall say, that preside in the place, which the Lord shall choose, and what they shall teach thee,

"According to his law; and thou shalt follow their sentence: neither shalt thou decline to the right hand nor to the left hand.

"But he that will be proud, and refuse to obey the commandments of the priest who ministereth at that time to the Lord thy God, and the decree of the judge, that man shall die, and thou shalt take away the evil from Israel:

"And all the people hearing it shall fear, that no one afterwards swell with pride."

The note appended in our Bible to this passage is as follows:—

"Ver. 8. *If thou perceive, &c.* Here we see what authority God has pleased to give to the Church guides of the Old Testament, in deciding, without appeal, all controversies relating to the law; promising that they should not err therein; and surely he has not done less for the Church guides of the New Testament."

This note in the earlier editions stood as follows:—

"Here we see what authority God was pleased to give to the Church guides of the Old Testament, in deciding without appeal, all controversies relating to the law, promising that they should not err therein, as punishing with death such as proudly refused to obey their decisions; and surely he has not done less for the Church guides of the New Testament."

To any sound and unprejudiced mind there is nothing in this

note inconsistent with the doctrine of the Catholic Church; all that it means is this, that under the old law the Church of God was infallible, and that it is equally so under the new. The words "punishing with death such as proudly refused to obey their decisions," is added in order to render that declaration as emphatic as possible, and to shew that the Jewish Church had authority to decide without appeal, and without risk of error, all controversies relating to the law. No man whose intellect was rightly constituted, could suppose that this note claimed for the Catholic Church the "power of punishing with death such as proudly refused to obey her decisions." The words "not done less," plainly apply to the appellate jurisdiction, and to the freedom from error; for although in the Jewish theocracy God was pleased to give to his priests the power of punishing proud and obstinate recusants with death, He has nowhere given any such power to the priests of the New Law. Some comments, however, having been made upon the words printed in italics several years ago, they were erased from the note, and it now exists in the shape in which we have given it in the first instance. All that it claims for the Church is the power of deciding without appeal, of deciding infallibly according to truth. We believe our Church to be infallible, because He who founded it declared to its first minister:—

"Thou art Peter; and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (*St. Matthew*, xvi. 18.)

Mr. M'Ghee contended that it was of no importance whether the words objected to were omitted or not; in this we should have agreed with him had they not been liable to misconstruction. But mark the language in which he speaks even of the altered note:—

"What more can I want to show me that the power over the life and death of heretics is asserted, than is afforded in the note, even without the omission of the passage just read. I do not want that a tyrant should write a volume to prove that the lives and liberties of their fellow-creatures are in their power, I want no more than the note in the Bible of Dr. Troy, to bid me denounce and trample on the authority which is there arrogated by the Church. That one note asserts the power over life and death as emphatically and positively as it could be done in a thousand volumes. It has also been brought into another Bible, edited at Manchester. The leaving out of those words does not signify a farthing, for the import of the note, even in its altered state, gives the same power to the priests under the new law as under the old. And what is this power? That power which God for his own wise purposes was pleased to give under a theocracy over life and death, but which it does not follow was ever intended to be exercised under the new law! Here also is the Bible of 1833, also stereotyped by order of the Roman

Catholic Bishops, and in it the same words are to be found in the note; and here also in the edition published at Glasgow the same words are to be found, in which the same power over life and death is declared to be lodged in the bishops as that given to the judges of England over criminals."

All this is mere rant; every child knows that if any such power as that which this orator supposes had been claimed and exercised by our bishops, they would be indictable for murder, and would undoubtedly be found guilty and executed. Does he imagine that our Church has need of any such absurd doctrine for her preservation? Instead of wielding the sword, she has bared her bosom to the sword that was unscabbarded against it in Ireland and in England for upwards of two centuries; she has stood against laws, and tortures, and death, and persecution of every kind,—stood against them solely by the strength of Him, who said that "He should be with her all days even to the consummation of the world." That promise is her bulwark. It will conduct her through all the storms which fanaticism, or hypocrisy, or fraud, or ambition, or the interests of a pampered Establishment may yet excite against her, and it will be seen that, by her very meekness, she shall triumph over them all.

The third resolution we pass by, as unworthy of the slightest notice; it is a mere repetition of the charge of dissimulation against our prelates, with respect to the Bibles of 1816 and 1818, which we have already dissected and annihilated. Let us now come to the great event of the day—that, "compared with which," as the *Standard* declared, "all the rest of the rev. gentleman's address was mere trifling." At an early period of the meeting he promised his audience that before he sat down he would read to them a document, hitherto kept secret, that would "make their ears tingle." All were looking forward, upon the tiptoe of expectation, to the display of this wondrous discovery; nor was their anxiety diminished by the mode in which he introduced it to their acquaintance.

"We had now," he said, according to the report of the *Morning Chronicle*, which, as far as it goes, exactly accords with the recollection of our colleagues, "a most important document to lay before them, one which more than confirmed the tenets of the Romish Church as described in Dens' theology, and which, if submitted to any assembly, no matter of whom it might be composed, must carry the conviction to their minds that such a course as that recommended by it was altogether indefensible. Do not imagine, said the reverend gentleman, that I am

* The true principles of the Catholic Church in Ireland will be found explained in the Pastoral Address and Declaration of our Prelates, which, though set up in type, the pressure of other matter obliges us to postpone to the subsequent number.

more entitled to praise for the production of the documents which I have already laid before the meeting than any of those who compose it. It was *through Providence alone* that they came into my hands, and that I have been enabled to direct public attention to them. And this most important paper, which I am now about to read to the meeting, has been entrusted to me *by the instrumentality I am persuaded of the same Providence*. I was sitting in my room at a late hour last night, when a friend of mine called upon me; 'Don't interrupt me,' said I, as I was writing one of the resolutions which you have already heard read. 'Oh! do,' replied he, 'allow me to show you this pamphlet.'

"Being thus earnestly solicited, I at length yielded; and having read the letter, I at once determined to inform this meeting of its contents. It is a letter from Pope Gregory XVI to the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland, and now translated by a gentleman in the first rank of those distinguished for scientific acquirements, learning, and *religion*. The person who translated this letter is a friend of mine, and I can answer for the truth of any statement which he makes. Besides, it bears upon the face of it this evident mark of its being intended that the recommendation which it contains should be carried into operation, namely, the insertion in it of several of those phrases which render it imperative upon the bishops to execute such an instrument. If the translator, however, were at liberty to explain the manner in which this document came into his hands, no doubt whatever would be raised as to its authenticity."

The *Record* gives the remainder of Mr. M'Ghee's preface more fully than the *Chronicle*.

"In some bulls there are certain words which make it binding on the bishop to whom it is addressed. Those words my friend translated and placed in brackets, though at the time he was ignorant of the effect of introducing such words into a bull. I shall now show the authority on which I rest for this statement. I find in the 8th vol. of *Dens*, which gives a definition of Ecclesiastical law, this passage:—

"'The law of a diocesan synod is binding upon a whole province if it receive confirmation from the Holy See in the form generally used for that purpose. But this law may be abrogated by the bishop, unless the confirmation be made by the Pope in a particular form, and that in the confirmation these words be added, 'Ex motu proprio, atque ex certa scientia.' When those words are added the law is obligatory on the bishop, and he has not the power to dispense with it.' My friend, as I said, inserted those words in brackets, though he was ignorant of the object for which they were used. They, however, in my opinion, afford some evidence as to the document being what it purports to be. I shall now proceed to read some extracts from this letter, which I should observe has been published in a pamphlet form, and may be had at Rivington's, St. Paul's churchyard. Oh, that all Tories, and Whigs, and Radicals, and political parties of all denominations, could for the moment be condensed into this room, that they might see with their own eyes, and hear with their own ears, the statements put forth by the

Court of Rome, and the sentiments it expresses as to the great points which divide parties here."

In this prayer we very sincerely unite with Mr. M'Ghee. Would that the whole people of England could have been present, to witness the means by which the "Protestant cause," as it is designated, was upheld on that memorable occasion! It is apparent, from the description which he gave of this "Encyclical letter," that he had carefully examined it before he produced it to the meeting. He says, "having read the Letter, I at once determined to inform the meeting of its contents." He came prepared to substantiate it as an authentic document, by quoting certain words from it, and comparing them with a passage in Dens' Theology; and he placed it before his audience with as much confidence as if he had seen the original, and had himself been its translator.

In the preface to this publication we read the following passages:—

"The translator of the following curious document is, unfortunately, not at liberty to explain the manner in which it came into his hands; were he able to do so, the doubts, which may now, perhaps, be expressed as to its authenticity, could not have been raised; he must, therefore, trust to the sagacity of the reader to discern in it those marks of genuineness, which no fictitious document has ever been found to possess.

"The present Pontiff, Gregory XVI, was elected to the Papal throne on the 2nd of February, 1831, and was consecrated a bishop, and crowned on the 6th of February, in the following year. On the 15th of August, 1832, being the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, he issued his Encyclical Letter to all Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops, a document well worth the reader's attention, as throwing great light upon the letter, now, for the first time, made public. This letter is dated the 8th of September, 1832, being the Feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

*

*

*

*

"The Latin has been suppressed, from a wish to diminish the size and price of the pamphlet, which it is desirable to circulate as widely as possible; but whenever a word or expression occurred which seemed remarkable, the original is given in a parenthesis."

That the translator, therefore, the Rev. James H. Todd,* a Fel-

* While this sheet was passing through the press, a letter appeared in the newspapers from Mr. Todd, acknowledging himself to be the author of the Encyclical Letter, and expressing his astonishment that "any educated man" should for one moment have supposed it to be genuine. He offers, however, no explanation of the words, "The Latin has been suppressed," &c. The concluding sentences of his letter are the "unkindest cut of all," against Mr. M'Ghee and his chairman: "Mr. M'Ghee," says Mr. Todd, "it appears, was in a great measure convinced of the genuineness of the document, and had resolved on the rash course which he adopted, before he

low of Trinity College, Dublin, as well as Mr. M'Ghee, represented this Encyclical Letter as a genuine document, no man can doubt. The publishers also, Messrs. Rivington & Co., assured every person who questioned them upon the subject for the first two or three days after its publication, that they had no reason whatever to doubt its authenticity. It was sent to them, they said, by or through a clergyman of the Established Church (*not* the translator), with whom they were acquainted, and in whom they had so much confidence, that they gave the work forth without further inquiry. Here, consequently, we have three clergymen of the Church of England engaged in the concoction and promulgation of this "Letter," of which we shall now furnish a few specimens.

"*Catholicæ fidei negotium, &c.* Our anxiety to promote the interests of the Catholic faith, and that it should prosper in your hands (*in vestris prosperari manibus*), has induced us, Venerable Brethren, to postpone our own affairs, although of the utmost importance, (*licet gravissimas*), for the sake of returning a speedy answer to the inquiries which, in your discretion, you have made of us, (*de quibus nos consuluit discretio vestra.*)

"We are not ignorant of the great difficulties with which you have to contend, as faithful servants of the apostolic see, and good soldiers of Jesus Christ, *situated as you are in the midst of heresy*, and compelled, by the unhappy circumstances of your country, *to wear a face of conciliation towards the implacable enemies of the faith, and to seem to avow or favour opinions which are odious (detestandæ)* to the truly Catholic soul. Especially we know that the wickedness of these times (*malitia hujus temporis*) has given great strength to the detestable opinion of indifference (*indifferentismi detestandam opinionem*), a most fruitful source of infidelity and error, and the cause of heresy, which teaches that in any religion whatever (*e qualibet religione*), even separated from the Church, the way to the everlasting haven of happiness lies open (*patere ad portum beatitudinis aditum.*) This impious opinion, it is necessary for you, in your intercourse (*conversatione*) with the heretics, to seem, to a certain extent, to countenance, although within the Church (*intra Ecclesiam*) we charge you to eradicate it as a noxious weed, defiling the garden of the Lord; for you know the words of St. Jerome, "Whosoever is united to the chair of St. Peter, he is on my side,"—"Si quis cathedræ Petri jungitur, meus est."^{*} And they that keep not the Catholic faith whole and undefiled, shall, with-

had so much as read the pamphlet. With this strong prepossession on his mind, I can account for his producing the letter at the meeting; but that the President should have so long permitted the delusion to go on, only furnished another proof of the thoughtless manner in which gentlemen of the best intentions too often permit themselves to be placed in situations of deep responsibility, for which they are quite unfit!" This is the *coup de grâce*!

^{*} "S. Hier. Ep. 58."

out doubt, perish everlastingly,*—"absque dubio in eternum esse perituros, nisi teneant Catholicam fidem, eamque integram inviolatamque servaverint.†

It is difficult to describe the effect which the reading of the passages we have marked in italics, produced upon the meeting. The assurance that the document was authentic—the occasional introduction of Latin phrases, which seemed to give it confirmation at every step, and the principles of hypocrisy which it inculcated and authorized, appeared to excite, especially amongst the female auditors, sentiments of the utmost horror. Here was "incontrovertible" proof that all they had ever been taught to believe of our religion, and its supreme Pontiff upon earth, by the calumnies of English history, and of English pulpits and books of theology, was literally true. Had they ever entertained any doubts upon the subject, those doubts now vanished for ever, and gave way to a sense of gratitude and triumph, that they belonged not to such a system of fraud and dissimulation. The feeling was very natural,—and, if founded upon good evidence, would have been justifiable.

"We desire you to remember, Venerable Brethren, how St. Paul, in the assembly of the Jews, perceiving that some of them were Pharisees, and some were Sadducees, *hesitated not to feign himself of the sect of the former*, in order that he might divide his enemies, and cause them to spit (*conspuere*) that rancour against each other, which they would otherwise have combined to pour forth (*simul evomissent*) upon him, and through him upon the Church. Therefore did our predecessors of blessed memory (*felicis recordationis predecessores nostri*) long since grant by letters apostolical, unto your discretion (*discretioni vestræ*), in which we have the fullest confidence in the Lord (*de qua plenam in Domino fiduciam obtinemus*), the privilege (*facultatem*) of acting in all such affairs *according to the necessity of the times*. *Hanc igitur licentiam, &c.* This license, therefore, we *fully renew and confirm unto you*, that you may continue to act as in times past; and to divide the heretics by concealing (*simulatione*) those principles of Catholic verity, which, if openly or unseasonably avowed, would deter your advocates in the assemblies of the heretics from yielding to your design for the exaltation of the Church that assistance which, by your letters not long since received, we rejoice to learn they have, by your prudent conduct, been induced to give; God, in a wonderful manner, blinding their eyes, and even beyond what we could have hoped, fulfilling his promises to the Church, by depriving them of their wonted prudence and jealousy in matters affecting the well-being of their own accursed sect."

* "The sentiments of this paragraph, and even some of the expressions, are identical with those contained in the Encyclical Letter, pp. 14, 15. See an extract respecting *indifferentism*, which has been already quoted in the Preface.—TRANSLATOR."

† "Symbol. S. Athan."

The English words here marked in italics, were followed by several rounds of applause. The audience seemed to be now certain that the whole of the mysteries of the Catholic Church were revealed by the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee,—that the mask was torn from her face through the special interposition of Divine Providence,—and that our religion stood before them as a thing to be detested by every upright mind, and to be rooted out of the land forthwith. We shall limit our extracts to one other passage.

“The letters, which, by your means, have been from time to time, for some years past, transmitted unto our predecessor of pious memory, and unto ourselves, out of Ireland, have assured us that the schools established by the heretics in all parts of the country were *rapidly undermining the Catholic faith, and withdrawing the people from the authority of their pastors, by causing to spring up amongst them a thirst for heretical books, and especially for the heretical Scriptures, which were every where circulated, cunningly and audaciously (callide audacterque)* interpreting the holy words, which are the words of God (*que verba Dei sunt*), to the support of their pernicious ravings (*ad prava deliramenta inculcanda.*)”

At the words “rapidly undermining the Catholic faith,” the orator was interrupted by what the reporters in the Paris journals would describe as “a sensation.” In fact, the whole assembly remained for some minutes in a state of agitation—the agitation of overwhelming joy. Mr. M'Ghee, holding the book of heaven, as it was believed to be, in his left hand, clenched his right, and waved it in the air, as if he were defying some invisible enemy to come again to the combat from which he was flying. Victory seemed to wreath his brows. “Ah, those Kildare schools!” he exclaimed, still waving his hand,—and again another shout of triumph burst from every quarter of the meeting. The success of Protestantism, in Ireland, was acknowledged even by the Pope. The Catholic Church was undermined. The people were rapidly withdrawing from the authority of its pastors. They were resolved to place all their dependence on the Bible, circulated amongst them by the “heretics.” That was indeed a moment worthy of a great moral conqueror. The champion of religion stood upon a pedestal of glory, and received the homage of his audience, as if he were an angel deputed to bear to them these important tidings.

“He rode sublime

Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy,
The secrets of the abyss to spy.
He passed the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw.”

Mr. McGhee is a consummate actor. Give him the most honest declaration—the most solemn that ever passed the lips of man—and by his mode of reading it, the incredulous intonation of his voice—a shrug—and a look—he will deprive it of all credit with his audience. He would make an admirable *Iago*. Every body who was present will remember his delivery of the following passage:—

“Did we not see the Church of Rome in Ireland, whispering into the ear of England, like its prototype whispering into the ear of Eve, with a view to lull her into confidence, that the act which it was about to urge was utterly harmless? Have we not seen England lulled into that false confidence, and induced to surrender its Bible to be trampled upon by the tyrant of the Church of Rome. (Cheers.) *It hath pleased Almighty God* to stir up in men's minds a feeling to place this whole question on its true grounds before the public. For the humble part which I have been permitted to take in it, I claim no credit to myself; I never sought it, and I assure those who hear me, that I could much better bear the misrepresentations of my motives and objects by my enemies, than the misplaced praise of friends. I repeat, I claim no credit for any of the documents or statements which I have been enabled to lay before you. They have been put into my hands *by the providence of God*; and the knowledge of the fact, that they have been so placed with me, gives me to hope that the providence of God alone will effect that change in my poor blind country which it so much requires. I say, then, that if God has permitted the *wily reptile* to whisper a blind confidence into the ear of England, as the toad did into the ear of Eve, it is also true that God has now touched the monster—*has raised him up, and he now stands exposed in all his native deformity and horrid proportions.* (Cheers.)”

When uttering these latter words, the orator threw back his arms, and placed himself in an attitude, which gave really a striking picture of the monster he had thus exposed.—“*Cheers*” is but a faint description of the feelings manifested by the audience. He remained in the same attitude for full five minutes, while the assembly repaid the exhibition by several rounds of applause. It was no wonder that his heart, overflowing with pride, should have poured itself out in the following peroration, full of defiance; it is the language not merely of a hero, but of one who felt himself clothed in all the panoply of an invincible cause.

“I stand upon this platform not for the first time, and I see before me a number of reporters, who have made it their business to malign me and many of my reverend friends. I am glad to meet them face to face; I am glad (said the Reverend Gentleman, pointing and looking fixedly at the reporters) to meet you on your own ground and under the guidance of your own sail. Now, I tell you, that I love a free

press as I love to see a free people. (*Cheers.*) Give me a free press, with men of honour and honesty, combined with zeal and ability, to conduct it; and no villany, no profligacy, no crime, can for a moment stand before it. (*Loud applause.*) But I will tell you what I do not like; I do not like a false press. (*Cheers.*) I do not like your falsifying, or altogether omitting passages used in speeches. You have a right to your opinions. I would have all opinions free as the air of heaven, but that opinion ought not to extend to the falsification or perversion of facts. (*Cheers.*) When the public go to your offices to purchase your papers, expecting that they contain the truth, you are bound to give them the truth, the whole truth. (*Applause.*) I repeat to you (still addressing the reporters), that you have no right to omit or misrepresent any public speech; and I now ask you, can you deny the circulation and use of *Dens' Theology* amongst the Irish clergy? Can you deny the circulation and use of the different Catholic versions of the Bible to which I have alluded, in Ireland, notwithstanding the denials of the bishops before both Houses of Parliament? Will you, I ask you, out-herod Herod, and deny that which even Mr. Daniel O'Connell has not dared to come forward and deny? (*Loud cheers.*) If you will venture to do this, write on; I care not what report you make; but let me tell you, that if you expect to remove a Christian minister from the discharge of his duty, you are mistaken. (*Loud and continued applause.*) If, I repeat, you attempt to do this, you know not what you undertake. (*Continued cheering.*) You may frighten statesmen, you may alarm politicians, you may even turn out a ministry and put a faction into power by your writings, but if you attempt to move a servant of the living God from his duty, you may as well attempt to write down the dome of St. Paul's. (*Loud applause.*) It is true, that you may have the power, by exciting a seditious faction, or a Popery faction, to get the dome of St. Paul's pulled down, but even though you may have power to do that, still I tell you, that you have not the power to shake a minister of Christ in the discharge of his duty. (*Loud cheering.*)

'Justum et tenacem propositi virum
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.'

Again, I say, if you wish to falsify or deny facts, write on and falsify or deny—I care not. The attacks of falsehood upon truth are like the frothy wave, which beats with angry violence against the rock that towers majestically above it, and sees it fall spent and powerless in froth and foam at its feet. (*Loud applause.*) But, the attack of truth on falsehood, is like the bolt of heaven which rives the mountain from its summit to its base—it is as irresistible as the convulsion of the yawning earthquake, which removes mountains from their places, and buries towns and cities in one universal ruin. (*The whole Meeting here stood up, and the cheering and waving of hats continued for some moments.*)"

Of course the resolutions passed unanimously. It is said that some persons, Protestants, who heard Mr. M'Ghee read the Encyclical Letter, believed it at once to have been a fabrication. No suspicion of this nature, however, appeared to have reached the generality of the assembly. The next day, strong remarks were made upon it in several of the public journals. The Morning Chronicle pronounced it to be a forgery, and even the *Standard* expressed some doubts, which it wished to see resolved. They were resolved in a very short time by Mr. M'Ghee himself in the following letter, which he addressed to the editor of that journal:—

“London, Saturday, July 16.

“SIR—I could not for a moment allow an erroneous impression to rest on the public mind, not even against the Pope, as to any matter of fact within my knowledge, and therefore I beg, through the medium of your valuable journal, to state that I have just this post been informed, that the Encyclical Letter, of which some extracts were read at Exeter Hall by me, was only an *ingenious device resorted to by my learned friend* for bringing most important truths before the Protestants of this empire. Having stated the fact, that it had just been put into my hands late the night before, and having only given it just as it was, a document which *the translator professed to leave as doubtful*, only bearing one *ingenious mark of authenticity*, I was not, *I believe*, understood by any person present to make any remarks that were not *hypothetical* on it—only recommending, as I most earnestly do, that every person should possess themselves of a copy of it.

“The authenticity of the document itself does not in the least affect the important truths that it contains, and I only beg to submit to every Protestant the following reflections on it:—

“If the Pope actually issued orders for the sites of the national schools in Ireland, could they be more carefully posited to ensure a perpetual application to Popish purposes, and a perpetual exclusion of Protestants?

“If the Pope issued his orders, on the grounds stated in that letter, to his bishops, how to govern the Board of National Education as to their translation and notes of the Scriptures, could his injunctions be more explicitly followed?

“If the Pope gave directions for the appointment of certain individuals who should most effectually abandon the interests of the Protestant cause, and most effectually promote that of Popery, could he have more apposite instruments than are to be found in certain departments of Church and State?

“If the Pope were to employ persons to sow dissensions among Protestants, and to give directions for making some of them tools in the hands of Popish demagogues, to merge their own interests, and the interests of truth, in Popish schemes for the dismemberment of the empire, could the Pope more effectually promote his own cause, and tie

the Protestants of England, according to the image in that letter, more like foxes by the tails, with their heads pointing in different directions?

"Let the Protestants read that document, well worth possessing, though fictitious, for the talent it displays, and the valuable information in the appendix, and let them make this one reflection:—

"Here is a letter professing to be from the Pope, which, if considered as genuine, gives such atrocious directions for the advancement of his interests, that I cannot suppose he can have a wish beyond it.

"But at the same time, it so accurately details the events actually in progress, that I cannot possibly believe it was written before it was accomplished.

"Would I revolt with horror from the thought that the Pope was actually to issue orders for governing this land—and am I to sit in listless indifference while his power actually subverts the institutions that maintain the Protestant religion, and hold the Word of God as the standard for the education of our country?

"I shall feel thankful, Sir, if any attention can have been raised to consider this fact by any efforts of mine.

"I have the honour to be, your obedient servant,

"R. J. M'GHEE."

So then, this "most important document," which was to "make the ears of his audience tingle;" which "more than confirmed the tenets of the Romish Church as described in Dens's Theology;" which was calculated to convince every body who heard him, that the cause which it recommended was "altogether indefensible;" a document which "Providence alone" had placed in his hands; which was translated by "a gentleman in the first rank of those distinguished for scientific acquirements, learning, and religion," "a friend" of his own, for the truth of whose statement he "would answer;" a document "bearing on the face of it evident marks" of authenticity, which he demonstrated by a reference to *Dens's Theology*—marks of authenticity too, of the force of which the translator himself had not been aware—turns out, after all the cheers, the sensations, the laughter, the shouts of joy, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs with which it was applauded, to be "*an ingenious device!*"

"The translator professed to leave it doubtful." Did he? Is this true? Let the preface, which we have cited, answer that question. The translator professed to have the original Latin letter in his possession, which he held back "from a wish to diminish the size and price of the pamphlet." He scattered through the Letter several Latin phrases—"ingenious marks of authenticity," as Mr. M'Ghee calls them, for the express purpose of shewing that he had the original document in his hands when

he made his "translation." It is false, therefore, to say that he "professed to leave it doubtful."*

"I was not, I believe, understood by any person present, to make any remarks that were not hypothetical upon it." Is it possible that Mr. M'Ghee believed any such thing? All the newspapers demonstrate, that he treated the document as authentic.† There was no hypothesis expressed by him on the subject. With the exception perhaps of some eight or ten persons present at the meeting, the audience in general expressed by their cheers, their implicit reliance upon his assurance that it was

* The opinion of Mr. Finch, the chairman of the meeting, sets this question in its proper light. His letter to the *Standard* is in every way worthy of an honest Englishman:—

"Westbrook, July 19.

"SIR—As I presided at the meeting in Exeter Hall, at which the letter from Pope Gregory XVI. to the archbishops and bishops of Ireland was quoted, I feel myself called upon to express my sentiments upon the subject. I cannot say how deeply I deplore the publication of the letter in question. In the preface is contained a sustained fraud. It commences by saying, that 'the translator of the following curious document is unfortunately not at liberty to explain the manner in which it came into his hands; were he able to do so, the doubts which may now, perhaps, be expressed as to its authenticity could not have been raised; he must, therefore, trust to the sagacity of the reader to discern in it those marks of genuineness which no fictitious document has ever been found to possess.' Page 7 contains a libellous charge against the Pope, as giving to the Irish Roman Catholic archbishops and bishops an express permission to disguise their real sentiments, and to act in all such matters 'according to the necessity of the times.' My much-valued friend, the Rev. R. M'Ghee, must have overlooked these passages, and their only intelligible import, when he expressed himself so mildly respecting the document, and recommended it to the perusal of Protestants, instead of instantly denouncing it as libellous and unchristian. In the name of the sacred cause in which we are engaged, I would reprobate such 'pious frauds.' Let us borrow no weapons of defence from Satan's armoury. The evidences adduced by Mr. M'Ghee during the first three hours of his speech were irrefragable; the letter unwittingly referred to by him, subsequently, I can only designate as an impudent forgery. I have the honour to be, your most obedient and humble servant,

"G. FINCH."

"This," says the *Standard*, "is strong reproof, but it is just. We are the more willing to subscribe to Mr. Finch's condemnation of the forgery, because we see that the report of the Exeter Hall meeting has found its way into the Dublin papers, unaccompanied by any explanation on the part of the author of the fabricated letter. That gentleman is under a grievous delusion if he thinks that a very full explanation is not due from him. As to Mr. M'Ghee, the worst that can be said of him is, that he has been the dupe of an imposition, aided, perhaps, by his own zeal, and the influence of a surprise."

† The very secretaries of the Association have stated the same thing. Read the following extract from a letter addressed by them to the newspapers.

"On the evening before the meeting, at a very late hour, a friend of Mr. M'Ghee's called upon him with this pamphlet, which he stated to have been published by a gentleman in Ireland, in whose character Mr. M'Ghee had the highest confidence. Hastily adopting it, therefore, as a genuine document, Mr. M'Ghee produced it to the meeting, and read extracts from its pages, not having, however, previously mentioned the subject to any member of the committee. Two days after the meeting, by a communication from a connexion of the author's, Mr. M'Ghee was made acquainted with the real character of the work, and he then lost no time in transmitting to the daily press a letter explaining it to be a fictitious production."

the translation of a genuine letter from the Pope. The attempt to get rid of the effect of the forgery by such palliating expressions as these, exhibits, we regret to say, a habit of mind little creditable to a minister of the Gospel. In a witness standing before a jury it would be called "prevarication," and would unquestionably suggest to the judge the duty of having such a witness removed in the custody of the Marshal, and indicted for perjury.

Mr. M'Ghee then proceeds "most earnestly" to recommend, that "every person should possess themselves (himself) of a copy of this document,"—"the authenticity" (he means the *non-authenticity*) of which "does not in the least affect the important truths it contains." We have here, therefore, a clergyman of the Established Church, recommending, most earnestly, every body who heard him to purchase, peruse, and preserve, a pamphlet, which the chairman of the meeting describes as "libellous and un-christian"—a "pious fraud"—a "sustained fraud"—a "weapon from the armoury of Satan." Mr. M'Ghee tells us, that it was placed in his hands by Providence. Mr. Finch says it must have been lent to him by Satan. The secretaries of the Association have declared, that they "ought not to be made answerable for the production of this pamphlet,"*—that "they cannot countenance the use or publication of fictitious documents." We leave these gentlemen to settle their claims to infallibility amongst themselves.

By the publication of these letters, it will be seen, that Mr. M'Ghee was reduced to a position, in the face of the country, that was little to be envied. He had gained a vast momentary triumph, by the production of "a weapon from the armoury of Satan." The great hero of one day, who openly boasted of being the "instrument of Providence"—the "servant of the living God," who could no more be written down than the "dome of St. Paul's"—the "minister of Christ, who could not be shaken in the discharge of his duty by factions who could even pull down that dome"—the champion, who describes himself as the

"Justum et tenacem propositi virum ;"

—at length, goaded on all sides by the scorpion lash of his own

* "These being the facts of the case, the committee of the Protestant Association feel that they ought not to be made answerable for the production of this pamphlet. With respect to Mr. M'Ghee, they feel assured that no one who has any knowledge of that gentleman's character, will imagine it possible that he could ever have quoted such a document, had he not, at the time really believed it to be genuine and authentic. They regret that he should have so hastily adopted this belief; and they also wish it to be expressly understood that the weapons of truth are the only weapons they feel themselves justified in using, and that, therefore, they never have countenanced, nor never can countenance, the use or publication of fictitious documents, in connection with the great interests which it is their aim to advance."

friends, appears cowering on his knees, begging pardon both of Protestants and Catholics, for the deception he had practised upon them.

"London, Wednesday evening, July 20.

"To the Editor of the Standard.

"SIR,—It is only this day, on returning from some distance to London, that I have seen the letter of the Protestant Association, and the different remarks of various journals on the fictitious letter of the Pope, from which I read some extracts at Exeter Hall.

"It is the duty of a man and a Christian, if he is right, to maintain his cause; and if he be wrong, to stand forward boldly to make all the reparation in his power for his error. I feel bound in the present instance to meet the case in every point, as it regards the Protestant Association, the Protestants in general, the Roman Catholics, and myself.

"The letter from the Protestant Association precludes the necessity of any statement from me, that not a single member of that body was aware even of the existence of that letter, much less that I intended to produce it on the platform; I need only advert to them, to take the whole blame and responsibility on myself.

"With respect to my fellow Protestants, I confess *they have just reason to complain* that any document that was not genuine, should have been mixed up with any defence of their cause. They have reason to complain that any weapons of falsehood should have been used in the defence of truth. It would ill become a man to use them, knowing them to be such, in speaking of the errors of the religion of others, as it could only prove that *he had no religion of his own.*"

"Roman Catholics have still more reason to complain that a man professing to stand forth with real documents to bring a charge against them, should bring forward, however inadvertently, a fictitious document to cast on them an additional reproach. I grant the justice of their complaint—I grant it to the utmost extent their most rigid severity can demand—and I go all lengths they can wish to meet them with most sincere expressions of regret that such a cause of complaint should be given them by me.

"For myself I have nothing to say, but that the burden rests exclusively on my own shoulders. I utterly disclaim, and trust I sincerely abhor, the slightest intention of *imposing a false document on Protestants*, or bringing it forward against Roman Catholics. Had the pamphlet been given me to examine, without knowing any thing of the writer, I should have seen the drift of the author in the examination of the document. As it was, a friend, who himself thought it was true, brought it to me as such, and informed me of the name, and *without examining the document*, I adopted it hastily on the supposed authority of the writer. It was at twelve o'clock the night before the meeting, as I stated, he read me some passages, which I marked and read at the meeting. I pretend not to excuse this precipitancy. The moment I

* This sounds extremely like the truth.

learned the truth I published it. In calling it 'an ingenious device,' on which such weighty charges have been founded, I spoke on the supposition, not that it was intended as a forgery, which could really be ascribed to the Pope—in which case I should call it a *wicked machination*—but as I considered it intended as a satire on the divisions and criminal neglect of Protestants, in giving up the vital principles of truth to the Church of Rome, and which the writer did not intend should be ascribed to the Pope.

"This explanation will, I trust, prove satisfactory to Protestants who may have felt themselves imposed on, or Roman Catholics who may think they have been wronged.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

"R. M'GHEE."

This is a pitiable letter. It contains hardly a sentence which is not in direct contradiction either with his former letter, or his speech.

Second Letter.

"With respect to my fellow-Protestants, I confess they have great reason to complain, that any document that was not genuine should have been mixed up with the defence of their cause."

"They have just reason to complain, that any weapon of falsehood should have been used in the defence of truth."

"It would ill-become a man to use them (the weapons of falsehood) knowing them to be such, in speaking of the religion of others."

"Roman Catholics have still more reason to complain that a man professing to stand forth with real documents to bring a charge against them, should bring forward, however inadvertently, a fictitious document, to cast on them an additional reproach."

"Without examining the document, I adopted it."

First Letter.

"It was only an ingenious device resorted to by my learned friend." "I recommend most earnestly that every person should possess themselves of a copy of it."

"The non-authenticity of the document itself, does not in the least affect the important truths it contains."

"Let the Protestants read that document, well worth possessing, *though fictitious*."

"I was not, I believe, understood by any person present to make any remarks that were not *hypothetical* upon it." "It accurately details the events actually in progress."

Speech.

"I at length yielded, and *having read the letter*, I at once determined to inform this meeting of its contents."

Mr. M'Ghee has supplied us with an apt commentary upon the whole of these proceedings. "I say then," exclaimed the Rev. orator, "that if God has permitted the wily reptile to whisper a blind confidence in the ear of England, as the toad did into the ear of Eve, it is also true that GOD HAS NOW TOUCHED THE MONSTER—HAS RAISED HIM UP, AND HE NOW STANDS EXPOSED IN ALL HIS NATIVE DEFORMITY AND HORRID PROPORTIONS." So true is it, as the same authority informs us in another eloquent passage, that "the attacks of falsehood upon truth are like the frothy wave which beats with angry violence against THE ROCK THAT TOWERS MAJESTICALLY ABOVE IT, AND

SEES IT FALL SPENT AND POWERLESS IN FROTH AND FOAM AT ITS FEET."

This article cannot, we imagine, be better closed than by pointing out a few of the circumstances connected with the recent exhibitions of fanaticism by certain Reverend Irish mountebanks, throughout Great Britain. We do think that there is matter of instruction to those who meditate upon them, in the various forms in which useless polemics develop themselves. They may also prove amusing. There is a racy absurdity about the principal actors, sufficient amply to indemnify for all of bigotry, or even of rancour, which they have displayed. Whilst these latter qualities may serve to account for the species of interest they have created, and the crowds they have occasionally collected together, Religion is in itself of so awful a nature, that its very name attracts attention, and gives importance—an undue importance—to the fantastic tricks of these miserable deluders.

These truths were never so plainly evinced, as by the occurrences of the last twelve months, originating with the miraculous discoveries, and sagacious disclosures, of that *par nobile*, the Rev. Messrs. O'Sullivan and M'Ghee. These men have been well known in Ireland for some years past, where their vagaries, laughed at and despised by all the reasonable part of the community, excited but little attention even amongst the most interested bigots in that country. The fortune of each was indeed different. O'Sullivan began his public career in England as early as 1825, when, in conjunction with the Rev. Mr. Phelan, by an attempt to misrepresent the tenets of the Catholics, and to distort the evidence of the Catholic Prelates before the Committees of both Houses of Parliament, he acquired an ephemeral and very unenviable celebrity. The Rev. Mr. Phelan, who was his colleague, bosom friend, and coadjutor, in the attacks upon Catholicity, was a Fellow of Dublin College. He is since dead. He was a man of a good deal of intellect, and was much attached to O'Sullivan. It is supposed—we know not how truly—that he contributed to obtain for O'Sullivan a valuable parish in the North of Ireland. At all events, O'Sullivan has the benefice, and is enabled to live in comparative affluence, and some splendour. Not so his less lucky colleague, M'Ghee. He was, indeed, for a time "moral agent" to a titled lady of strong religious opinions. But that office did not, we believe, procure him either honour or emolument. He is still at the utmost a curate.

Such was the relative situation of the two contracting parties, when a "covenant of Love" was formed between the wealthy rector and the unendowed curate. They resolved to make discoveries; accordingly M'Ghee was sent upon a discovery-cruise—

and a discovery of the most portentous nature did he make—led to it, as he gravely tells us, by a special interposition of Divine Providence.

The case was this—a Catholic Bookseller, respectable, but with small capital, had risked much of his property in the publication of a lengthened work of theology—a work of considerable merit both for its arrangement, and its accuracy in all particulars of duly defined doctrine, but at the same time containing occasionally opinions which, though held by some Catholic divines in former times, were always rejected by the far greater number, and are now universally repudiated by all Catholics—clerical as well as lay. Amongst these opinions were some favourable to the right of persecuting by the authority of the civil government—not Infidels and Pagans—but baptized Christians. The author of this work was Dens, a theologian of the University of Louvain of “the olden time,”—a man naturally imbued with the notions which were unfortunately too prevalent when he lived.*

The Dublin printer of his Theology advertised the work in the usual way in the newspapers, and with more than usual pertinacity. He did all he could to attract attention to it.—He puffed it off in every possible shape. He would have been pleased if any man, whether “Turk, Jew, or Atheist,” had bought the publication. Although the work was thus notorious, Mr. M’Ghee says that by a miraculous interposition of Providence he discovered it.—But where think you? Why on the shelves of a Protestant, or rather Orange bookseller—in his open shop, ready to be sold to any one who wished to buy!

See how artful these Irish Papists are! Having to conceal a book from the searching eyes of English Protestants, they hide it in the open shop of a virulent anti-Catholic bookseller! There a miracle, an Orange miracle takes place, and by “a *special interposition*,” M’Ghee has the great felicity to lay his hands upon the book!

Why, this would be too ludicrous to be written, were it not that, fortified by delusions of this description, O’Sullivan and M’Ghee went forth on a crusade, without a cross, through England and Scotland, and terrified the saints of every sex and

* Protestants frequently cite the fact that Alva boasted of “having delivered over 18,000 heretics or rebels to the executioners;” but the still more atrocious Vandermeck and Sonoi, the Protestant leaders, not only rivalled, but much exceeded him in cruelty and cold-blooded barbarity. “In the single year 1572 Vandermeck, serving under the Prince of Orange, slaughtered more unoffending Catholic priests and peasants, than Alva executed Protestants during his whole government.”—See the *Abrégé de l’Hist. de la Hollande*, by Kerroux, a Protestant historian. One method of torturing the Catholics was by feeding them with salt herrings, then giving them no liquid, and so making them die of thirst.

age "from their propriety." Meeting after meeting has been held. The wonder-working discoverers—the Thaumaturgi of the present day—have harangued and heated themselves, and elicited applause and no little astonishment throughout the land.

But what to us seems most astonishing of all is, to find O'Sullivan, who had Phelan for his first colleague—a man his superior in every respect—adopt M'Ghee for his second—a man his inferior in every thing save in sheer uncompromising audacity: in that M'Ghee certainly carries off the unenvied palm. The reader will share this astonishment when he hears the character which O'Sullivan's first associate has so justly and accurately drawn of his second ally. It will be found in a pamphlet published by the former in the year 1817. The title of that pamphlet was this:—*"A Brief Exposure of the Principles advanced, the Intellect displayed, and the Spirit manifested by the Rev. Robert M'Ghee"*—the very man—"in his late publication; by the Rev. William Phelan, Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin." A few extracts will show the character which M'Ghee had already gained amongst his brethren, the clergymen of the Established Church. In page 6 Mr. Phelan treats him thus.

"Mr. M'Ghee has not given any promise of those qualities which might induce me to respect the opponent or esteem the man. He has not afforded me an opportunity of making any voluntary effort towards Christian charity, for an unfeigned commiseration is the irresistible feeling which presents itself to my mind" (p. 6). "Many might be liable to misinterpret my silence; I do not think, therefore, that I should suffer my want of respect for the individual to prevent me from assisting any portion of the public, in detecting the clumsy artifices by which he has sought to influence their opinion."—(ib.)

Such was the estimate formed of him in the year 1817 in Ireland. He has improved in nothing since. The only difference is, that he then assailed the dignitaries of the Protestant Church, —he now bestows his virulence on those of the Catholic. "An if it were ten times as much, he would have the heart to bestow it all upon them." Take Mr. Phelan's account of the delicacy which Mr. M'Ghee evinced towards the prelates of his own church. He had included in his invective, the Bishop of Derry, the Bishop of London, the Archbishop of Armagh, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. These are Mr. Phelan's words:—

"A sermon preached by the Hon. Archdeacon Knox, published by order of the Archbishop of Armagh, and approved by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of London and Derry, contains sentiments which, according to Mr. M'Ghee, 'are blasphemous and wholly contrary to the true principles either of a Christian minister, or of any Christian layman.'"—(p. 43.)

All blasphemers!—Protestant Bishops, Archbishops, and an

Archdeacon to boot—all blasphemers ! Surely Dr. Murray and the Catholics have little reason to complain of any atrocity of language which this man may use towards them, when he has treated his own prelates with so little ceremony. Indeed, his “Charity” is of the most strange nature. Do but read this description of it:—

“The most advantageous mode,” says Mr. Phelan, “of representing this gentleman’s pre-eminence in this virtue is, by enumerating the various charges with which he has honoured me. I write, Mr. M’Ghee says, in wicked opposition to the Scriptures ; my production is a compound of covert candour and open treachery ; I have deliberately and wickedly set my face against the eternal happiness of the whole human race. I am accused of falsehood, intolerance, perversion, sophistry, calumny, hypocrisy, perjury, and blasphemy. He has hinted that I should have been in the pillory. If I were the only person vilified in Mr. M’Ghee’s book, I should have disdained to notice his flagitious meanness ; but, as a clergyman, I have a right to complain of the disgrace which he has brought upon our common profession. When I reflect that Mr. M’Ghee is a minister of the Gospel, and attached to a class which puts forth a claim to peculiar and exclusive sanctity, and when I reflect on the charges which he has brought against me, the temper with which he has set them forth, and the arguments with which he has supported them—the charges so diabolical—the temper so unchristian, and the arguments so frivolous, I am filled with shame, and horror, and indignation ; and I feel too sincere a respect for the profession of which I am a member, not to be poignantly sensible of the stigma with which he has branded it by the stupid malevolence of his publication.”—(pp. 45, 46.)

Those who might have supposed that his “stupid malevolence” or his “diabolical charges,” were confined to the Catholics, will see how little they knew of the real character of the man. His reasoning powers, also, were early developed, just such as they are at present. Attend to the description given of him by the Reverend Fellow of Dublin University:—

“In his representations, malicious ; in his quotations, false ; in argument, despicable ; in assertion, undaunted, he leaves his readers at a loss to discover whether the nerveless calumny which he publishes, and the feeble truculency which he displays, should be attributed to the rancour and malignity of the heart, or the shallowness and perplexity of the understanding. Most sincerely, indeed, could I wish that he had given me an opportunity of excusing his disposition, even at the expense of his intellectual faculties ; but, although it is scarcely possible for a writer to discover a smaller share of common sense, there are few who could be so unhappy in their management of the controversy as to disclose such faint and evanescent indications of common decency.” pp. 46, 47.

“In representations malicious” the very man—“In quotations false”—There he is described by a brother Clergyman as deserv-

ing a name which the decencies of society forbid us to mention. But it is not necessary to pursue this disgusting subject farther—nor should we indeed have been justifiable in dwelling so long upon the man, if he had not closed his religious career by the exhibition of a gross and scandalous forgery, which even after having discovered it to be such, he attempted to palliate. This forgery he announced as a “manifestation of Providence!” Gracious Heaven! How can any person be found so insensible to character, as to give him any countenance after his attempt to hold up this forged document as worthy of the attention of the people of England? Every thing is *providential* with him; thus making Providence a party to his crime!

But, alas! this trick of forgery is not new. In plain truth, it is as old as the Reformation, as an instrument against Catholicity. Many candid and high-minded Protestants have lamented the use of this weapon, drawn, as honest Mr. Finch would say, from “the armoury of Satan.” It is the celebrated antiquary and Protestant divine, the Rev. Dr. Whitaker, who deploras the use of these “diabolical arms.” We quote his very words:

“FORGERY—I blush for the honour of Protestantism, while I write it—seems to have been peculiar to the Reformed.—I look in vain for one of these accursed outrages of imposition amongst the disciples of Popery.”

Yes, this “accursed outrage of imposition” is scorned, and justly scorned by us. We are Catholics simply because the ancient and apostolic faith requires not the aid of weapons of this description. It is not our habit to impute to Protestants any tenets which they disavow; and surely it is not too much to expect that they should take the statement of our tenets from ourselves and not from others,—especially, not from those who are by their own confession, guilty of “the accursed outrage of imposition.”

M’Ghee, indeed, has had the indecency to call this “an ingenious device;” and then he seeks to throw the blame upon his “learned friend” as he calls him—the Rev. Mr. Todd. The guilt appears to be equally shared between them. Todd’s part was more deliberate—more studied. It has the aggravation of lengthened premeditation. He is no flippant falsifier—no “touch-and-go” man, like M’Ghee. He is your deliberate, pains-taking, laborious framer of forgery—and when detected, he turns round upon his co-conspirator M’Ghee, and says it was all a joke!!—a mere joke.* Certainly there never was a joke more completely void of wit or merriment, or good humour.

* “As he is guilty that shooteth arrows and lances unto death: so is the man that hurteth his neighbour deceitfully: and when he is taken, saith: I did it in jest.”—Proverbs, xxvi. 18, 19.

This subject has been treated at more length than its intrinsic merits required. The results, however, cannot fail to rouse the attention of calm and considerate Protestants to the real question between them and their Catholic neighbours. Christian truth is a subject of the most deep, the most awful importance as regards an eternity—a never-ending eternity of weal or of woe; it is a topic upon which we are not Christians unless we be sincere. We are worse than idiots unless we are as cautious, as the magnitude of the subject and the frightful extent of the interests involved in the profession of “true faith required us to be.” To the consideration of *this* subject, we do invite our Protestant brethren in the spirit of candour and sincerity—in the spirit of caution and vigilant attention—and, above all, in the spirit of humility before God, and of Christian charity towards all men.

NOTE.

[Since writing the above, we have received a copy of the Dublin Evening Post of the 6th of December, 1817, from which we subjoin a fuller report of Mr. O’Connell’s observations on the Rheimish notes than Mr. M’Ghee thought fit to procure.]

CATHOLIC BOARD.—THE RHEIMISH BIBLE.

A remarkably full Meeting of the Catholic Board took place on Thursday last, pursuant to adjournment—

OWEN O’CONNER, Esq. *in the Chair*.

After some preliminary business, Mr. O’CONNELL rose to make his promised motion, for the appointment of a Committee to prepare a denunciation of the intolerant doctrines contained in the Rheimish Notes.

Mr. O’CONNELL said, that on the last day of meeting, he gave notice that he would move for a committee, to draw up a disavowal of the very dangerous and uncharitable doctrines contained in certain notes to the Rheimish Testament. He now rose to submit that motion to the consideration of the Board. The late edition of the Rheimish Testament in this country, gave rise to much observation;—that work was denounced by Dr. Troy;—an action is now depending between him and a respectable bookseller in this city; and it would be the duty of the Board not to interfere, in the remotest degree, with the subject of that action, but, on the other hand, the Board could not let the present opportunity pass by, of recording their sentiments of disapprobation, and even of abhorrence, of the bigotted and intolerant doctrines promulgated in that work. Their feelings of what was wise, consistent, and

liberal, would suggest such a proceeding; even though the indecent calumnies of their enemies had not rendered it indispensable. A work, called *The British Critic*, had, no doubt, been read by some gentlemen who heard him. The circulation of the last number has been very extensive, and exceeded, almost beyond calculation, the circulation of any former number, in consequence of an article which appeared in it on the late edition of the Rheimish Testament. He (Mr. O'Connell) said he read that article; it is extremely unfair and uncandid; it gives, with audacious falsehood, passages, as if from the notes to the Rheimish Testament, which cannot be found in that work; and, with mean cunning, it seeks to avoid detection, by quoting, without giving either text or page. Throughout, it is written in the true spirit of the Inquisition,—it is violent, vindictive, and uncharitable. He was sorry to understand that it was written by Ministers of the Established Church; but he trusted, that when the charge of intemperance should be again brought forward against the Catholics, their accusers would cast their eyes on this coarse and illiberal attack—here they may find a specimen of real intemperance. But the very acceptable work of imputing principles to the Irish people which they never held, and which they abhor, was not confined to *The British Critic*. *The Courier*, a newspaper whose circulation is immense, lent its hand, and the provincial newspapers throughout England—those papers which are for ever silent when any thing might be said favourable to Ireland, but are ever active to disseminate whatever may tend to her disgrace or dishonour. They have not hesitated to impute to the Catholics of this country the doctrines contained in those offensive notes—and it was their duty to disclaim them. Nothing was more remote from the true sentiments of the Irish people. These notes were of English growth: they were written in agitated times, when the title of Elizabeth was questioned, on the grounds of legitimacy. Party spirit was then extremely violent;—politics mixed with religion, and, of course, disgraced it. Queen Mary, of Scotland, had active partisans, who thought it would forward their purposes to translate the Bible, and add to it those obnoxious notes. But very shortly after the establishment of the College at Douay, this Rheimish edition was condemned by all the Doctors of that Institution, who, at the same time, called for and received the aid of the Scotch and Irish Colleges. The book was thus suppressed, and an edition of the Bible, with notes, was published at Douay, which has ever been since adopted by the Catholic Church; so that they not only condemned and suppressed the Rheimish edition, but they published an edition, with notes, to which no objection has, or could be, urged. From that period there have been but two editions of the Rheimish Testament; the first had very little circulation; the late one was published by a very ignorant printer in Cork, a man of the name of M'Namara, a person who was not capable of distinguishing between the Rheimish and any other edition of the Bible. He took up the matter merely as a speculation in trade. He meant to publish a Catholic Bible, and having put his hand upon the Rheimish edition, he commenced to print it in numbers. He subsequently became bankrupt, and his property in this

transaction vested in Mr. Cumming, a respectable bookseller in this city, who is either a Protestant or Presbyterian; but he carried on the work, like M'Namara, merely to make money of it, as a mercantile speculation;—and yet, said Mr. O'Connell, our enemies have taken it up with avidity; they have asserted that the sentiments of those notes are cherished by the Catholics in this country. He would not be surprised to read of speeches in the next Parliament on the subject. It was a hundred to one but that some of our briefless barristers have already commenced composing their dull calumnies, and that we shall have speeches from them, for the edification of the Legislature, and the protection of the Church. There was not a moment to be lost—the Catholics should, with one voice, disclaim those very odious doctrines. He was sure there was not a single Catholic in Ireland that did not feel as he did, abhorrence at the principles these notes contain. Illiberality has been attributed to the Irish people, but they are grossly wronged. He had often addressed the Catholic people of Ireland. He always found them applaud every sentiment of liberality, and the doctrine of perfect freedom of conscience; the right of every human being to have his religious creed, whatever that creed might be, unpolluted by the impious interference of bigotted or oppressive laws. Those sacred rights, and that generous sentiment, were never uttered at a Catholic aggregate meeting, without receiving at the instant the loud and the unanimous applause of the assembly.

“It might be said that those meetings were composed of mere rabble. Well—be it so. For one he should concede that, for the sake of argument. But what followed? Why just this:—that the Catholic rabble, without the advantages of education, or of the influence of polished society, were so well acquainted with the genuine principles of Christian charity, that they, the rabble, adopted and applauded sentiments of liberality, and of religious freedom, which, unfortunately, met but little encouragement from the polished and educated of other sects.”

(Then follows the passage which we have quoted in the preceding article.)

“Mr. O'CONNELL'S motion was put and carried, the words being amended thus:—

‘That a Committee be appointed to draw up an address on the occasion of the late publication of the *Rheinish Testament*, with a view to have the same submitted to an aggregate meeting.’

CONVERSION OF THE REV. PIERCE CONNELLY, A.M.

Mr. Connelly, who has been lately received into the Catholic Church at Rome, is a native of Philadelphia. His father was an elder in one of the Presbyterian churches in that city, but he was himself bred an Episcopalian. Having taken orders, he was, after repeated evidences of unyielding virtue and superior talent, appointed to the rectorship of the Protestant Episcopalian congregation at Natchez, in the State of Mississippi. Of his conduct in that station, Dr. Otey, Protestant Bishop of Tennessee, after visiting the diocese of Mississippi, made a report in the following terms:—"I take great pleasure here in bearing testimony to the faithful labours of the rector of this parish. With real satisfaction I listened to the pious instruction, the affectionate expostulations, the impressive warnings, which marked the character of his addresses to his people. Great is their responsibility, and awful the reckoning which awaits the neglect or misimprovement of their distinguished privileges."

In a letter dated Natchez, 20th August, 1835, addressed to his friend Mr. J. N. N., a copy of which now lies before us in manuscript, Mr. Connelly states that he had been for some time engaged in severe study, the result of which he describes in these terms:—"My faith in Protestantism is so shaken, that I am compelled in conscience to lay aside for the present my functions; I begin to think the necessary tendency of Protestantism is revolutionary, immoral, and irreligious; that its success has been accidental, and that it has in itself no principle of duration." "My present design is," he adds, "to place myself within reach of full information on the Roman Catholic side. If my doubts are confirmed, I shall not hesitate to seek to be reconciled to the Church of Rome, and place myself under the discipline and at the disposal of their ecclesiastical authority. If I find difficulties in that Church equal to those of the Protestant, I confess I shall think that there is left for me but a choice of evils. Irresistible proofs and undeniable principles, however, seem to lead to a more certain result; and I trust I am ready, whenever the angel of duty calls me, '*circumdare mihi vestimentum meum et sequi illum*.' But I owe it to truth and to myself, that no precipitancy should lessen the weight of so important a step. It is indeed to me, personally, immensely important in every point of view. You must have been a Protestant, an American or an English Protestant, to be able to estimate the consequences. It is not only giving up the honours and emoluments of my profession and my standing, but it is to be attended with the rage and malignity, the abuse and the calumny, of the *pious public*, and the alienation of kindred and friends, which to a great extent are sure to follow, in the north at least. My first object, of course, is to inform myself fully of the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Roman Catholic Church as established by received general councils; my next to compare its moral influence with that of the so called Reformed Faith."

On the 26th of the same month, Mr. Connelly communicated his

thoughts and feelings upon this subject to Dr. Otey, whom he addresses in the most affectionate and respectful manner, as his "Dear Bishop," his "truly honoured and Right Reverend Father,"—

"I know the grief that what I am going to tell you will create; but I know, too, you will respect the integrity and the frankness of the course which I adopt. The attacks from every quarter upon the Roman Catholic Church, have forced me into a laborious study of the controversy, and I confess my faith is shaken in the Protestant religion. I have resigned my parish, my kind, my generous parish, and have laid aside the active functions of my profession, to weigh deliberately and devoutly my future duty. I know how great a sacrifice I make, of feeling as well as interest. I know how much greater a one I may still have to make, and indeed all to which I may expose myself. I pretend not to say where the truth will lead me; I only am persuaded of my present duty, and am determined, by the help of God, to follow it. The intention of my vows I have no doubt about; it is only, of where I ought to pay them, that I am uncertain. My allegiance as an ecclesiastic, I now fear may perhaps have been mistaken. I will always shew it was at least sincere.

"Subordination I consider the first principle of all law; a thing as necessary in the church, and in every other society, as the soul is to the body; and obedience with me is not more a duty of my profession than it is a requisite of my nature, I have no faith in private inspiration, I have no faith in individual infallibility, or any absolute personal independence; as a church-man especially, I have no such presumptuous self-confidence; in the great congregation of Christ's flock I feel myself nothing. I must have some guide to lead me into truth, I must have some power to obey, and I cannot think my obedience what it ought to be, if it is not of the heart as well as of the lips, if it is not in the spirit as well as according to the letter.

"Do not suppose, dear Bishop, my present feelings are any momentary impulse; they are the result of anxious study, they have given me many sleepless nights and brought me low in health; and do not think I have been led to them by any novel or exterior influence; I have read not one of the recent publications for the Roman Catholics, and certainly nearly all against them; I have had no communication on the subject with any clergyman or layman of their church, nor have I consulted on the step I now take with any human being whatever. It is from a most *ex parte* Protestant examination of the subject, that I have come to the doubts and the conclusions which I now send you; the subject moreover forced upon me solely by our own church, and her vociferous terrors in England and at home.

"In England there was an apology in her connexion with the state, and I was willing to believe that it was only because the government trembled for itself that the cry was raised of danger to the church; but in this country the fears of our church are all her own, and they are really for herself: if these fears are reasonable they condemn our religion, if they are unreasonable they condemn ourselves."

Mr. Connelly then proceeds to observe, that so deep is his faith in

Christianity, that he is entirely willing to trust it to itself, and to the help of God. "Its condition is surely not worse now, than at its rise; let it then go on now, as it did at first begin; let it be contented to rely on the gradually developed force of its own truth, and the simple manifestation of the beauty of its holiness." "What, it seems to me, is really to be feared, is the delusion of Christians, not the ruin of the Church; the confounding of the interests of religion with the interests of something else connected with it, as government, or society, or the press. I hate the English phrase of national church, and national religion. I would no more have national, than individual interests mixed up with the interests of THE CHURCH. I would have all men fellow subjects in this one kingdom, brethren in this universal family. And just as truly do I hate the fanatic cry about religious societies and the religious press. The terms might pass as jargon; but they both spring from, and they both inculcate, a great ANTI-CHRISTIAN LIE. For such I believe it to be, *that the church of Christ requires the aid of civil government, or of any secular societies.* She can do without them all. They, it is, who have need of her; they, it is, who are desirous to make use of her. When states seek the aid of any religion, it is a confession that they require it: when they give their service and their support, it is because they hope to be repaid; and so too it is with the *religious* associations, and the stipendiary press. Let government break off its union with the church. Let the hireling writers and printers of religion withdraw their help, and Christianity will stand and grow in the midst of fanaticism and democracy, as stand and grow it did in the midst of idolatry and despotism."

Mr. Connelly continues:—"The Church establishment in Ireland is gone; with every advantage in the struggle, it has been put down. That its overthrow in England is at hand, I now, for the first time, cease to doubt. When the support of government is taken away, it will not be long before the Protestant Church stands in that country, as it does in this. How does it stand here? How will it stand there? Trusting in itself, and in the promise of the SON OF GOD? In nothing less. The great necessities of the clergy seem to have destroyed their faith. They have created an immense machinery, which they do not pretend to wield. They have made an ungodly covenant with printers and fanatics, by which the church has given itself up to a power, which it never can controul, and which, indeed, long since, has openly begun to govern."

After some further observations upon the state of religion in the United States, in which he shews that *the church* there is really governed by the mob; that "any majority of any committee has the authority of a council," Mr. Connelly points out the unhappy consequences of this state of things so far as true religion is concerned, and observes that it gave rise in his mind to the important question which he was then about to examine—"the question of the nature and identity of the visible BODY OF CHRIST,* of the spiritual authority and moral influence of the Universal Church."

* Eph. iv. 12.

On the 6th of September, 1835, Mr. Connelly preached his farewell sermon to his parishioners at Natchez. A more affecting discourse than this we have never read. He very truly states, that for four thousand years the Gentiles were allowed to wander, seeking of their wise men what was truth—that they were like sheep deserted upon the mountains, until God sent forth his Son to gather the scattered flocks, that they might be of *one* flock, under *one* shepherd. It was his resolution to seek the fold where that flock was to be found.—“In bidding you farewell, with words of heartfelt truth, my brethren, ‘thoughts crowd upon me.’ The scenes which we have shared together, come up again before me. How regularly have I received you at these sacred rails! How often have we knelt beside the bed, and stood around the grave, to weep and pray for those we loved, in life, or ‘look with awe upon the dust’ of those we sepulchred in hope, at death! And how shall I forget my happy days amongst you, blest, I sometimes fear, perhaps, far more than blessing! How shall I thank you, for all your confidence and your generous regard; for all your goodness, not only to me personally, but to those dearer than myself! And, how do I now humbly crave your pardon, if in a parish, where I never met with an offence, I have ever wounded, even in the least, the feelings of any single human being.”

Mr. Connelly having thus resigned his parish, and given up an income sufficient to secure to himself and his family a competency, he set forth a pilgrim in the search of truth. He proceeded to Rome, where he studied our religion at its fountain-head, and the result was, that he has become one of its most ardent disciples. After remaining at Rome during the spring of this year, he proceeded to England on a visit to the Earl of Shrewsbury, with whom he is now spending some time at Alton Towers. We had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with him during the short stay he made in London; and in reply to the questions which we put to him upon the subject of his conversion, he placed in our hands the following communication, which we now present to the reader. It is in itself the artless portrait of a strong and amiable mind, deeply imbued with the spirit of piety, utterly free from fanaticism, superior to all passions and interests of a secular character, and borne onward to truth by an irresistible solicitude to discover the one fold, the one Shepherd, under whose protection it might lie down and be at rest.

“In looking back upon the course and progress of my *ébranlement*, next to the most unmerited favour of that grace which with the deepest humility and most fervent thanksgiving I acknowledge and adore, what most amazes me is the confidence and boldness with which I took the first decided step in writing and printing my letter to the bishop. So far as human reasons can account for it, I must in a great degree attribute that confidence to my acquaintance with a distinguished foreigner in the winter of thirty-three and thirty-four. The Chevalier N. then on a scientific tour through North America, was a man of extensive and profound philosophy as well as science, of a reputation already established, and of an exactness of mind and a largeness of

comprehension, as well as a sincerity of purpose, altogether remarkable. He had already travelled for two years in the United States, and I could not but be amazed as well as delighted at the attention which, in the midst of his more professional labours, he had paid to all the religious and political institutions of the country. The amount of information, the facts, the documents he had collected, were truly wonderful. As the natural result of our intimacy, he applied upon a variety of subjects to my experience as a clergyman and as a citizen, and our intercourse by degrees assumed an interest of the highest, and I need not hesitate to say of the purest kind. It never indeed turned upon differences of religious faith, much less partook of the nature of controversy. It was more about systems of philosophy and politics, a comparison of moral views and of notes already made by each. Struck with coincidences, frequently where I least expected them, and an entire approbation of 'thoughts' which I had never ventured to utter except in the secrecy of a common-place book, I confess I felt for the first time a confidence in the opinions which I formed, and in myself, which I had never allowed myself to feel before. I had been in an agreeable and cultivated social circle, but I had been in solitude as to political, philosophical and theological associations. The men of my own profession whom I had left in the northern cities, and those near me in the south, I well knew differed from me fundamentally on many points of civil as well as ecclesiastical polity, and I required some other encouragement than that of my own mind to enable me to trust to my reasonings and to believe in the justness of them. This I found in my intercourse with this learned stranger, and though I still swore by *Blackwood* and *The London Quarterly*, I learnt to allow myself to dissent without remorse from their clever, and I still think, plausible inconsistencies. Dear old Ebony! I can scarcely now refrain from wandering far off from my subject when I think of all the delight and all the affection too, with which, seated around the table or on the gallery of that dear cottage in the warm south-west, we used to read the beautiful Greek articles, or John Wilson's sweeter poems, instead of music of an evening; so blinded by long admiration as to reprobate nothing, not even their juxta-position with speeches from men like Mortimer O'Sullivan.

"It has been said, and by a no less respectable authority than that of my former venerated bishop, that my change of religious faith is, in a great degree, to be attributed to my political principles. But even if my conversion were the result of observations and inferences drawn from public events, it must at least be owned that the arguments made use of by conservatives were more likely to prejudice me against than in favour of the Catholic religion, and it was certainly the high Tory and the high Church press which turned my thoughts into the channel which they followed. I confess I am not aware that arguments for or against praying to saints, purgatory, or even transubstantiation, ever had much weight with me. If the Church of England had continued to teach on that vexed point just what it had done in the time of Queen Elizabeth, I doubt not I should have quietly

received it. And most honest high churchmen, I think, will candidly confess the same. There is more proof in Scripture to sustain it than the Trinity, and surely nothing more *contrary* to reason in one doctrine than in the other. And, if the Church or the Convocation, or even that General Convention in the United States, which quietly dropped out an article in the Apostles' creed, had set forth a 'Book of Sports,' I should certainly have been recommending a cheerful spending of the Sunday as in the days of Charles I., instead of condemning young and old to do penance within doors, as is the rubric now. I was in good truth a high churchman. I *did* believe the 'Church hath authority,' and without indeed having very definite ideas of what 'the Church' is, I thought all my duty was to keep my vows and 'hear the Church,' believing and teaching just what she decreed should be believed and taught. Nor indeed could I, or can I ever conceive the practicability of acting upon the notion of private judgment. Men were never meant to wander alone in faith or in life, but to be governed in society. And men are not the less governed because they do not acknowledge themselves to be so. If they will not submit to an unchanging authority, there is nothing left for them but what is unfixed; if they will not listen to infallibility, they must take up with that which may be error; but governed they must be, for it is all nonsense to think that merely *protesting* will make a religion, or that having no head will keep men together. The only consequence of a real independence would be a real irresponsibility. But it is impossible not to see that there is neither the one nor the other. Rewards and emoluments, pains and penalties, are distributed by congregations and communities of Protestants as much as by conclaves of cardinals; and popular opinion takes the place of the Council of Trent, just as the people reign instead of the king. The majority are the real head of the Protestant Church in America—the ministry, Whig or Tory, as it may be, are the real head of it in England and Ireland; and what that Church teaches now, is no more what that Church taught in the days of Henry, James, or *good* Queen Anne, or will teach some hundred years hence, should it last so long, than Archbishop Laud is like Dr. Blomfield, or Hooker like—some Wilberforce a century more diluted.

"Change and disorganization are the natural tendencies of Protestant principles. These tendencies may be less manifest in England and on the Continent than in the United States, but they, nevertheless, may easily be proved, and must continue to increase, for in proportion as the institutions of a country are popular, so must the religion of the people have a political as well as ecclesiastical character, and if religion is to become merely another engine in the hands of the people, instead of the last and only barrier to restrain them, God only knows what duration or stability can be hoped for any liberal governments. My sentiments on this subject, however, you already are acquainted with, from my printed 'Letter,' and from an unprinted one to the Catholic Bishop of Charleston. This last, written when I little expected to be driven by a sense of duty to renounce the Protestant religion, will shew you not only its revolutionary, but its intolerant and exclusive spirit in the

United States; the more ungenerous and unjust, because, though the constitution and the liberal spirit of the people prevent the preference of one form of Christianity to another on the part of government, it is yet notorious that all the immense grants made to colleges and universities, fall entirely under the direction of the Protestant clergymen, and that whatever professors or chaplains are employed in the army or navy of the country, are invariably of that religion. But if the illegitimate influences of my religion weighed heavily upon my mind, my excellent Bishop can bear witness that I was not less depressed at the consideration of its want of power for all the true purposes of Christianity. It is as inefficient in its own hands, as it is dangerous and mischievous in the hands of those that wield it. There is not the shadow of discipline other than what the press or communities exercise. There is no bond of union, no spiritual subordination, no ecclesiastical spirit in the body of the clergy. Their sad readiness, whenever either dependant or ambitious, to run with any prevailing folly of the times, is almost as general as their contempt of rubrics, canons, and solemn vows, is open and unhesitating when not enforced by popular caprice. And the most important of all their duties, the spiritual care and pious education of the young, is either not entrusted to them, or is neglected in a manner as flagrant as it is dreadful. Their missionary efforts among pagan nations have been utterly unfruitful. The moral operation of all the vast charlatan machinery is at best worthless. Infidelity has increased beyond the spread of tracts and Bibles; and the best respect which the public functions of religion have, and the largest subscriptions to the great societies, are often paid by men who have become the involuntary, but secretly acknowledged victims of infidelity. These are melancholy facts, but they are facts which are not to be disproved; and well I know how many wise and pious Protestants will acquiesce in them with grief and bitterness. God knows, I was not a hasty judge, nor even willing to be persuaded; sadly and reluctantly I saw the evidence forced upon me of the spiritual character of the Church, upon which, in the feebleness of my faith, I imagined the hopes of Christianity principally rested.

"The depression I felt at the approach of such convictions was not likely to be diminished by my professional occupations. I was connected with a parish which, interesting for many causes, must have been truly dear to me if only for the general affection and respect and generosity ever manifested to my family. But the steady and conscientious performance of pastoral duties brings with it, in any parish, a daily increasing sense of responsibility, as well as a growing personal attachment; and my heart has many a time failed within me as I saw near at hand only a confirmation of what was true elsewhere. The Bishop must well remember, how sincerely, but how vainly, I combatted the melancholy with which my own experience and my own convictions often overwhelmed me. During his welcome visit in the winter of 1835-6, he gave me certainly encouragements and consolations which I remember, as I always must do every thing connected with our intercourse, with the most grateful and sincere affection. He is a prelate whom his Church may well boast of, as an example of wise and laborious zeal, of generous, disinterested charity, and most unaffected piety. But for the

encouragements I was indebted to himself, and his perfect sincerity, not to the justness of his principles—and the consolations sprung from the sympathy of a warm and noble nature, rather than from any well-grounded prospect of ultimate success. The parish certainly had great external prosperousness, but Protestant Christianity has no real success. It lives only in excitement or physical support. Its prosperity, whether in parishes or in the world, is outward, hollow, material. The graces of the christian life are sometimes beautifully seen in individuals, but with the great majority of those professing that religion, it is something more or less christianized, rather than christianity; something instead of His religion, rather than what the religion of our Saviour truly is: and so it has been in faith and practice since ever and wherever confession has been abandoned, just as the original object of religious assemblies has been forgotten wherever the ritual of Rome has been mutilated or exploded. The reasons of all these things did not indeed soon strike me, and in the midst of the course of reading which the miserable fanaticism of the periodicals drove me into, perhaps it was the consideration of the spiritual state of the negro population, and the necessity of something more Catholic for them than the Protestant religion, that first opened my eyes to *apprehensions* of the truth, and pointed out to me the course which it became my duty to pursue. I had nearly completed and had actually begun to print 'A Catechism for the Religious Instruction of the Negroes,' when I closed the church of Natchez, which was only re-opened for my farewell sermon."

We need not add a word of commentary to this simple and beautiful narrative. It is to be regretted that Mr. Connelly's marriage state of necessity precludes him from entering the sacred ministry of our church. But we trust that his talents, his acquirements, and his conspicuous virtues, may not be lost to the service of that religion which he has embraced at the expense of much that was dear to him in life—his fortune—the affections of his kindred—his station—and the friendship of the people whose instructor he had so long been.

We had written thus far, when we were favoured with a perusal of Dr. Otey's reply to Mr. Connelly's letter, already quoted. It is of considerable length, and is conceived throughout in a christian spirit of charity worthy of his office. It may be truly said to be, from beginning to end, one effusion of tender affection and esteem for a *dearly beloved Brother*, who has separated himself from his pastoral care, on the purest motives of conscientious feeling: for, whilst deeply regretting, and delicately expostulating upon, a step he does not, of course, approve of, this letter breathes in every line a conviction of the honourable principles upon which Mr. Connelly has acted. It is indeed a delightful testimonial for this gentleman of the estimation in which he was held, when the individual best qualified to judge of his value, and most alive to the loss sustained in his defection from the Protestant Church, expresses himself in such terms.

CATHOLIC SEMINARY AT OSCOTT.—On the 21st of June, the exhibition of the students at this Catholic college, took place in a very fine apartment in the new college, designed for the library, which was fitted up for the occasion, and tastefully decorated with laurels and

devices in flowers. Temporary windows were introduced, and this noble room was rendered exceedingly convenient for the purpose. No part of the splendid new college is yet habitable. The students, as well as the company, had therefore to proceed from the old college to the new, after partaking of the hospitality provided by the care of the president, Dr. Weedall. Notwithstanding the rain which fell nearly the whole day, the company was more numerous than it was possible to accommodate in one room, and refreshments were laid in other apartments. The Right Rev. the Bishop presided at the head of the table, and the company sat down about two o'clock. At half-past three the exhibition began with a chorus, "The Chough and Crow," by Bishop, which was well executed. Much attention seemed to have been given by the scholars to music, if an opinion might be formed from their progress in execution. A prologue was then spoken by a youth of high promise, aged about fifteen, a nephew of the *great agitator*. The prologue was written by the speaker.

A debate upon "The Influence of the Crusades on the Civilization of Europe," next took place between four youths, who each maintained different views on the subject: in this, young O'Connell figured to great advantage. A duet on the piano was then played by William Colegrave and Maurice O'Connell, and performed in a manner highly creditable. Various pieces were recited by J. C. Hodgins, W. Hodgins, W. Lynch, B. Vaughan, J. Wheble, and Henry Burke. A glee divided these recitations from those by six other youths. Paesiello's "Hill of Zion" was performed with great credit, and several boys recited their own compositions. Here again young O'Connell bore away the palm, not less in the merit of the recitation than in the nature of the composition. His verses "On Man" drew forth unbounded applause.

" I saw him in his glory
 Bewildered in his bliss,
 And every joy that earth could give
 And every smile was his.
 Mirth spread its wings on the balmy gale,
 And laughter stifled the voice of wail;
 But his heart still yearned for something more,
 For a fairer land, for a happier shore:
 Man was not made for this.

" I saw him in the battle,
 His hand was black with gore,
 And his eye flashed fire as the bickering steel,
 Each beating bosom tore.
 And in scenes of slaughter he revelled wild
 Like the frantic mother that's lost her child;
 But that demon scowl and that Bacchanal rage,
 Bring not a glow to the breast of the sage:
 Man was not made for this.

" I saw him court ambition,
 I saw him mount her car,
 And blast the earth with his noxious breath,
 A solitary star;
 And o'er vanquished worlds he soared supreme,
 Like the eagle that dares the day-star's beam;

But a mighty void still craved in his breast,
And wild dreams stole on his nightly rest :
Man was not made for this.

" I saw him scan the heavens,
And pierce through nature's laws,
And read the secrets of the deep,
And tell each hidden cause ;
But his spirit beat against its mortal cage,
As eager to scan an ampler page,
And the brightness of each diadem star,
Only told of a something lovelier far :
Man was not made for this.

" I saw him at the altar,
In sadness and alone,
And his bosom heaved and his lips were moved
In humble orison ;
And the thought of his frailties woke a sigh,
And the tear of repentance stole to his eye,
And he bowed him down to the holy sod
To ask forgiveness of his God !
Oh ! man was made for this.

" I saw him on his death-bed,
No frantic fear was there,
But seraph hope was throned in his heart,
As he muttered a last fond prayer ;
A crucifix was in his hand,
Redeeming pledge of a brighter land ;
To clasp his dying Saviour he tried,
And in that effort of love he died.
Oh ! man was made for this."

After the "Vive le Roi" of Balfe, some scenes from the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme* of Molière were played with great spirit, several pieces on the piano being performed between the scenes by William Colegrave and James Farrall with very considerable taste. In the recitations usually delivered at seminaries for education, there is much mannerism in action, while in such scenes as these, where the gesticulation depends very much on the instantaneous impression upon the mind of the performer, his own ability and conception of the part are commonly brought out in a more natural way. Accordingly, the acting of Thomas Leith, as Monsieur Jourdain, very well conceived, appeared to much advantage after the recitations. When the exhibitions were concluded, the prizes were distributed by the hands of the bishop to each boy in turn, and *dulce domum* concluded the exhibition, which lasted the best part of six hours.

END OF VOL. I.

INDEX

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME OF THE DUBLIN REVIEW.

ABSENTEEISM, titles of the Irish absentees to their estates, what, 284—drain of rental, 286—proposals for a general sale of absentee estates, 290, and an absentee tax, *ibid.*—fallacious defence of absenteeism, 291—absenteeism entitles Ireland to relief in taxation, 301—Mr. Maberly thereon, *ibid.*—Lord Althorpe ditto, 302.

Ambrosio di Lorenzo, 449.

Angelico di Fiesoli, 452.

Anglesey, (Lord) his Irish viceroyalty, 28

—is succeeded by Lord Wellesley, 29.

Anniversary of Coverdale's Bible, 369.

Ant lion, 5.

Art, decay of Grecian art, 438—mission of Christian art, 439—its allusions, *ibid.*

—expression and compositions, *ibid.*

—three forms of art, mystical, pagan, and

natural, 441—decay of Christian art,

442—Christian art in the Catacombs,

444—under Constantine, 446—Byzan-

tine's, *ibid.*—Charlemagne, 447—Ger-

mano-Christian, *ibid.*—Florentine, 449

—naturalism, 450—paganism, 452—

mystical school, *ibid.*—Savonarola, 453

—revival of art dependent on the re-

vival of religious unity, 455—inadequacy

of modern art to sacred subjects, 456—

Munich, 457.

Ascendancy, its bad consequences, 47—

its disregard of the lower caste, 51—

colonial ascendancy in Ireland, 52.

Associations in Ireland for the prevention

of crime, 498—Association (Lay) 43.

Bacon, his experimental philosophy, 436.

Beetle, its habits, 13.

Bicheno's, (Mr.) economy of Ireland, 285,

286.

Blackburne, (Mr.) his adhesion to the

VOL. I.—NO. II.

Irish attorney generalship, 31—he is separated from the Whigs, and is succeeded by Serjeant Perrin, 32—his mode of impanneling juries, 488.

Bowles, (Miss) attractive style of her poetry, 418.

Brady, (Mr. Maziere) succeeds Mr. Serjeant Greene in the law-office, 33.

Bulwer, (Edward Lytton) character of his Rienzi, 48.

Burckhardt at Petra, anecdote of, 175.

Byng, (George) 346.

Caledon, (Lord) correspondence between him and Sir Henry Hardinge respecting Lord Claude Hamilton, 39.

Carlo Dolcei, 443.

Caroline Matilda of Denmark, attempts to deliver her from imprisonment, 352—her death, 356.

Castlereagh, (Lord) his speech on the act of union, 298, 310, 311.

Catholic bishops, (British) 266. (See Declaration.) Catholic bishops and clergy, (Irish) exert themselves to restrain their flocks from crime, 521—even according to O'Sullivan, 522.

Celibacy of the clergy, reason for its institution by the church and rejection by Protestants, 213.

Chesterfield, (Lord) the prosecutor of Dr. Dodd, 358.

Christianity, reaction of philosophy in favour of, 435.

Cigoli, 443.

Cimabue, 450.

Coalition, attempt at a coalition of Tories and Whigs, 135.

Coke, (of Norfolk) 346.

Communion, prevalence of this and other rites an evidence of primeval revelation,

- 203—an essential part of ancient liturgies, *ibid.*—remarks on frequent communion, 215.
- Cornelius, 457.
- Cuvier, his discoveries, 436.
- Deane, (Mr. Robert) is nominated mayor of Cork, 40—avows his determination to continue member of an orange lodge, *ibid.*—and is therefore struck out from the return, *ibid.*—great sensation occasioned in the orange lodges, 41.
- Declaration of the British Catholic bishops, 265—preamble, 266—on the general character of the Catholic faith, 268—on the grounds of belief, 269—on the holy scriptures, 270—on the charge of idolatry and superstition, 271—on confession and absolution, 274—on indulgences, 275—on the obligation of an oath, *ibid.*—on allegiance temporal and spiritual, 276—on exclusive salvation, 277—on keeping faith with heretics, 278.
- Debt, inequality of the Irish and English debts, 293—mode in which the proportions were fixed, 294—consolidation of the exchequers, *ibid.*—not justified by the act of union, 297.
- Deity, general belief in His union with man, 201.
- Descartes, his philosophical doubt, 437.
- Dodd, (Dr.) anecdote of, 358—his execution, 359.
- Downshire, (Marquis of) attends an important conservative meeting, 30—his estimation of Lord Wellesley, *ibid.*
- Doyle, (Right Rev. Dr. J.) evidence on the Rheinish notes before the Commons, 514—addresses a pastoral to his flock upon ribbonism, 523—his own evidence on the subject before parliament, *ibid.*
- Dunsany, (Lord) his correspondence with Lord Morpeth respecting Mr. Smith, 41.
- Earth, economy of the, 1—preservation of its magnitude from diminution or increase, 17.
- East, manners of the East illustrative of holy writ, 174.
- Ecclesiastical music, 100—among the Jews and Christians, 101—at first the only music, *ibid.*—its history, 102—song of Moses, *ibid.*—instruments of music under David and Solomon, 103—nature of their music, *ibid.*—music in the early Christian church, 104—under Constantine, *ibid.*—Ambrosian chant, 105—Gregorian chant, *ibid.*—nature of the ecclesiastical chant, 106—of the Ambrosian, *ibid.*—and of the Gregorian chant, 107—mode of writing the Gregorian music, 109—Dr. Burney's opinion respecting it, *ibid.*—Rousseau's, 110—its solemnity, *ibid.*—Miserere of Gregorio Allegri, 111—anecdote of Mozart, *ibid.*—introduction of the motet, 113—Josquin des Prés and Palestrina, *ibid.*—English composers, 114—attempts by the Puritans to abolish cathedral music, and their success, 115—Calvinist psalmody in France, *ibid.*—in Scotland, *ibid.*—Methodist psalmody, *ibid.*—violence of the reformers in France and the Low Countries, *ibid.*—in Scotland, 117—present state of English psalmody, *ibid.*—manner of performance, 118—English chants, *ibid.*—state of the English choirs, 119—funds of the English churches, *ibid.*—advantages of the Catholic mode of performance, 120—arrangement of masses, *ibid.*—corruption of the Gregorian chant, 121—purity of the chant in the papal choir, 122—corruption of the music of the mass by modern composers, *ibid.*—Augustan age of the Italian music, 123—Pergolesi, *ibid.*—Mozart's requiem, 124—Beethoven, 126.
- Edom of the prophecies, 174—scripture judgments against Edom and their perpetuity, 178—former state of Edom, 179—fulfilment of the prophecies, 197.
- Education, (National) its importance, 68—monopolised here by the Tories, 70—should be free, 71—generally influenced by the two English universities, 90.
- Eucharist, the heart of Christianity, 201—annihilation of the doctrine by Protestants, 209—the two great wants of human nature supplied by the Eucharist, 212—sacerdotal character, an emanation from the doctrine, *ibid.*—the focus of public worship, 214—its influence on charity, *ibid.*—on social life, *ibid.*—absurdities of Dr. Hampden's professions on the subject, 262.
- Finch, (Mr.) his opinion of the Exeter-hall forgery, 537.
- Fitzgerald, (Right Hon. James) speech on the Irish budget, 306.
- Fletcher, (Mr. Justice) his charge on the Agrarian outrages, 479, 497.
- Foster (Mr. Baron) his evidence in 1825, before the Lords, 285.
- Foster (Mr.) his speech on the act of union, 311.
- France, present state of religion there, 217—spiritualism of its modern infidels,

- 218—materialism of some modern naturalists, *ibid.*—rise of Christian talent, *ibid.*—its causes, 219—causes which still oppose Christianity in France, 220—existence of similar causes in Great Britain, *ibid.*
- Franking letters, its abuses, 347.
- George III., his approval of the plot for the liberation of Caroline Matilda of Denmark, 355—signs Dr. Dodd's death-warrant, 359—his private life, *ibid.*—his malady in 1788, 362.
- Gerbet on the Eucharist, 200—character of the author, *ibid.*—character and style of the work, 217.
- Giotto, 450.
- Gordon, (Duchess of) her character, 365.
- Görres, his character, 440—his criticism of modern tourists, 463.
- Gosset, (Sir Wm.) his under-secretaryship, 33—is removed to the office of serjeant-at-arms, 34.
- Greene (Mr. Serjeant) is removed from the law-office, 33.
- Grey, (Mrs. Henry) her ridiculous inventions on the subject of Rebecca Reed, 320, 322—and Mrs. Graham, 324—charge of poisoning, 332—justifies the burning of Mount Benedict Convent, 339.
- Guido of Siena, 449.
- Hamilton, (Lord Claude) is appointed to the magistracy, 40.
- Hampden, (Dr.) his anomalous position, 250—is justified by the high church party, 251—but persecuted by it, 254—vagueness of his inaugural discourse, 262—unjustly censured, 263.
- Hardinge, (Sir Henry) his correspondence with Lord Caledon respecting Lord Claude Hamilton, 39.
- Heretic, definition of, 506—punishment of, *ibid.*
- Heresy, close connection between errors destructive of faith in divine love, 216.
- High-church, inconsistencies of the Anglican high-church, 254—noticed in a letter to his Grace of Canterbury, 255—has rejected Protestantism, 257—does not represent the Anglican church, 258—has no definitive power, *ibid.*—nor means for its exercise, 259—contrasted with the Catholic church, 260—has inclined many to Catholicity, 261—is invited to union, 264.
- Holmes, (Dixon) evidence before the committee of public works in Ireland, 288.
- Horne, (Rev. T. H.) his misrepresentations of the Catholic study of scripture, 370—and of the antiquity of Catholic versions, 373.
- Horse-guards, order for troops to fire with effect upon the peasantry, 43.
- Howitt's (Mr.) book of the seasons, 20.
- Howley, (Mr. Assistant Barrister) charge to the quarter sessions grand jury at Nenagh, 494, 499.
- Jesse, (Mr.) his "Gleanings in natural history," 25.
- Ion, (a tragedy) review of, 422.
- Journal of a naturalist, 27.
- Ireland, confidence of its people in Lord Mulgrave's government, 35—its conduct at the crisis of 1834, 67—forfeitures in Ireland, 284—policy of the Cromwellian adventurers, 285—ejections of tenantry, *ibid.*—oppressive laws, 286—poor laws the remedy, 286, 483— inert capital in Ireland, 287—is now entitled to an annual grant under the act of union, 293, 295—defrays her own expenditure, 303—her national character uniformly assailed by British writers, 474—Master Vowel, 475—Capt. Gilbert's system, 476—policy of justice, *ibid.*—vain efforts of her enemies to disturb her present peacefulness, 477—immense power of landlords under the present lease-system, 478—desperate state of ejected tenantry, 479—their patience under wrong well known to their tyrants, 480—obstructions offered to justice by inferior officials, 483—obedience to the laws, 486—policy of Tory magistrates, 487—juries, *ibid.*—power vested in the crown of ordering jurors to stand by, 489—improved state of the juries at present, 490—charges delivered by the judges on the orderly state of the country, 491—faction-fights encouraged by former viceroys, 492—suppressed by Lord Mulgrave, 493—Mr. Howley's charge, 494, 499—petty sessions act and civil bills court act, 496—exertions of the peasantry to preserve order, Tipperary society, 498—consequent diminution of crime in Tipperary, 499.
- Italians, misrepresented in every way by English tourists, 464—Manzoni's vindication, 474.
- Junius, 346—his note on the king's regiments, 360.
- Lenox-Conyngham, (Mrs.) her poems, 403.
- Littleton, (Mr.) succeeds Mr. Stanley as

secretary for Ireland, 29—his policy, *ibid.*

Loans raised in Great Britain for Ireland, their true character, 305—accumulated by fiscal prodigality, 306—and expenditure of union bribes, *ibid.*

Louis XVI. described, 348.

Louis de Rohan, (Cardinal Prince) his history, 349—story of the diamond necklace, 351.

M'Ghee (Rev. Robt.) exhibits false charges at Exeter-hall against the Catholic church in Ireland, 502, 524, 526, 527—his concealment of dates, 515—misrepresentations respecting the Catholic board, 517—falsely states the Bible of 1816 to be privately circulated among the Irish Catholics, 519—and contradicts himself, 520—produces a forged bull, 527—confesses the forgery, but defends it, 535—apologises for the defence, 539—history of his connection with O'Sullivan and Dens, 541—his character drawn by Phelan, 463.

Mansfield, (Lord) prevents Dr. Dodd's act of grace, 359.

Maria Monk's black nunnery, 151—internal evidence of falsehood, 152—her account of herself, 153—at the convent of sisters of charity, 154—at the black nunnery, 155—her noviciate, 156—at St. Denis, *ibid.*—marries, 157—renews her noviciate, *ibid.*—takes the veil, 158—witnesses a murder, *ibid.*—leaves the convent, 162—testimony of the Canadian press against her book, *ibid.*—affidavit of Dr. Robertson, 165—falsehood and contradiction of her statements, 167—affidavit of her mother, *ibid.*—virtues of the priests and nuns of Canada, 170—disgraceful republication of the book in England, 171.

Marie Antoinette, her character, 348.

Marsh, (Dr. Herbert) imports rationalism from Germany, 253.

Mennais (Abbé de la) forsaken by his followers, 200—affords an illustration of the system of Catholic authority, 260.

Miscellaneous intelligence, 1—xiv.

Morpeth, (Lord) his early attachment to Ireland, 31—is appointed to the Irish secretaryship, *ibid.*—his zealous co-operation with Lord Mulgrave, *ibid.*—disregards the writ of rebellion, 45.

Mulgrave, (Earl) in Ireland, 28—succeeds to the lord lieutenantancy of Ireland, 30—his fitness, *ib.*—his advantages, 31—is ably supported by Lord Morpeth, *ibid.*—by Mr. Attorney-general Perrin, 32—by Mr.

Attorney-general O'Loughlen, 33—by Mr. Brady, *ibid.*—and by Lieut. Drummond, his under-secretary, after the removal of Sir William Gosset, 34—his firmness against the orange party, 36—is insulted by its members, but warmly congratulated by liberal county meetings, 37—refuses to approve of Mr. Deane as mayor of Cork, 40—and of Mr. Smith as a deputy-lieutenant of Meath, 41—wise appointments of sheriffs, 42—avoids tithe massacres, *ibid.*—reforms the police, 44—prohibits them from tithe excursions after night-fall, 46—upright administration of law, 485—peacefulness of the country, 486—merciful conduct of the viceroy, 492—suppression of faction-fights, *ibid.*—quarter-sessions improved and crown-solicitors appointed, 493—compromises prohibited, 494—petty sessions act and civil bills court act, 496—induces the peasantry to form associations for the prevention of crime, 498—Tipperary society, *ibid.*—its success, 499.

Murray, (Most Rev. Dr.) evidence on the Rheinish notes before the Commons, 512—evidence on Dr. Troy's pastoral against combinations, 522.

Natural history, attractive style of the modern treatises, 1—general indifference to the subject, 2—gradations of mental energy throughout creation, 7—vitality of animals, *ibid.*—and animalcules, 9—object of this diffusion of life, 12—changes in animals, 15—in plants, 16—in minerals, *ibid.*—benevolence of the Creator exhibited in creation, 18—gradations of life, 19.

O'Connell, (Mr.) his support of the present government, 35—falsely declared to be the dictator of its measures, *ibid.*—compared and contrasted with Rienzi, 67—refuses to attend the Protestant Association at Exeter-hall, 501—his speech at the Catholic board on the Rheinish notes, 516, 546.

O'Loughlen, (Mr.) succeeds Mr. Perrin as Attorney-general, 33—his high character, *ibid.*

Orangeism, its downfall, 39—first attacked by Lord Mulgrave, *ibid.*—in the cases of Mr. Deane, 40—of Mr. Smith, 41—and of the sheriffs, 42.

Overbeck, 458.

Oxford controversy, (the) 250—anomalies of, *ibid.*—Protestant admission of inward orthodoxy with outward hetero-

doxy, 251—strange opinions of Bramhall, Hey, and Balguy, on subscription, 252—opinions of Michaelis and Semler, 253.

Pacata Hibernia, 474.

Palestine, its ancient and modern condition, 176.

Peel, (Sir Robert) his character, 135.

Perrin, (Mr. Serjeant) succeeds Mr. Blackburne as Attorney-general of Ireland, 32—his character in that office, *ibid.*—is appointed Judge of the Court of King's Bench, 33—his integrity, *ibid.*—is succeeded by Mr. O'Loughlin, *ibid.*

Petra, anecdote of Burckhardt at Petra, 175—its ancient wealth and greatness, 182—its present desolation, *ibid.*—ineffectual attempts of many travellers to explore its remains, 183—success of M. de Laborde, *ibid.*—his departure from Cairo, 184—entrance into the desert and description of Zaikal, *ibid.*—reaches the fortress of Akaba, 185—obtains permission from the Arabs to visit Petra, 186—Cherif Hadid and its reptiles, 187—Mount Hor and the first view of Petra, *ibid.*—description of Petra and its valley, 189—excavations, 190—ravine entrance to Petra, 192—the Khasné, 193—El Deir, 196—departure from Petra, 197.

Philosophy, principles of the mystical school, 440.

Philosophy of art, 435.

Pitt, anecdote of, 366.

Poetry, inferiority of modern poetry, 400—what is true poetry? 402.

Police, its partisan character in Ireland, 44—is reformed by Lord Mulgrave, *ibid.*

Popular leaders, their perils, 47.

Press, (Tory) its falsehoods against Catholics, 172.

Protestant Association, 499—important meeting at Exeter-hall, *ibid.*—Mr. O'Connell refuses to attend it, 501—no other Catholic allowed to be heard, *ibid.*—M'Ghee's first charge, 502.

Public works, utility of a grant for public works in Ireland, 292.

Quarterly Review, remarks on some of its calumnies against the Irish, 172.

Railroad system in Ireland, 221.

Railway, description of a railway, 222—force necessary to move a load on a horizontal line, *ibid.*—rate of friction, 223—animal and steam power, *ibid.*—discharge of steam, 224—measure and

terms of power, *ibid.*—gradients of a railway, 225—importance of a level, 226—novel doctrine on the subject, *ibid.*—its refutation, 227—adhesive power of the engine, 228—coupled wheels, *ibid.*—distinction between wheels of railway and road vehicles, 229—curves in lines of railway, *ibid.*—strength of iron bars, 230—drainage, *ibid.*—elasticity of railways, 231—general packet station on the south-west coast of Ireland, 232—parallel and rival lines of railway and canals, 233—main trunk lines, 234—Commons committee on railroads, 235—Dublin and Drogheda railway, 237—fisheries, 238—communication of London with the Atlantic, 239—natural position of Ireland, *ibid.*—Port Dymalaen, 241—post-office revenue, 244—Valentia, 246—choice of harbours on the west coast, 247.

Raphael, corruption of his art, 443.

Raumer's England in 1833, 131—character of the author, *ibid.*—his remarks on Prussia's policy to the Catholics, 134—and on the crisis—*ibid.*—his mistake as to a coalition of parties, 135—his views on Catholicity in Ireland, 136—on the application of the tithe, 139—on the Catholic church, 142—on absenteeism, 144—on poor laws and a new distribution of land, 146—on Irish pauperism, 148—on Irish morality, 150—on O'Connell's popularity, 150.

Rebellion, (writ of) is resorted to by the Tories, 44—disregarded by the police, 45—but decreed to be enforced by the barons of exchequer, *ibid.*

Recent Poetry, 400.

Redeemer, belief in one universal in Paganism, 206—his advent, 207.

Reed, (Rebecca Theresa) her parentage and history, 317—her falsehoods, 318—her wish to enter a convent, *ibid.*—interview with the Superior of Mount Benedict, 321—conversation with Mrs. Graham, 323—description of convent discipline, 325—hours of devotion and confession to the Superior, 327—false dates, *ibid.*—contradictory statements respecting her father, 330—takes the veil, *ibid.*—white vows and black, 331, 342—Bible, 332—poison, *ibid.*—fear of abduction, 333—romantic escape, 336.

Reformation, (the) forgery peculiar to the Reformation, according to Whitaker, 345.

Regency question, 362.

Registration in England in 1833, 67.

Religion in Italy, 460—the great principle of all the duties of life, 465—

- Sunday, *ibid.*—rural festivals, 466—character which it gives to the peasantry, 467—Rome, 468—institutions of public education and charity, 473—Manzoni's vindication of the Italian character, 474.
- Revenue, amounts of Irish revenue from 1798 to 1800 inclusively, and from 1833 to 1835 inclusively, 282—amounts of British revenue during the same years, *ibid.*—amounts of Irish revenue from 1811 to 1816 inclusively, 283—diminution by increased taxation, 301—expenditure of Irish revenue, 303, 305.
- Remittances of public money to and from England, 304.
- Rheimish notes to the Bible, history of, 503—their practical non-effect, 505—not found in the editions of the Bible published in Ireland till 1813, 507—Macnamara begins to publish them, *ibid.*—and on his bankruptcy Cumming completes the undertaking, 509—Macnamara commences to republish them, *ibid.*—Archbishop Troy's denunciation of the first issue, 511—evidence of Archbishop Murray and Bishop Doyle before the Commons, 512—the first issue denounced at the Catholic board, 516, 546—and could not obtain a sale, 520—the second issue also fails of circulation, and is partially altered by the publisher, *ibid.* 521.
- Rice, (Right Hon. Thos. Spring) his ideas on the progress of Irish prosperity, 281, 307—his speech on public works in Ireland, 292—his speech on the repeal of the Union, 307—tables, 308.
- Rienzi, a novel, 47.
- Rio, (M.) his important services to art, 438—a philosopher of the mystical school, 440.
- Rolliad, (the) 363.
- Rome, associations connected with its present state, 468—religious processions, 470.
- Rubens, 443.
- Sabbath, absurd severity in its observance, 463.
- Sacrifice of praise was necessary before the fall, 202—and afterwards the sacrifice of atonement also, *ibid.*—the real presence its full development, 208—resemblance and difference of the ancient sacrifices and that of the new law, 210.
- St. Patrick's, (Dean of) outrage of his commissioners, 45.
- Savonarola, 453.
- Science in the primitive ages, 205.
- Scripture, not a sealed book to the Catholics, 370—councils of Toulouse, Constance, and Trent, 371—cannot consistently be read by Protestants in the vulgar tongue without note, 398.
- Six months in a convent, 313.
- Slate, its uses, 17.
- Smith, (Mr.) is nominated deputy-lieut. of Meath, but rejected by Lord Mulgrave, 41.
- Stanhope, (Earl) character of the late, 363.
- Stanley, (Lord) his retirement from the secretaryship for Ireland, 29—his hatred of O'Connell, 137.
- State and prospects of Ireland, 281.
- Talfourd, (Mr. Serjt.) his Ion, 422—his high personal qualities, 435.
- Taxation, reduction of Irish taxes considerable, 283, 300—assimilation to the British standard, *ibid.*—its increase occasioned a diminution of revenue, 301—misrepresentations of Ireland's share in taxation, 302.
- Tipperary Society, its formation and results, 498.
- Tithe, vexatious proceedings for its recovery, 43—discouraged by Lord Mulgrave, *ibid.*—proposed transfer of the whole tithe to the state, 142.
- Tracts for the Times, 256.
- Trench, (Rev. R. C.) elegance of his poetry, 420.
- Troy, (Most Rev. Dr. J. T.) denounces the Rheimish notes, 511—pastoral against combinations, 522—is thanked by the Lord-Lieutenant, *ibid.*—repeats his pastoral, *ibid.*
- Union of Great Britain and Ireland perfected by commercial intercourse, 221, 242, 249.
- United States, march of Catholicity, 340—preference given to conventual education, *ibid.*
- Universities, (the Irish and English) 68—their exclusive systems and privileges, 70—popular feeling against them, 72—history of the Dublin University, 73—its wealth, 74—and parsimony, *ibid.*—its fellowships and scholarships, 75—exclusion of Catholics from both, *ibid.*—want of religious provision for the Catholic students, 76—clerical character and celibacy of fellows, 77—religious tests for scholarships, 78—elective franchise opened by the reform act to all

- of masters' degré, 79—catechetical lectures on religion, 81—most deficient, 82..compulsory attendance at worship, 83..ignorance of natural history and jurisprudence, 84..infidelity, 85..bigotry, 87..English universities, 89..their importance, *ibid.*..their general abuses, 91..abuses in mathematical degrees at Cambridge, 95..and in her law degrees, 96..theological pretensions of both, 97..theological studies recommended, 99.
- Ursulines of Boston, their rules, 314..their success, 315..destruction of their convent, 337..Protestant testimonials of its excellence, *ibid.*..motives of its destroyers, 339.
- Versions of the Scripture, 367—limited number in the old dispensation, 368—numerous after Christianity, *ibid.*—Aquila and Theodotion, *ibid.*..western church, *ibid.*..printing, 369..Douay version, 373, 383..Saxon versions, 374..Mexican and Western Indian, 375..Italian, 376..Spanish, 377..German, 378..French, 381..English, 382..Flemish, 383..Polish, Bohemian, Portuguese, Slavonic, Swedish, Icelandic, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Armenian, 384..Protestant versions, 386..Luther, *ibid.*..its errors, 388..Diodati, 391..its errors, 392..Protestant French versions, 394..their errors, 395..Protestant Romanic, 396..its errors, 397.
- Vivian, (Sir Hussey) evidence on the state of Ireland, 289.
- Wakefield's, (Mr.) remarks on the practice of burying money, 289..and on Ireland's independence in taxation, 293.
- Weith, 458.
- Wellesley, (Lord) is appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 29..his character, *ibid.*..is succeeded by Lord Mulgrave, 30.
- William IV. in his youth is refused a peerage, 361..contemplates a seat in the Commons, 362.
- Willis, (Dr.) his treatment of George III., 362.
- Wilson's (Rae) character as a tourist, 460..gathers information from antiquated guide books, 461..his idea of practical religion, 463..the ceremonies in holy week, 471..and of the forum, 473.
- Windham, character of, 364.
- Worm, its habits, 2.
- Wortley, (Lady Emmeline Stuart), her sonnets to the Duke of Wellington, 406..high character of some of her poems, 408..their inequality, 411.
- Wraxall's, (Sir N. W.) Memoirs, 343..manner in which his first work was received by the public, *ibid.*..his character as an author, 344..narrative of his attempt to extricate Caroline Matilda of Denmark from prison, 352..in what manner compensated, 357..letters and papers relating to the plot, 367.

ERRATA.

Miscellaneous Intelligence, p. ii. l. 8, from the bottom,—for *Catholic* read *Anti-Catholic*.—*Ibid.* l. 12, from the bottom. The passage commencing, 'In Inverness' and ending, 'parish church,' ought, with the exception of the word 'Catholic,' to have been marked, as a citation, by inverted commas. There were other passages in the same page which should have been similarly marked, but none were equal to this in importance.

100
101
102
103
104
105
106
107
108
109
110
111
112
113
114
115
116
117
118
119
120
121
122
123
124
125
126
127
128
129
130
131
132
133
134
135
136
137
138
139
140
141
142
143
144
145
146
147
148
149
150
151
152
153
154
155
156
157
158
159
160
161
162
163
164
165
166
167
168
169
170
171
172
173
174
175
176
177
178
179
180
181
182
183
184
185
186
187
188
189
190
191
192
193
194
195
196
197
198
199
200

201
202
203
204
205
206
207
208
209
210
211
212
213
214
215
216
217
218
219
220
221
222
223
224
225
226
227
228
229
230
231
232
233
234
235
236
237
238
239
240
241
242
243
244
245
246
247
248
249
250
251
252
253
254
255
256
257
258
259
260
261
262
263
264
265
266
267
268
269
270
271
272
273
274
275
276
277
278
279
280
281
282
283
284
285
286
287
288
289
290
291
292
293
294
295
296
297
298
299
300